BRITANNIA and EVE

JUNE
1935

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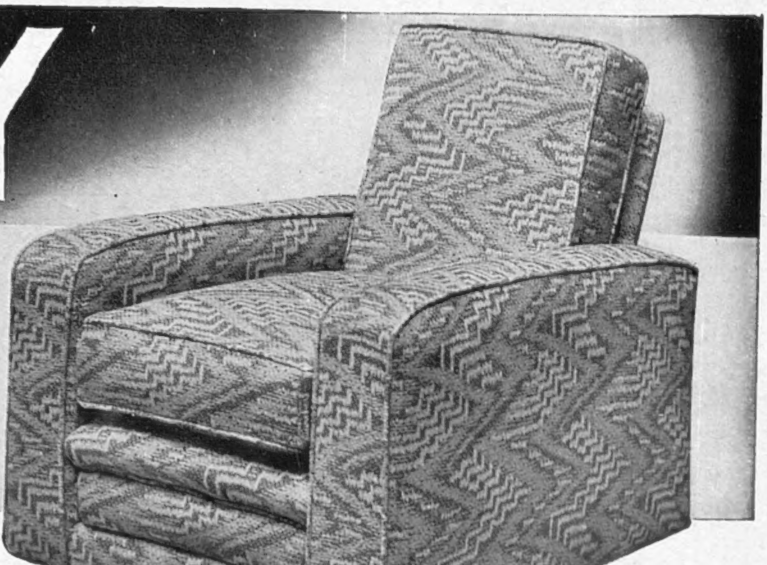

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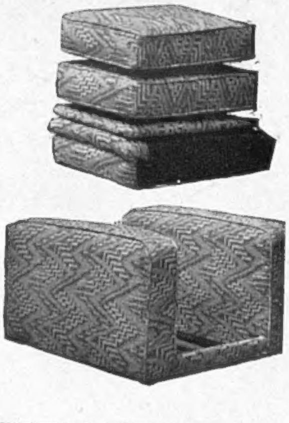

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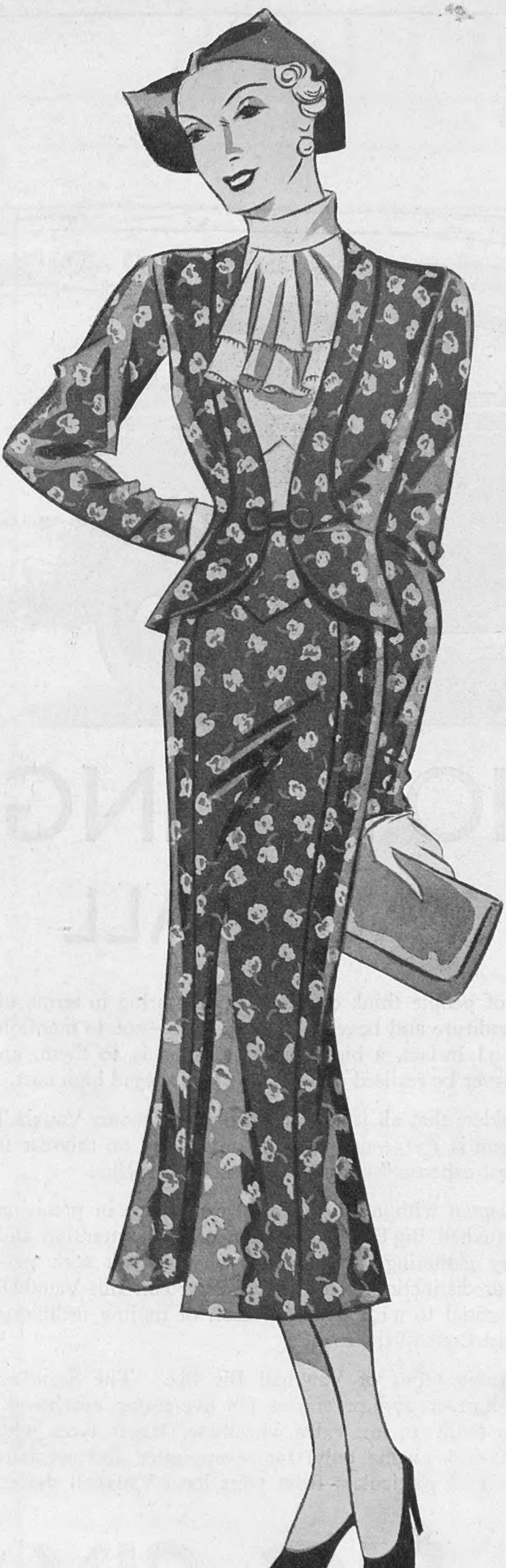

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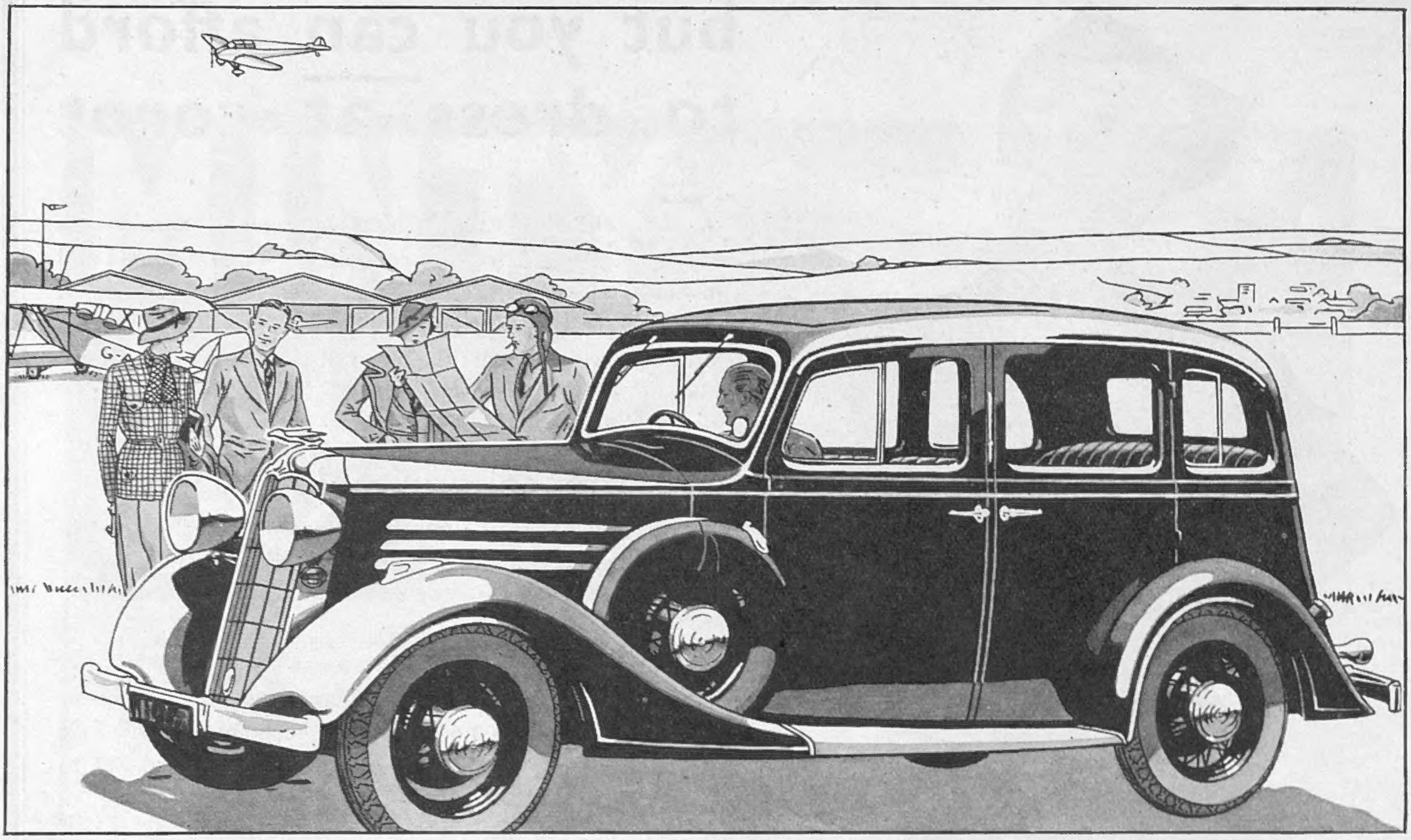

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BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 10, No. 6. JUNE, 1935

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 144. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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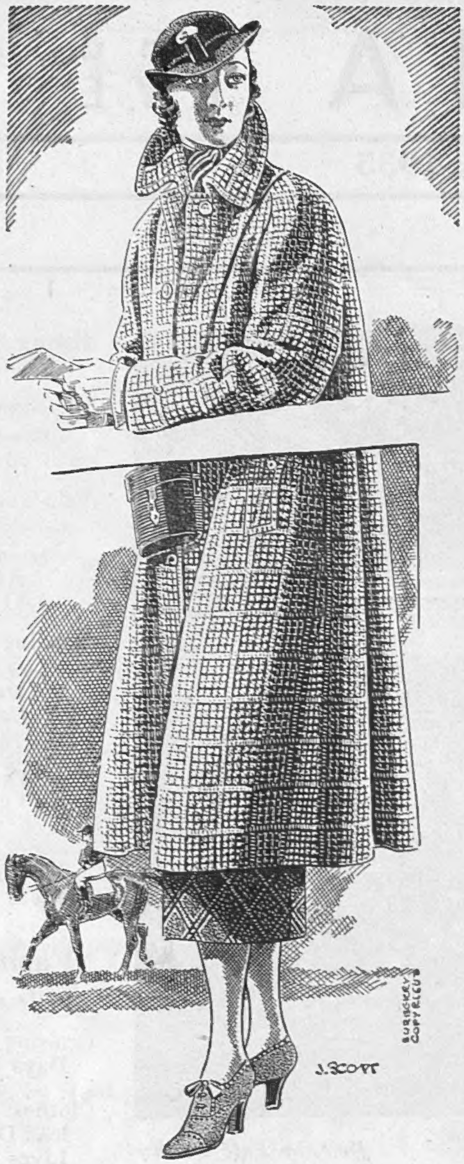

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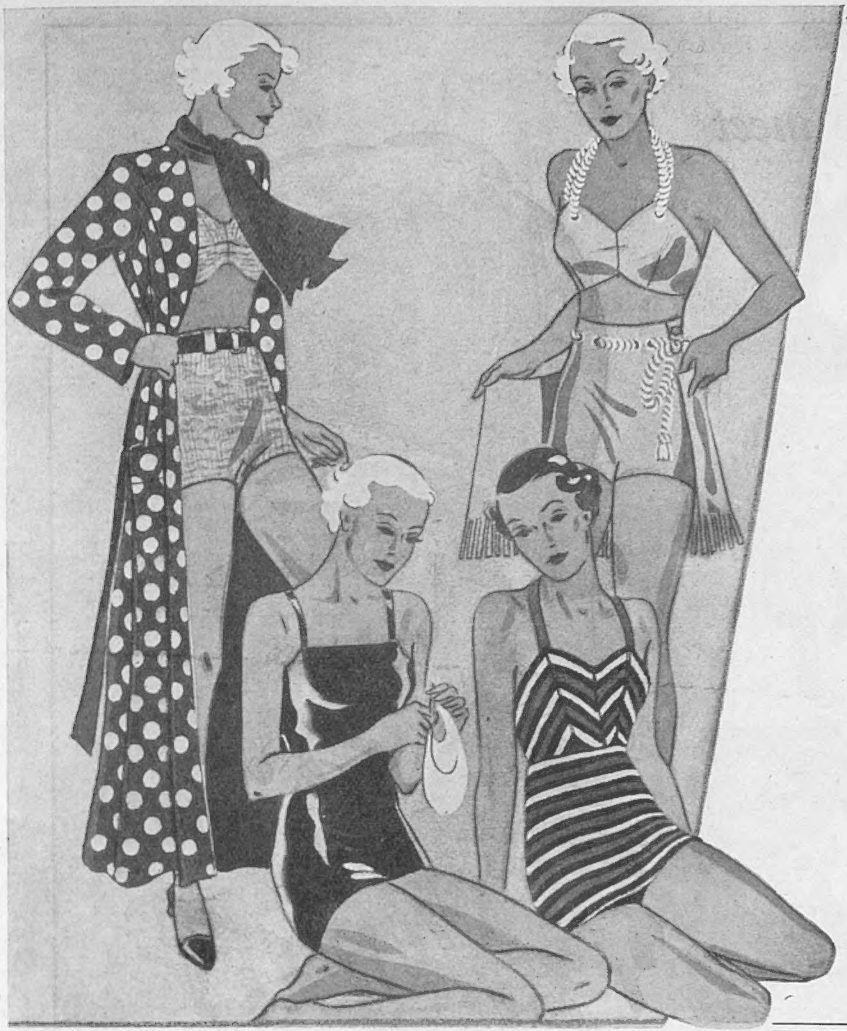

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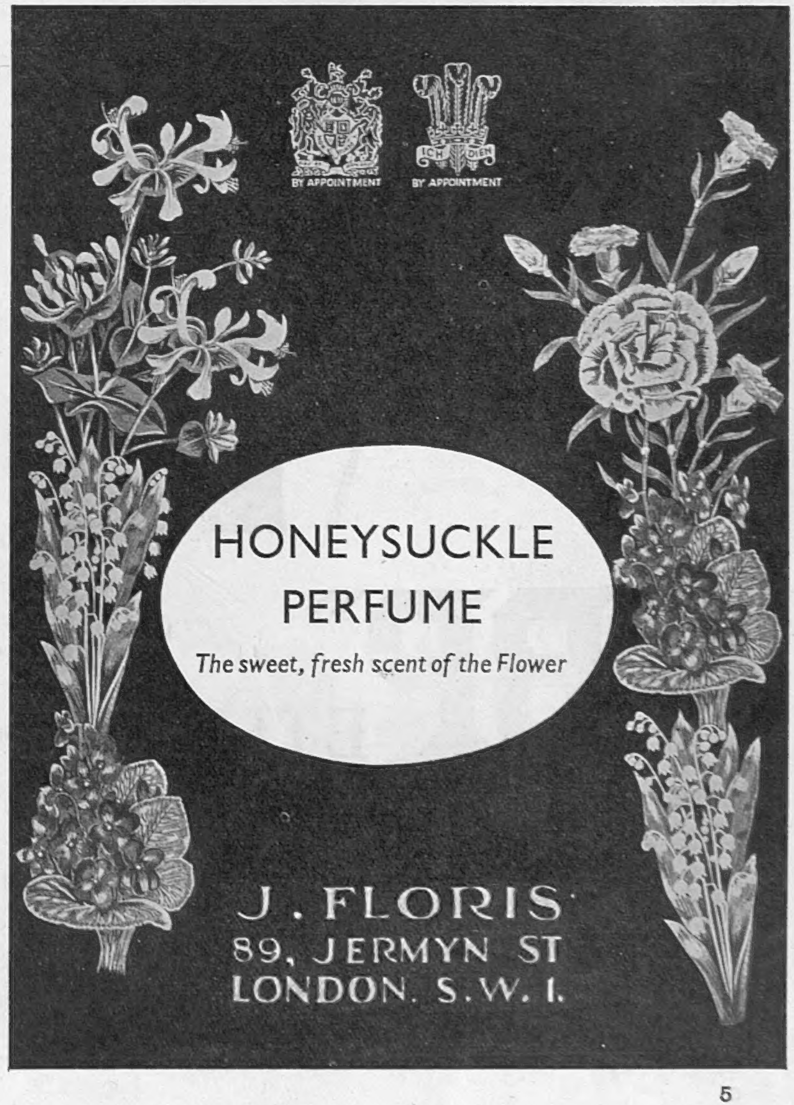

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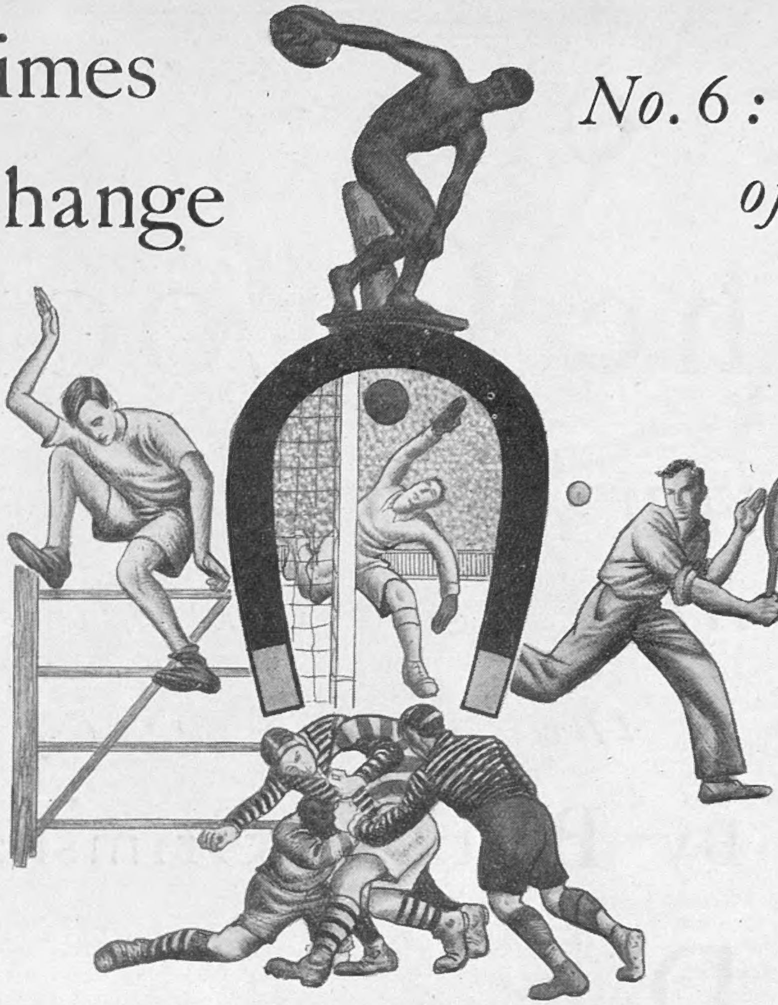
How Times *do* Change

No. 6: The Magnet of Sport



ALTHOUGH ancient Rome had its Colosseum and ancient Greece its Olympic Games, yet the world-wide popularity of all sorts of sport is a feature of comparatively recent growth.

Before the English Football Association Cup has been won and lost each season millions of spectators have witnessed the ties in this one competition alone.

A Rugby crowd at Twickenham with an International match staged there will total seventy thousand, and thousands more would-be spectators would like to increase the number but cannot be accommodated because the ground—most inconvenient to get at—is full. And yet it was not so long ago—in 1891 to be exact—that a mere five thousand was considered a big gate when England played Scotland at Richmond, and the vast majority of onlookers stood shelterless throughout the match on duck-boards to enjoy the fun.

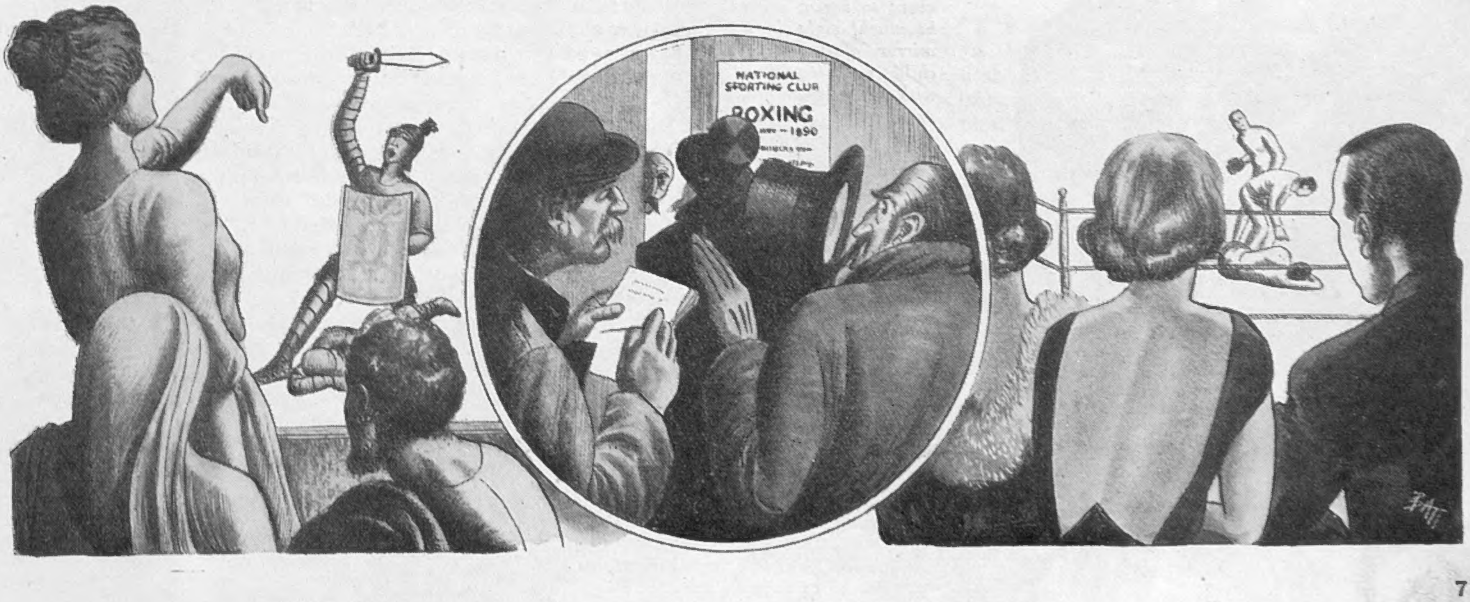
As for lawn tennis, when the ground at Worple Road, Wimbledon, on which the championships were held, was vacated for the vastly bigger one at Wimbledon Park many enthusiasts were under the impression that the All England Club had been too optimistic and the debentures raised to purchase and equip the new site were not snapped up with avidity. To-day they are at an enormous premium, and the new ground is already far too small to harbour all those who wish to see championship lawn tennis played.

It is the same with athletic sports, and no matter where Olympic Games (revived in 1895 and ever since a cause of bickering between nations) are held, vast crowds assemble to witness the principal contests.

But even more significant of changing times is the attitude of the public towards boxing. In the naughty 'nineties it was considered by the great majority to be worse than wicked—it was vulgar, and at a famous fight which took place at the National Sporting Club between that black gentleman, Peter Jackson, and Frank Slavin, the Australian, the chairman asked the Press not to reveal the names of those who were present. Going to see a fight "wasn't done."

Nowadays interesting boxing matches can fill the biggest of stadiums, and not only men, from royalty downwards, attend them, but women also.

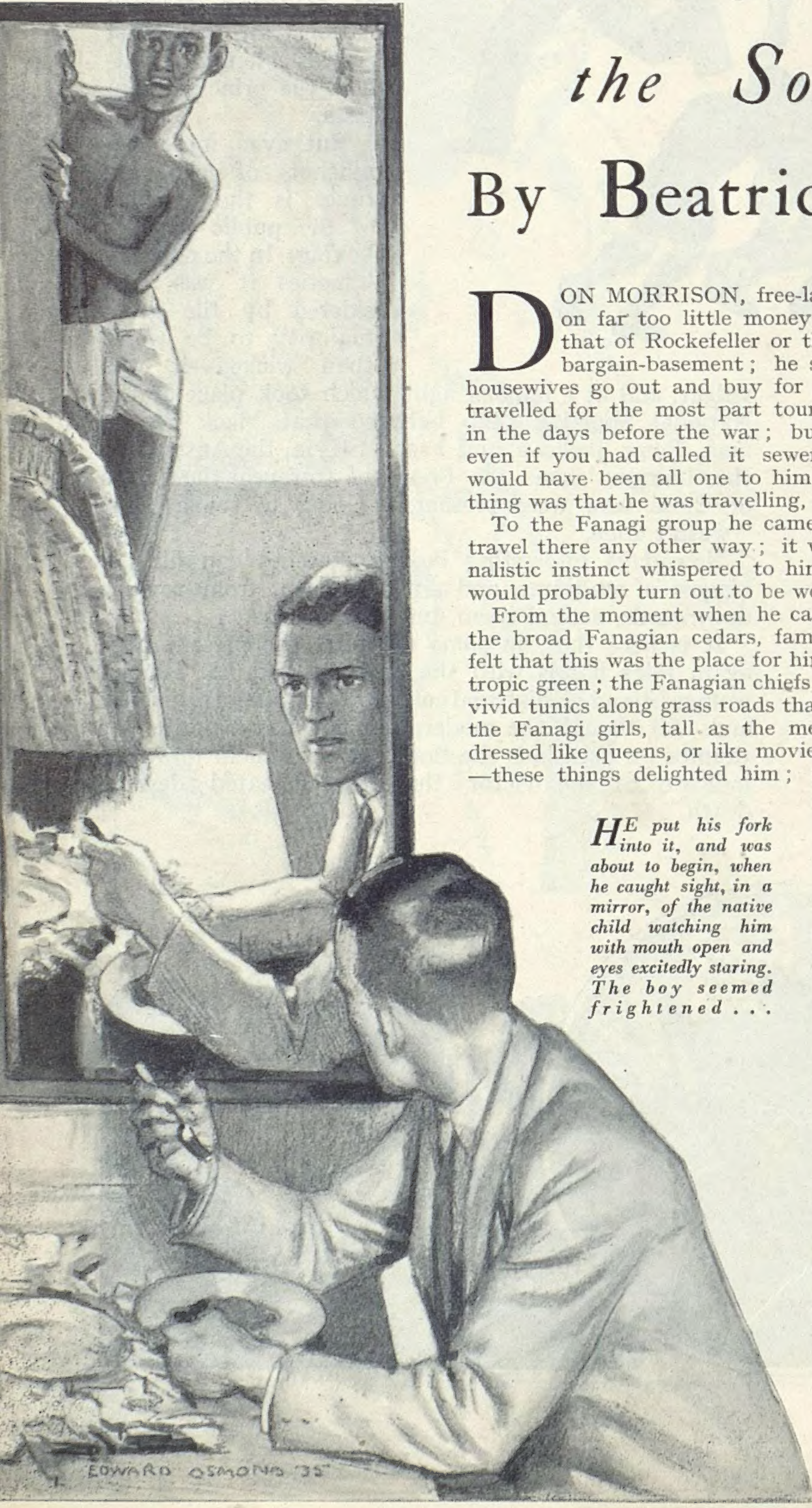
It is here that, in some measure, the present once again joins hands with the past, for did not Roman women attend gladiatorial contests? But there similarity ends, for though the modern woman may twiddle her thumbs on occasions she does not turn them down to indicate to the victor that the defeated deserve death.



Put on the CLOCK

A Runaway Romance—plus a little Arithmetic—in the South Seas

By Beatrice Grimshaw



HE put his fork into it, and was about to begin, when he caught sight, in a mirror, of the native child watching him with mouth open and eyes excitedly staring. The boy seemed frightened . . .

DON MORRISON, free-lance journalist, roaming the South Seas on far too little money, would not have exchanged his lot for that of Rockefeller or the Duke of Westminster. His ties were bargain-basement; he smoked the sort of tobacco that thrifty housewives go out and buy for Charlie, because it is just as good; he travelled for the most part tourist—steerage it would have been called in the days before the war; but Don didn't mind what you called it; even if you had called it sewerage, which was what it smelled like, it would have been all one to him. He didn't mind anything. The great thing was that he was travelling, that he was free.

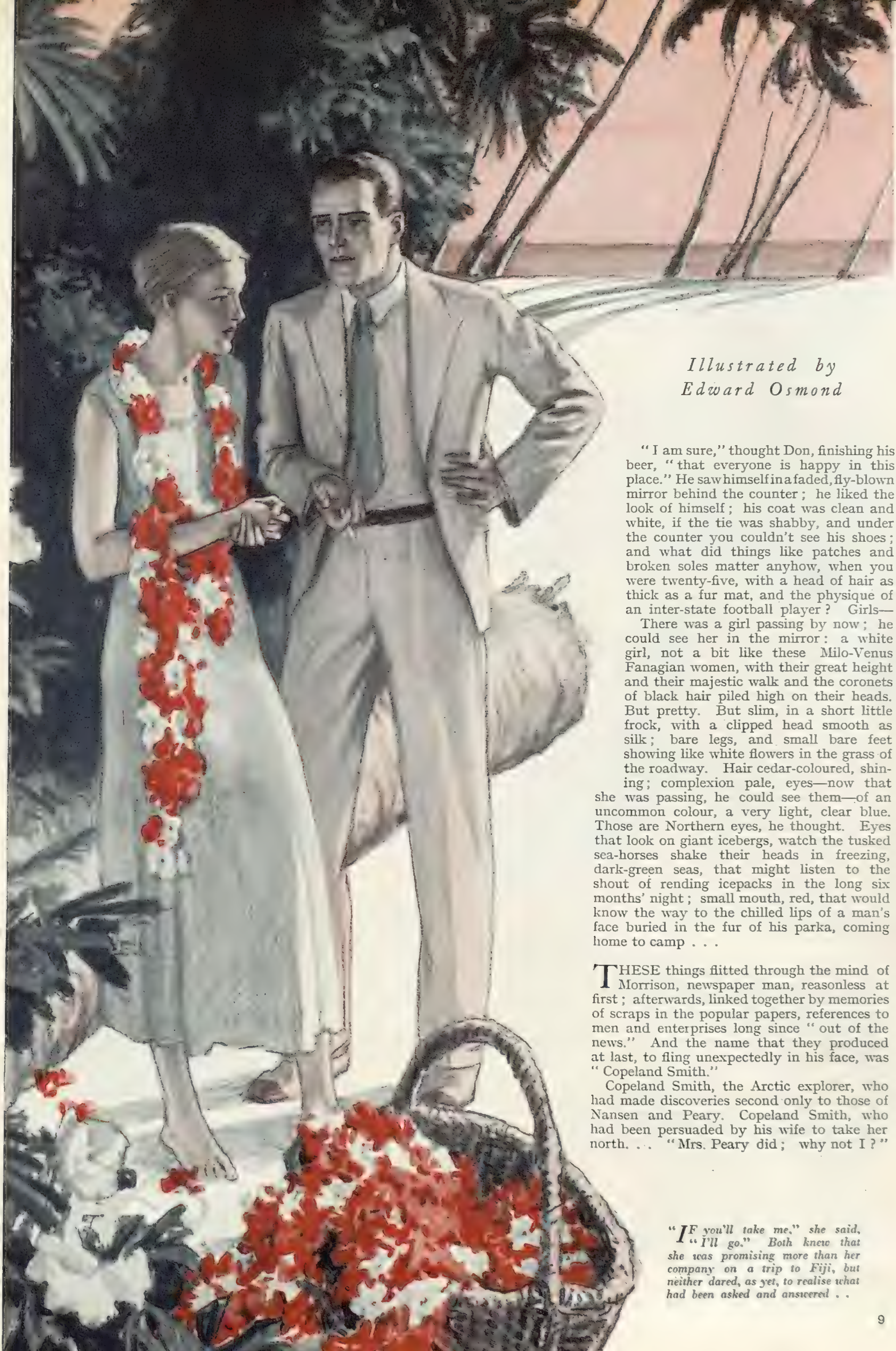
To the Fanagi group he came in a cargo steamer, since you couldn't travel there any other way; it was a step below tourist, but Don's journalistic instinct whispered to him that a place so badly served by boats would probably turn out to be worth while. And it was so.

From the moment when he came in sight of the royal tree of Fanagi, the broad Fanagian cedars, familiar to collectors of postage stamps, he felt that this was the place for him. The palace, pricking up white amidst tropic green; the Fanagian chiefs, striding nobly in their silken shirts and vivid tunics along grass roads that were bordered by fruiting orange trees; the Fanagi girls, tall as the men, holding themselves like queens, and dressed like queens, or like moviestars, in all the colours of a flower-shows—these things delighted him; so did the island itself, very flat, with painted lawns and primly pretty tropic fir trees set among the cedars and the palms; it was like an old-fashioned box of German toys; it was as delightfully pre-war as Coward's "Cavalcade."

Don, post-war himself from plated head to rubbered heel, loved things pre-war. He thought they were romantic. And Fanagi hadn't a single motor-car or even motor-bike. The white inhabitants numbered scarce a dozen; the sole hotel, relic of early days when trade went booming, was almost uninhabited; a little dusty place with a large bar looking out upon the grass road and the empty beach beyond.

It's like a South Seas novel, Don thought, staring about him, while he drank his tea-warm beer. The sound of breakers creaming on the reef came through the wide-throated doorways; there was a south-east wind, the wanderer's wind, humming "like a silver wire" among the tree-tops; from polyp-fingered shrubs outside the scent of frangipanni flowers blew into the bar like smoke.

EDWARD OSMOND '35



Illustrated by Edward Osmond

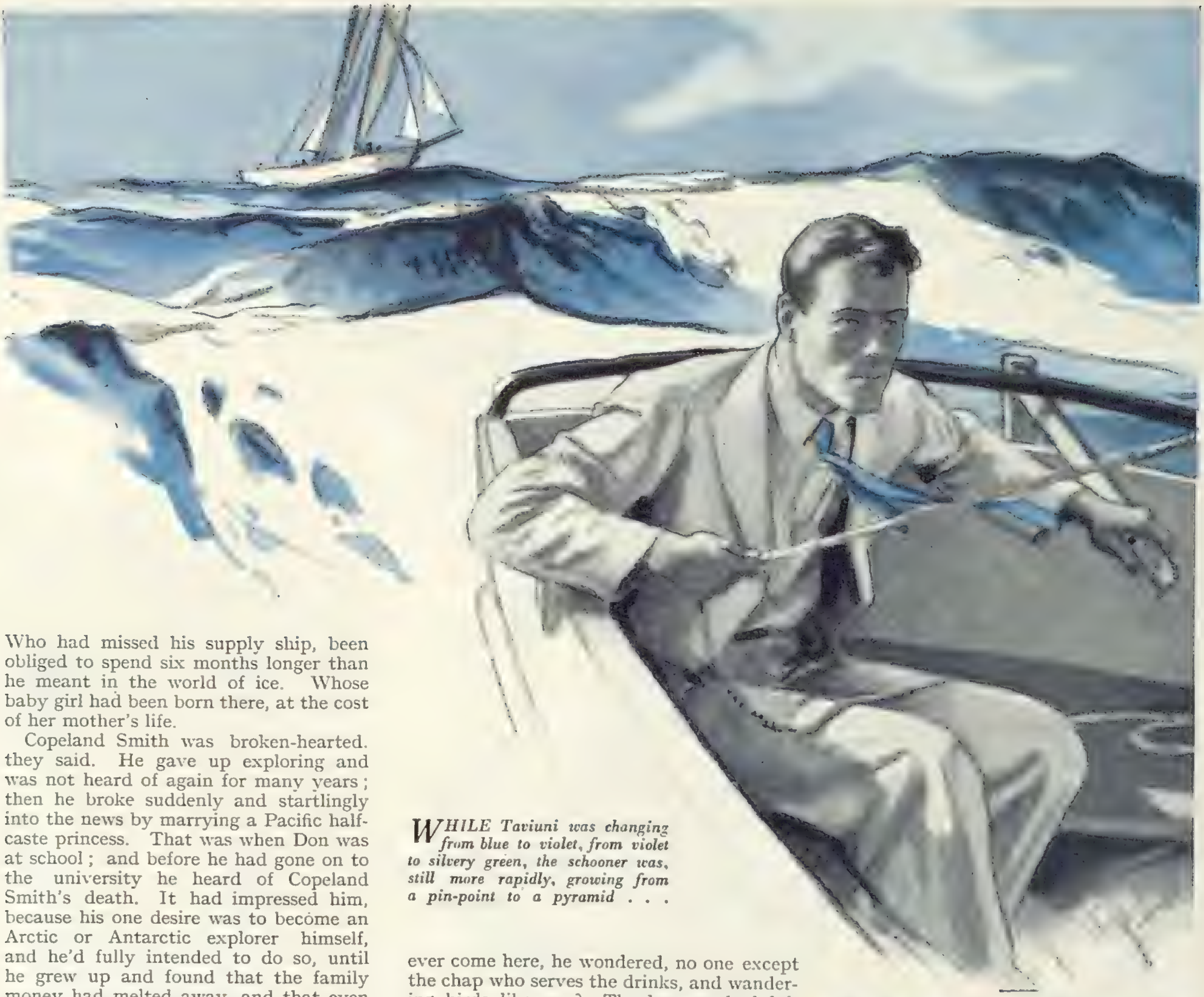
"I am sure," thought Don, finishing his beer, "that everyone is happy in this place." He saw himself in a faded, fly-blown mirror behind the counter; he liked the look of himself; his coat was clean and white, if the tie was shabby, and under the counter you couldn't see his shoes; and what did things like patches and broken soles matter anyhow, when you were twenty-five, with a head of hair as thick as a fur mat, and the physique of an inter-state football player? Girls—

There was a girl passing by now; he could see her in the mirror: a white girl, not a bit like these Milo-Venus Fanagian women, with their great height and their majestic walk and the coronets of black hair piled high on their heads. But pretty. But slim, in a short little frock, with a clipped head smooth as silk; bare legs, and small bare feet showing like white flowers in the grass of the roadway. Hair cedar-coloured, shining; complexion pale, eyes—now that she was passing, he could see them—of an uncommon colour, a very light, clear blue. Those are Northern eyes, he thought. Eyes that look on giant icebergs, watch the tusked sea-horses shake their heads in freezing, dark-green seas, that might listen to the shout of rending icepacks in the long six months' night; small mouth, red, that would know the way to the chilled lips of a man's face buried in the fur of his parka, coming home to camp . . .

THESE things flitted through the mind of Morrison, newspaper man, reasonless at first; afterwards, linked together by memories of scraps in the popular papers, references to men and enterprises long since "out of the news." And the name that they produced at last, to fling unexpectedly in his face, was "Copeland Smith."

Copeland Smith, the Arctic explorer, who had made discoveries second only to those of Nansen and Peary. Copeland Smith, who had been persuaded by his wife to take her north. . . "Mrs. Peary did; why not I?"

"IF you'll take me," she said, "I'll go." Both knew that she was promising more than her company on a trip to Fiji, but neither dared, as yet, to realise what had been asked and answered . .



WHILE Taviuni was changing from blue to violet, from violet to silvery green, the schooner was, still more rapidly, growing from a pin-point to a pyramid . . .

Who had missed his supply ship, been obliged to spend six months longer than he meant in the world of ice. Whose baby girl had been born there, at the cost of her mother's life.

Copeland Smith was broken-hearted, they said. He gave up exploring and was not heard of again for many years; then he broke suddenly and startlingly into the news by marrying a Pacific half-caste princess. That was when Don was at school; and before he had gone on to the university he heard of Copeland Smith's death. It had impressed him, because his one desire was to become an Arctic or Antarctic explorer himself, and he'd fully intended to do so, until he grew up and found that the family money had melted away, and that even if it hadn't, he could never have raised the thousands necessary. So he had to content himself with hanging Copeland Smith's picture in his two-room flat, and going "exploring" in the lesser-known places of the Pacific.

This girl, he would have staked his life, was the child who had once been front-page news—Blanche, well-named daughter of the snows, now inexplicably stranded on the coral shores of Fanagi. Left with her stepmother, he thought, and a damn shame if she is. She is like her father; a good-looking chap he was, a rover, and too fond of the girls, but that half-white princess seems to have pinned him down.

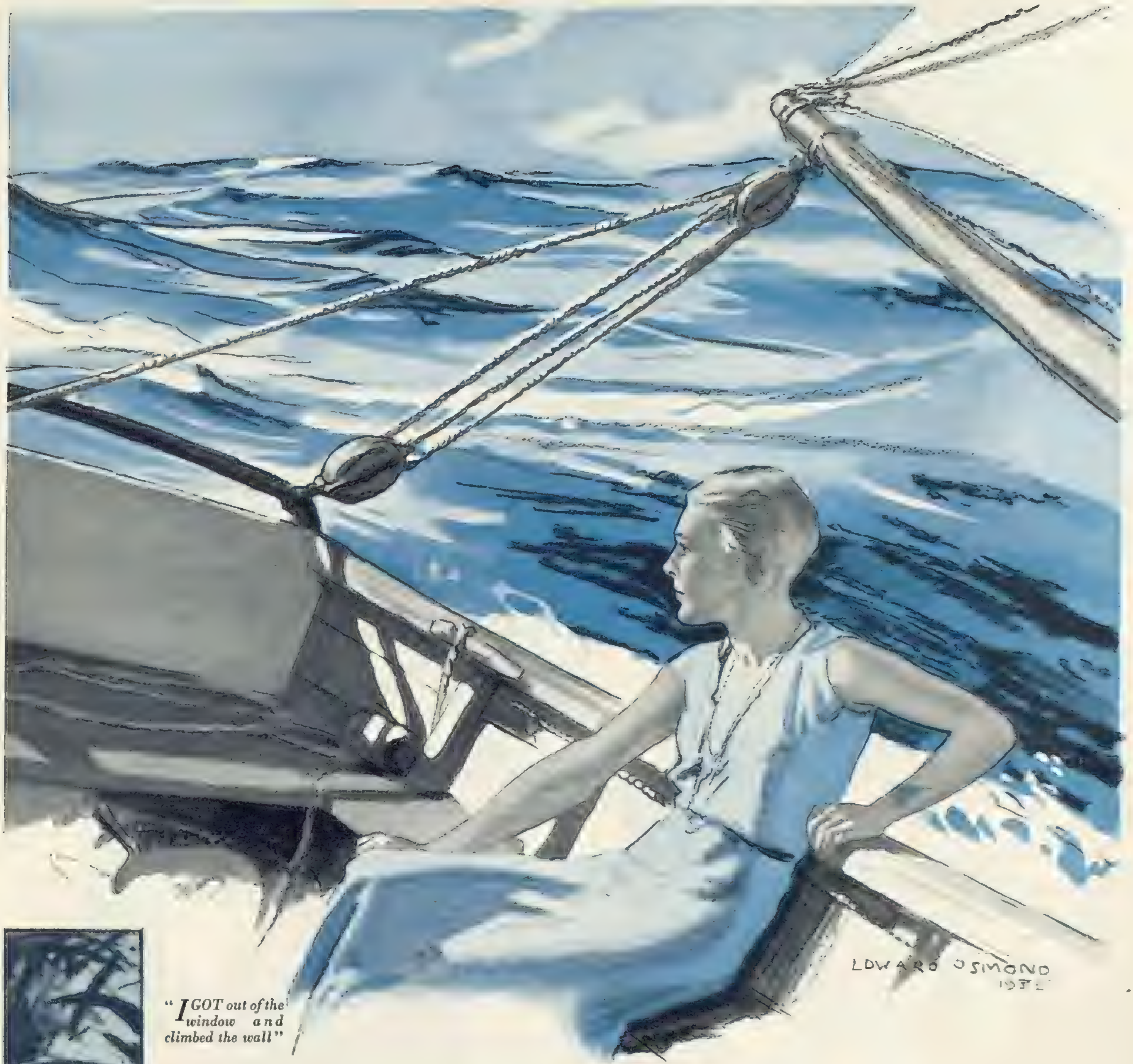
He wondered what sort of person she might be, this Princess Bathsheba, daughter of a British post-captain who had loved and left and a Fanagian princess who (they said) had been tied in a bag and dropped over the deep side of the reef after her child was born. They had kept the child; he supposed it was because, in the islands, a man-of-war captain is the next thing to a god . . .

The girl had vanished; she went as fast as a running bird and, like a bird, was gone as soon as you looked at her. He was sure she had seen him spying in the mirror; he wondered if she minded. . . . Girls, as a rule, did not mind being looked at by Don Morrison.

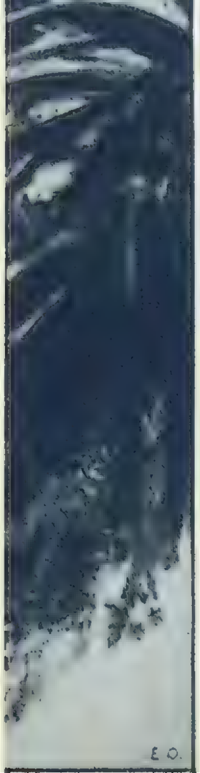
He set down his glass and strolled into the empty, dusty lounge. Does no one ever come here, he wondered, no one except the chap who serves the drinks, and wandering birds like me? The barman had left the bar, was in the hotel dining-room, talking to somebody. Morrison found himself listening; the other person had an amazingly attractive voice. A woman's voice. She was discussing some prosaic question of victualling, but she sounded as if she were making love. . . .

He made a step forward, looked into the dining-room and saw a woman of Fanagian build, six feet tall, with masses of thunder-black hair twisted up on her head into one huge coil wreathed with pearls. Bare arms and neck of a rich cream colour, like the frangipani flowers outside. Immense brown eyes, as shining and as hard as Baltic amber. The figure of a Victory, outlined, folded draperies that blew back in the streaming wind against her splendid torso and long limbs. Bathsheba, without doubt. And a nice taste the fellow had, thought Don; ten years ago or whenever it was, she must have been handsome enough to whistle the birds off the trees. She is now, if she chose. They say Queen Carry is a silly, fat little thing who does everything she's told; they say Bathsheba would have been queen, if her mother hadn't played up as she did. And a proper queen she would have made. She's fire, she's ginger, she'd not let the grass grow under those handsome feet of hers, if she wanted a thing and saw her way to get it.

Thus he thought, lazily, drugged and held by the sensuous beauty of the place, the warmth and perfume of the afternoon, the sleepy sounding drone of the coral reef.



"I GOT out of the window and climbed the wall"



There seemed to be no hurry about anything; the island of Fanagi was wrapped in peace and dreams.

Bathsheba the Princess came forward. "Who is this?" she asked the barman.

"He's agent from off the cargo boat," the fellow answered—"come to see the island."

"Does he know," she demanded, "that there'll be no boat for six weeks after this one is gone, and does he know she goes this afternoon?"

"I reckon so," the barman answered above the roar of the ship's steam whistle, sounding the first call.

"You've made a mistake," said Bathsheba the Princess, continuing to stare over Don's head, as she had done from the first, and addressing the barman, who it seemed was proprietor and caterer as well. "You have no rooms to spare?"

"That's right," he agreed. "I made a mistake."

"You will have this gentleman's baggage brought down to the steamer before it leaves."

"That's right."

"And about the meat—be sure it's all delivered before seven to-morrow morning. The dancing begins at ten."

"That's—I mean, yes, ma'am, certainly."

Bathsheba, shaking perfumes as she went, swung out of the dining-room, without taking the slightest notice of Morrison. A two-horse buggy waited outside; she got in, and galloped away.

"Sorry I'll have to turn you out," the barman lifelessly said, picking his teeth.

"The hell you will," was Morrison's reply. "There's a British consul here, I believe."

"He's gone visiting the outer islands, and, anyhow, he don't interfere in native affairs."

"You'll put me up, or I'll have your licence taken away."

"I can't do it, even if you could, and you'd have to go to Auckland first. Look here, take my tip and go back to the boat. If she's taken a set against you——"

"But how could she? She doesn't know me, and if she did——"

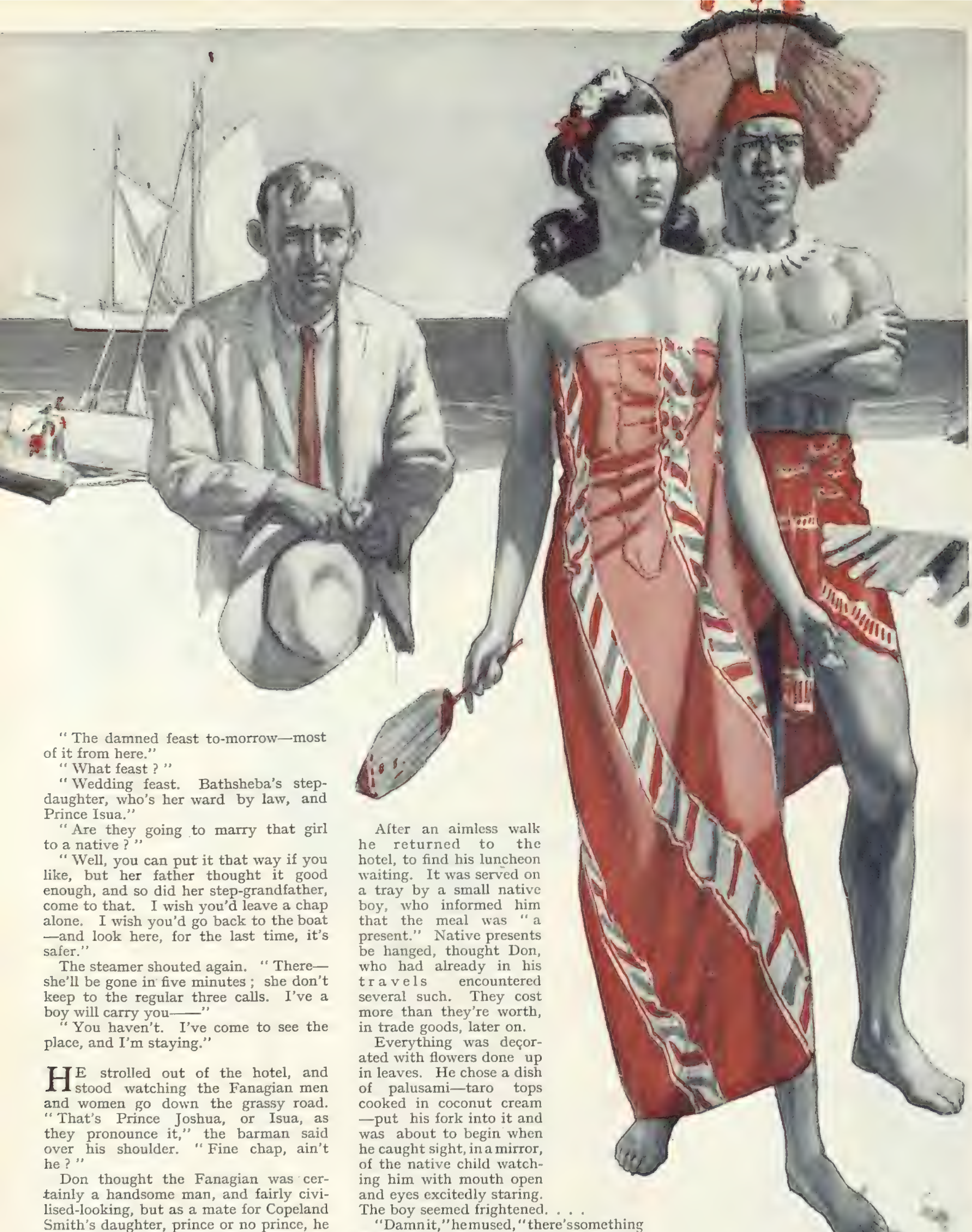
The man cast his eyes consideringly over Don's tall figure, scanned his fine, well-cut features and his merry grey eyes. He seemed to take note, as well, of Don's shabby clothes. He did not miss the fraying tie, or the patch on one shoe.

"Take my tip," he repeated. "For your sort—it's safer."

"But, good heavens, what is my sort?" Don indignantly demanded. "I don't understand."

"You ain't got to, and I wish you wouldn't come bothering, with all this on my hands as it is."

"All what?"



"The damned feast to-morrow—most of it from here."

"What feast?"

"Wedding feast. Bathsheba's step-daughter, who's her ward by law, and Prince Isua."

"Are they going to marry that girl to a native?"

"Well, you can put it that way if you like, but her father thought it good enough, and so did her step-grandfather, come to that. I wish you'd leave a chap alone. I wish you'd go back to the boat—and look here, for the last time, it's safer."

The steamer shouted again. "There—she'll be gone in five minutes; she don't keep to the regular three calls. I've a boy will carry you——"

"You haven't. I've come to see the place, and I'm staying."

HE strolled out of the hotel, and stood watching the Fanagian men and women go down the grassy road. "That's Prince Joshua, or Isua, as they pronounce it," the barman said over his shoulder. "Fine chap, ain't he?"

Don thought the Fanagian was certainly a handsome man, and fairly civilised-looking, but as a mate for Copeland Smith's daughter, prince or no prince, he was—to Don's Australian mind—unthinkable. "It's up to me to do something," he thought, but what? He felt like a man in a train who sees the telegraph posts fly past as thick as reeds, knows that the station is nearly there, and realises that he hasn't left himself time to pack up and get ready. . . .

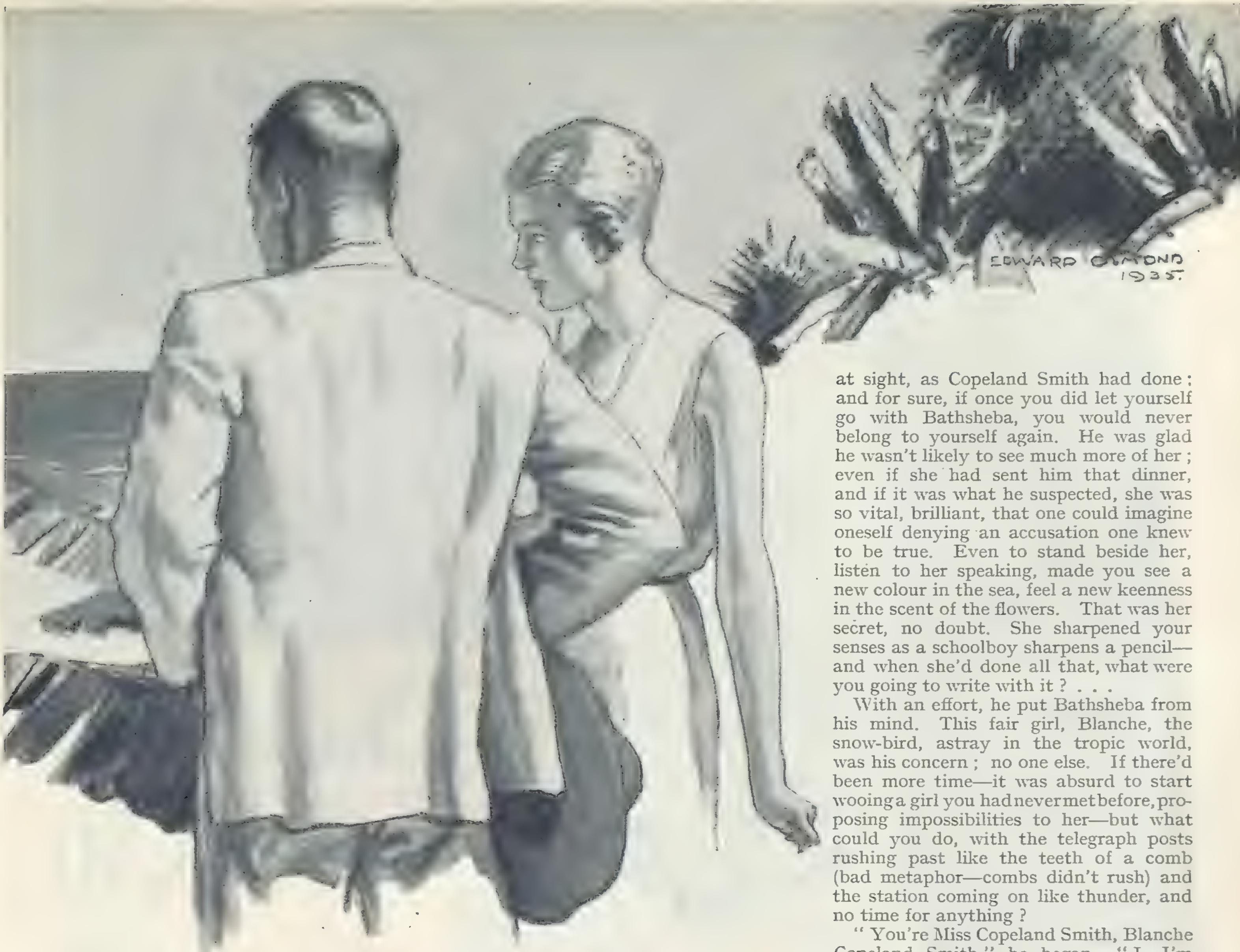
After an aimless walk he returned to the hotel, to find his luncheon waiting. It was served on a tray by a small native boy, who informed him that the meal was "a present." Native presents be hanged, thought Don, who had already in his travels encountered several such. They cost more than they're worth, in trade goods, later on.

Everything was deçorated with flowers done up in leaves. He chose a dish of palusami—taro tops cooked in coconut cream—put his fork into it and was about to begin when he caught sight, in a mirror, of the native child watching him with mouth open and eyes excitedly staring. The boy seemed frightened. . . .

"Damnit," he mused, "there's something wrong with this, and it isn't as easy as a book, after all. If it was in a book, there'd be a dog handy, and I'd chuck him some of this, and see if he wouldn't fall dead. No, I'd not. I like dogs."

He poised his fork again, drew back again, and finally held out the plate to the boy. "I'm not hungry," he said.

"I WANT to ask," Bathsheba said, speaking in English, rather slowly, "What you mean by ab— by abducting my ward?"



"You can have it." (Now to see what he'd do; native kids were always eating. . .)

The boy (he was very small) drew back with one hand over his mouth. "No, no," he said, in the island Maori that Don was beginning to understand. "No!" and his eyes dilated with horror.

"Who sent the dinner?" Don demanded. The boy didn't know. Didn't know anything. If the chief wouldn't eat, he would take the dinner back.

He did, and Don, secretly watching him, saw him throw it away behind a bush.

Pretty conclusive, he thought. About as conclusive as the dog, after all.

He lit a cigarette, and went out into the sun and the wind, foodless, save for a handful of biscuits he had picked up from the sideboard. Well, he thought, gritting his teeth, "if you'd left me alone . . . but you haven't and, as nurses say to children, I'll give you something to cry for. . . ."

Hat on one side, cigarette in the corner of his mouth, looking as much like Admiral Beatty as he could, and feeling very like him on the whole, he set forth. The first thing was to find the girl Blanche, daughter of the snows, left in charge of a half-caste stepmother, under age and in her power, going to marry this big lump of an Isua (Joshua they meant, he supposed) for God knew what reason. . . . Well, someone else besides God was going to know, and that jolly soon. . . .

Luck favoured him; he knew it would—it was his day. He found the girl, down on the beach by herself, stringing some frangipanni blossoms into thick, scented wreaths. She had a basket of the flowers, and seemed so hard at work that she did not see him until he came right up to her. Then she dropped the wreath she was making and gave a sharp exclamation.

"You shouldn't be here," she told him. "Go away."

He took a seat at the other end of the log on which she had placed herself. He lit another cigarette, and looked at her, quite at his ease. He had never felt more certain of himself or of what he was going to do. Yes, she was a pretty kid, a darling; he liked everything about her; he liked her clipped hair, her plain little blue frock, spoiled somewhat by the necklace of imitation pearls that was twisted two or three times about her throat, and left to dangle loosely—but you couldn't expect her to know about things like that. . . . And when she spoke, he liked the sound of her voice; a silver voice it was, sweet and cool. Bathsheba's voice was gold, hot gold and velvet; well, let her keep it; didn't want it or her; he could imagine some men—most men—would fall in love with her at sight, as Copeland Smith had done; and for sure, if once you did let yourself go with Bathsheba, you would never belong to yourself again. He was glad he wasn't likely to see much more of her; even if she had sent him that dinner, and if it was what he suspected, she was so vital, brilliant, that one could imagine oneself denying an accusation one knew to be true. Even to stand beside her, listen to her speaking, made you see a new colour in the sea, feel a new keenness in the scent of the flowers. That was her secret, no doubt. She sharpened your senses as a schoolboy sharpens a pencil—and when she'd done all that, what were you going to write with it? . . .

With an effort, he put Bathsheba from his mind. This fair girl, Blanche, the snow-bird, astray in the tropic world, was his concern; no one else. If there'd been more time—it was absurd to start wooing a girl you had never met before, proposing impossibilities to her—but what could you do, with the telegraph posts rushing past like the teeth of a comb (bad metaphor—combs didn't rush) and the station coming on like thunder, and no time for anything?

"You're Miss Copeland Smith, Blanche Copeland Smith," he began. "I—I'm Donald Morrison, just wandering about the islands for a bit. There's no one to introduce us. I—I hear you're going to get married."

Her fingers flew among the frangipanni flowers. "Yes," she answered; no more.

"Is that some of the decorations?"

"Yes."

"Why are you working away like that?" (It was not going well.)

"Because there's very little time before the wedding."

"You're going to marry Prince Joshua to-morrow?"

She did not answer at first. Her hands, he thought, trembled a little among the flowers. In a minute she said, "When Bathsheba tells you to do a thing, you have to do it. At least, if you're in her charge and can't get away."

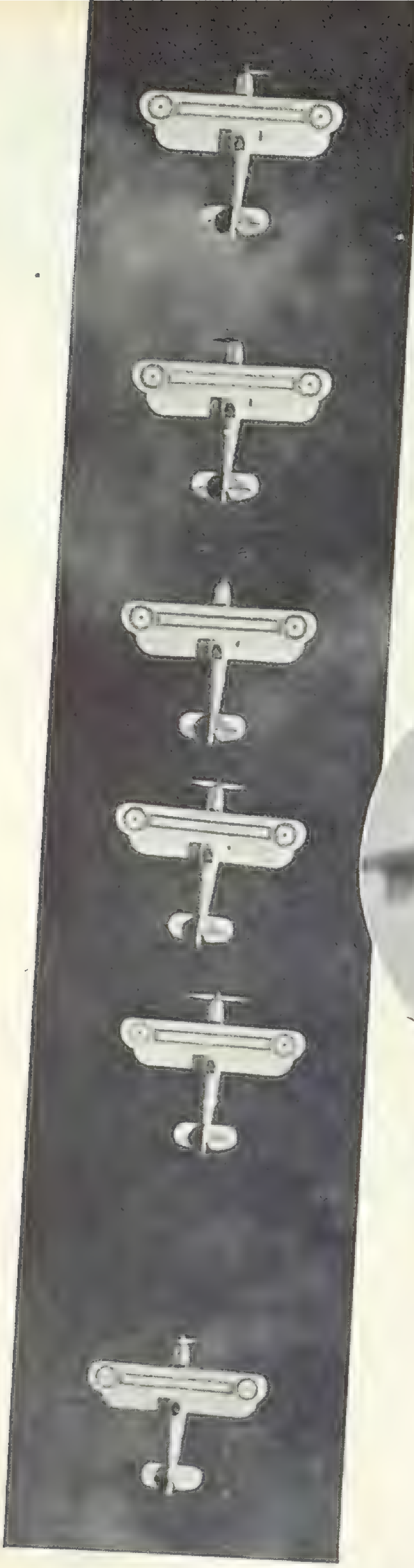
Don pulled at his cigarette. "What's it all about" he asked.

"They say," she told him, "that Isua will come to the throne by and by; Queen Caroline's always sick, and she has no children. Bathsheba would have been queen next, only——"

"Yes, I know."

"And I—think—they suppose it would be a good thing for the islands. I'm almost one of themselves, through my father's marriage—and Isua says we would be king and queen, and sit on gold chairs in the throne room, and the chiefs would all get off their horses when we passed. That's if

(*Continued on page* 124)



GRINDELL MATTHEWS. *He is working to fight death and destruction in their most virulent forms by means of new scientific inventions*

The Man
Kill

By Colonel P. T.

Curtains of Death, Defensive Air Nets carried sky high by Rockets. Electrical Charges with the Speed of Lightning . . . Electricity harnessed to the World's Transport without wires. . . . These are some of the staggering Projects of a Hush-hush Scientist secretly at work in his lonely laboratory in the Welsh Mountains

WHERE *Grindell Matthews carries out his experiments. The retreat in the Welsh Mountains*

RECENT news concerning the activities of Grindell Matthews, the mystery inventor, has created widespread interest and comment.

Governments, as well as individuals, are anxious to know more of this man who is revolutionising electrical science and harnessing hidden forces of the air.

For years he has covered his research work in a cloak of secrecy and shunned publicity of all kinds. Now, however, it has been stated that the task he has set himself is no less than that of neutralising or destroying the destructive possibilities of the bombing aeroplane, the submarine, and germs of certain diseases, such as cancer. He is out to fight death and destruction in its most virulent forms by means of new scientific inventions.

How far has he succeeded in these undertakings? To what stage has his research work progressed?

Grindell Matthews is a silent man about his own inventions. Results are what matter to him. Few people are taken into his confidence or told his secrets. But I have the honour of being numbered among his friends and visitors, and have seen him at work on his new discoveries.

His hidden retreat is tucked away 1,500 feet up in the Welsh mountains. Barbed wire fences and a gate of steel and wire guard his property and his

who may WAR

Etherton

secluded bungalow; trusty retainers, sworn to secrecy, watch over his interests, allowing no one to enter the property or to disturb him; a system of floodlighting, turning night into day, acts as a burglar alarm. The bungalow, of exceptional length and design, has been built to his own instruction.

Though he only settled into his mountain retreat in the late autumn, the inventor has already been subjected to what amounts to a state of siege from reporters and an army of curious visitors. The voice of science, however, is always reticent and retiring; so far as I know I have been the first visitor to pass beyond the wire fences and to be shown his workshops. Through the countryside he is considered a kind of modern magician who has up his sleeve many electrical shocks for mortals, and who may be soon transferring some of them to the stars or to space.

Here is a western wizard quietly using the air, like Aladdin rubbing his lamp. This inventor is busy discovering rays and rockets that are turning fantastic fiction into incredible fact.

He is at present engaged upon several lines of inquiry, each a maze in itself, any one of which would be more than enough for most men.

1. To invent a new aerial defence for London by means of rockets spraying metal aprons into the sky.
2. To perfect an electrical installation capable of detecting submarines twenty miles away.
3. To extend the use and projection of rays without communicating wires, and more particularly to find the death-ray to kill the cancer germs.

Last, but not least on the list, comes the rocket aeroplane. This will be able to travel at the almost incredible speed of two miles a second, and with it man may be able to fly to the moon.

WHO is Grindell Matthews? Who is this man secretly and tirelessly working for the protection of peace?

The story of Grindell Matthews and his work is as romantic as any adventure tale or narrative of geographical exploration. This is a man who, judged by the standards of ordinary men, has set out to capture the moon and is bringing it off. Without moving from his mountains he is charting the hidden paths and highways of the air, testing the vibrations of the sky. With his rockets he may be soon shooting at the stars.

In 1915 he carried out an experiment before the British Government for which he was paid £25,000. Admiral Lord Fisher, Balfour, and others were amongst those who watched his

(*Continued on page 132*)

RENE LEON, the "man who saved the Bank at Monte Carlo," and who has a sensitive finger on the pulse of the public caprice

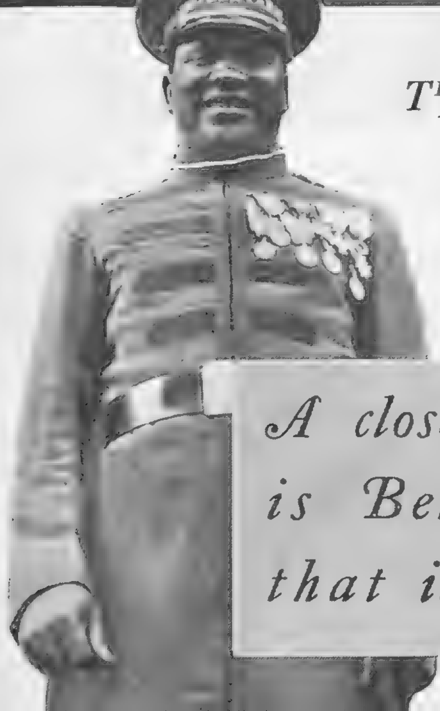
FELIX FERRY at the bar of the Hotel de Paris. He has a flair for spotting winners among his "Girls" and brought the Monte Carlo Follies to England

GEOFFREY TOYE, the man responsible for Opera in the Grand Manner

CLIFFORD WHITLEY, who imported "Stop Press," has travelled 53 thousand miles to find American beauties whom he backs against any sixteen British girls

GOLD-soaked acres—a view of Mont Agel, one of the most expensive golf courses in Europe

THE most famous facade of pleasure in Europe: the Casino at Monte Carlo



SAMBA, a familiar figure to patrons of the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo

PLEAS

A close-up of the Story that is Behind their Business that is your Pleasure . . .

By Joan Woollcombe

MAYFAIR has become "crustacean minded"

WE have become "girl-conscious" again thanks to the cleverness of certain famous men in the entertainment world. Dancing and the display of fine limbs is all the rage. Here are some of Mr. Cochran's young ladies rehearsing their number

URE PARADE

THERE is a "back stage" to the amazing Pleasure Parade! Behind the luxury sun bathing, golf, tennis, gambling, cabarets—the Opera and the Pageants of the Jubilee here and the season abroad there is the feverish activity of the acute (and the "cute"!) men and women who are sweating to make the gold-soaked acres of Europe—*Pay!*

This Pleasure Parade of Europe is international; two or three determined impressarios have made London "girl-conscious"—it is ladies' legs that have helped to put Park Lane on the map again . . . and in France some other experts are determined to make the country golf minded.

Then—restaurants! Since we increasingly seem to prefer to eat outside the synthetic apartments we call home, we hand out fortunes to those astute enough to assess our whims in the matter of background for food and drink.

It is only by a rapid survey, a series of telegraphic interviews, that we can glimpse the activities of those inspired persons who gamble on our fancies, who supply our demands. *Or, is it perhaps they create the demand that they are determined to supply?*

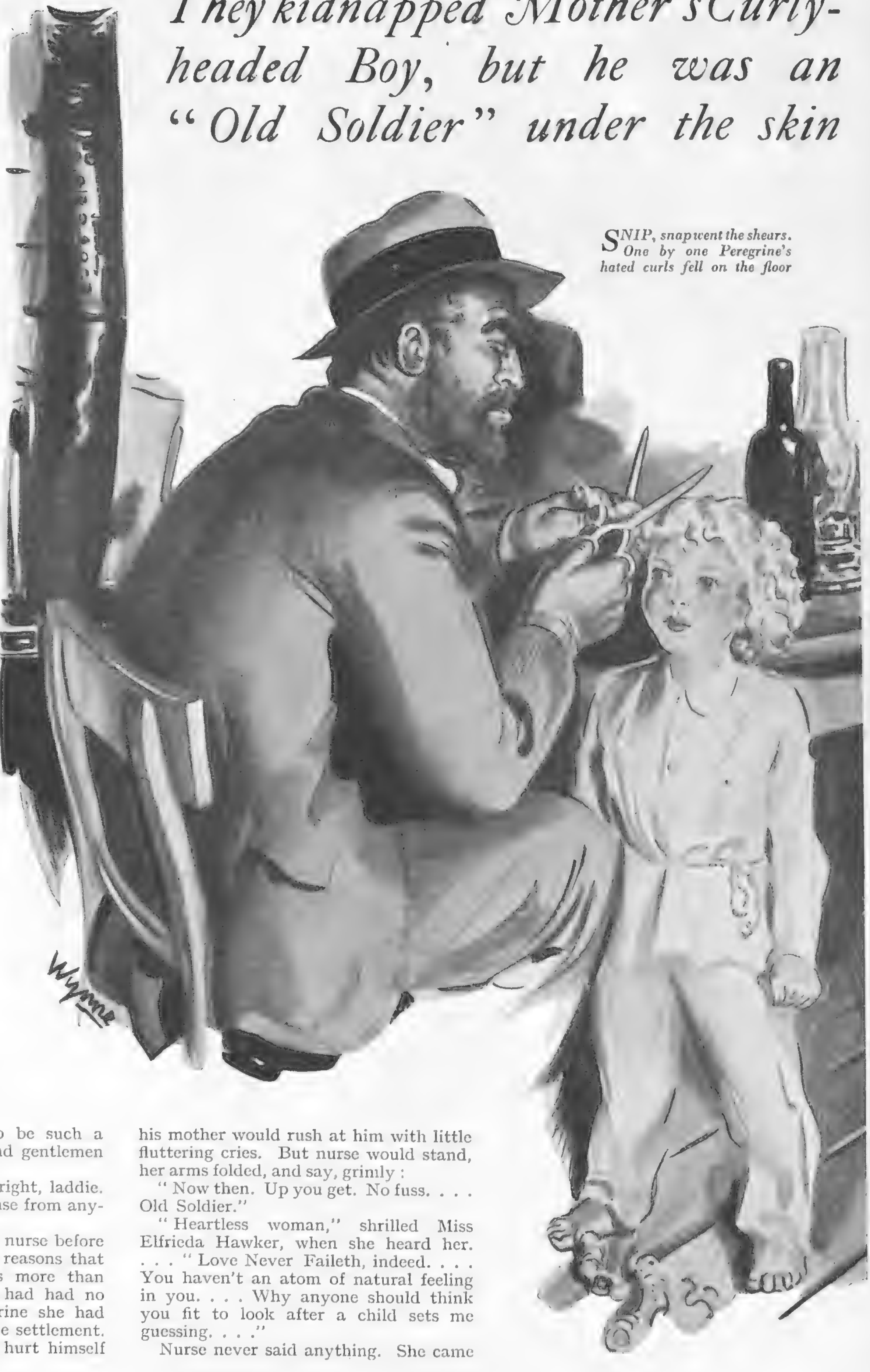
However that may be, whether it is a millionaire's foreshore and superlative sunbathe; a display of American beauties with your dinner, or a fashionable meal in a converted cellar, there is nearly always a story behind the show, and a person behind the story who has backed your fancy. To find these you must skip across the Atlantic and over Europe as they do . . . it is best first, perhaps, to de-train from the Blue Train in the heart of the tiny principality that is in effect some 300 acres developed almost entirely for your amusement; and there briefly to interview one of the men who has helped to put post-crisis Park Lane in the limelight again as a pleasure department of the present capital of the world of entertainments, London.

FIRST, then, sunshine and ridiculous comic-opera police. The Hotel de Paris and the beaming negroid grin of Samba, the porter; across the square that is the heart of Monte Carlo there gaze at each other the "cathedral" of gambling, the Casino, and the headquarters of the smartest pleasure-seekers in Europe, the grand new International Sporting Club—a colony of London, these days, and, anyhow, linked with new Park Lane by *Les Girls!*

For the first close-up the time is midnight, a few weeks ago. The scene is the restaurant of the Sporting Club, with sleepy waiters tidying tables and dousing lights for the brief dawn and morning sleep before the place must spring to life again. Upstairs they are still gambling . . . down below the night club is getting under weigh; and outside the luxury cars of half a dozen nationalities are parked until their (*Continued on page* 135)

Tough Guy

They kidnapped Mother's Curly-headed Boy, but he was an "Old Soldier" under the skin



SNIP, *snap went the shears. One by one Peregrine's hated curls fell on the floor*

IT was uncomfortable inside the sack. It joggled. Peregrine wished now that he had screamed sooner. He wished he had yelled and kicked. He hadn't thought about yelling and kicking in time, and now it was too late. When he tried it someone hit him roughly. Just anywhere.

He kept still, hugging his knees, making himself as much as possible into a parcel. He was wearing his pink pyjamas. He had always hated the pink one. They were too sissy for his taste. His mother was fond of making a fellow look sissy. He still wore long golden curls. They were getting into his mouth at that very moment, and he hated them worse than ever. His father, he felt, would never have stood for those curls. Off they would have had to come.

His mother liked them. She liked to play with them, letting them slip through her slim white fingers with their rosy nails.

She liked to talk baby language to him, still. She called him her little, little boy. It was a trial to Peregrine, who did not want to be as little as all that. Men with noses like bird beaks sometimes patted his head when he went to the studios with her, and said:

"Gee, Elfrieda, we ought to get a part for that kid of yours. He's a real picture."

Peregrine always dug his toes in, and looked his worst and said:

"I won't go on the pictures. I want to be a soldier."

When no one was looking his mother shook him by the shoulder and said:

"What do you want to be such a lousy kid for, eh, when kind gentlemen speak to you?"

But nurse said, "That's right, laddie. Don't you stand any nonsense from anyone, Old Soldier."

She had been his father's nurse before him, which was one of the reasons that Miss Elfrieda Hawker was more than bored with her. But she had had no choice. If she got Peregrine she had to take nurse. It was in the settlement.

When he fell down and hurt himself his mother would rush at him with little fluttering cries. But nurse would stand, her arms folded, and say, grimly:

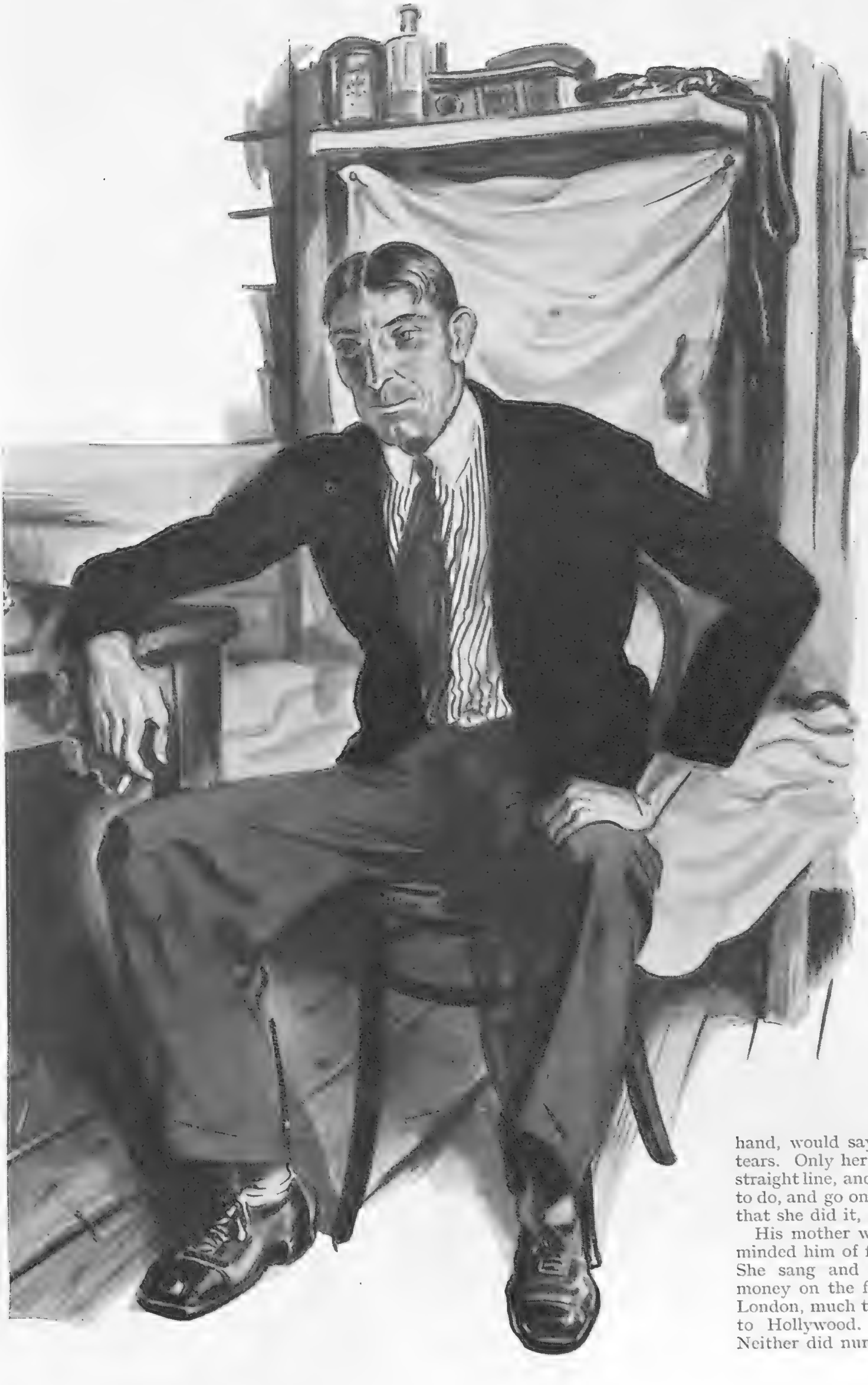
"Now then. Up you get. No fuss. . . . Old Soldier."

"Heartless woman," shrilled Miss Elfrieda Hawker, when she heard her. . . . "Love Never Faileth, indeed. . . . You haven't an atom of natural feeling in you. . . . Why anyone should think you fit to look after a child sets me guessing. . . ."

Nurse never said anything. She came

By Dorothy Black

Illustrated by D. Ll. Wynne



from Crieff, where people don't waste words. . . . She never argued with her mistress, but she stacked the sweety, sugary books behind the nursery dresser, and in the long evenings when they were alone together she read Peregrine *Treasure Island*, and many another grand tale of adventure, instead of the literature his mother provided for him.

"If you can't be a man you'd better be dead," said nurse, grimly, as she looked out of the window and saw Miss Elfrieda Hawker's elegant friends getting into, or out of, their speed cars.

Peregrine did not like his mother's friends much. They were pretty fops, most of them. But it was fun to go along to the studios, as long as the men with bird-beak noses let up on the head-patting business. Each of the sets was a little world of its own. Folks getting married. Folks dying. Dying over and over again till they died to suit the camera man. Thieves climbing through windows. You weren't scared, for presently the thief would say, growing all natural suddenly:

"Gee, kid, but I'm dry."

That was why Peregrine hadn't thought to kick and scream when he woke up to see a man's head appearing slowly over the nursery window sill. He just sat and looked, fascinated by the size of the man, and wondering how he was ever going to get it all through the window at once. . . .

"Hallo . . ." said the fat man in a hoarse whisper . . . "Here we are again . . ."

And before Peregrine had fully grasped what was happening the man clamped a handkerchief with some smelly stuff over his nose, and then Peregrine remembered nothing more until he woke up in the sack.

HE knew all about it. He had lived in Hollywood for more than a year, where folks talk freely and openly. He had been kidnapped. . . His mother would make a fine fuss. . . . He pictured all the reporters she would interview, and the tears she would shed, and the things she would say about her little boy.

Nurse, on the other hand, would say little, and she would shed no tears. Only her mouth would go into a thin, straight line, and she would tell his mother what to do, and go on telling her what to do, and see that she did it, until they got him back again.

His mother was so pretty. Her clothes reminded him of flowers, and she smelt of them. She sang and danced, and made a lot of money on the films. That was why they left London, much to Peregrine's disgust, and came to Hollywood. He didn't like Hollywood. Neither did nurse.

Nurse was not beautiful. She smelt more of dog soap than flowers. She wore a brown frock, and a badge with some words on it saying "Love Never Faileth." She was nobody. Just a servant. His mother was always saying so. "Don't you care what she says," said Miss Elfrieda Hawker to her son.

Peregrine did care. Early in life he made the great discovery that beauty in a woman is not all. He fretted for nurse when she went away, just as he had fretted for his father.

Nobody ever told him what had happened to his father. It was a subject nurse refused to discuss. "When you're older, you'll understand," was all she would say on the matter. It was Miss Elfrieda Hawker herself who enlightened him, all unintentionally. He heard her talking to one of her boy friends down at the studio one day.

"What happened to the husband?" asked the boy friend, and Peregrine listened attentively, for he wanted to know the answer, too.

"Oh, old soldiers never die, darling. Do they? They simply fade away, dear," said Miss Hawker, and pressed her hankie to her pretty nose end with a little laugh.

So Peregrine knew this was what must have happened to his father.

All this passed through his mind in a jumbled fashion, like mixed up pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, as he jolted off, being kidnapped in a sack. He could have cried, but he did not cry. He bore it, and waited to see what would happen next.

What happened next was a bump and the sound of a car starting up. They were off through the night, by the bouncing and bumping it was over a pretty rough road, too. Through the rattle of the engines Peregrine could hear the voices of two men talking exclusively of cash.

"A hundred thousand dollars . . ." said one.

"Fifty thousand would be enough," said the other. "Gee, Ed, you'll never get more than fifty thousand out of that joint. She isn't all that set on the kid. . . ."

"Yeah? But where is the film star that's going to let on to her dear public she ain't set on her own kid to the tune of a hundred thousand? It's against nature. Why, the thing is advert. for her from beginning to end. I guess Elfrieda Hawker will take full advantage of it, what's more . . ."

"Supposing you don't get it?"

"If I don't get it, boy, I dispose of the goods. That's all. Cash on delivery. No cash, no delivery."

"I'm not going in on any dirty work—with kids."

"Is that so? Well, I'm the man who calls the toon, see? And if you don't dance, Wal, you'll maybe make it difficult for yourself. Very difficult. See?"

It was dull enough talk and meant little to Peregrine, anyway. He rearranged himself more comfortably upon the floor boards and thought of other matters. . . . His dog, Tinka, would miss him. She would go sniffing around the house, in search of him, all day. Funny that Tinka had stayed fast asleep beneath his bed like that, instead of barking at the stranger. She had never done a thing like that before. . . Oh, beloved Tinka, when shall we meet again?

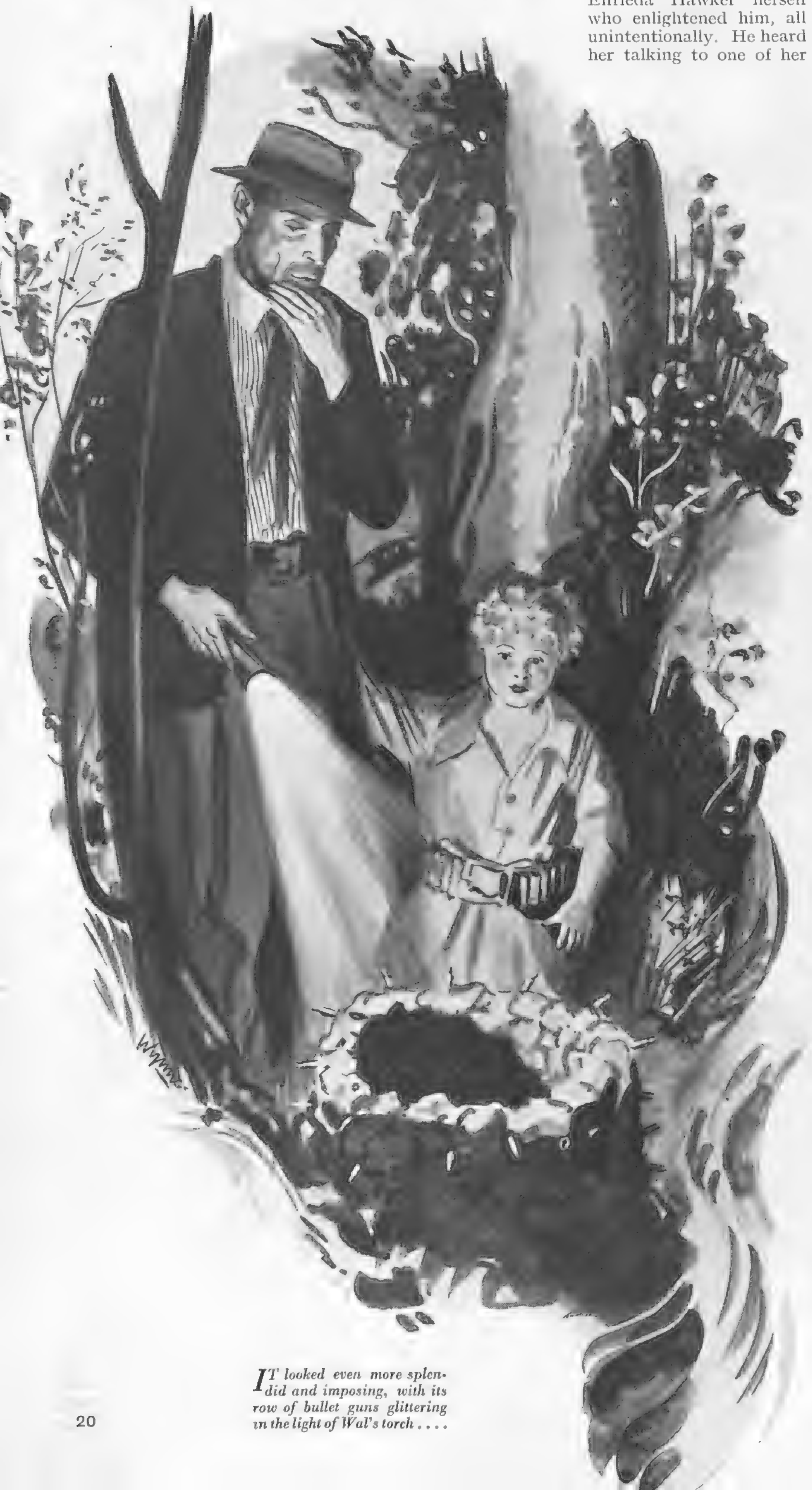
HE fell asleep and the next thing he knew it was morning, cold and grey, and he was being emptied out of the sack as if he were turnips or kittens.

He fell with a flop on a dirty wooden floor in a dirty wooden shack furnished mostly with old sacks and rags, and two shakedowns, and a wooden table and two chairs. . . . There was one stove and a lot of wood lying around it, and one large hammer lying beside it, and two guns standing against the wall.

The two men sat, their hands on their knees, their legs wide apart, looking at Peregrine as he gathered himself slowly off the floor. Peregrine saw the fat man who had come through the window had a little beard, and the thin man, who had since joined him had no whiskers on his face, but prickles all over it as if he had not shaved for some time.

The fat man said, "Come here. . . ."

Peregrine stood up and came briskly to attention, his hands to the seams of his pyjamas, as his father had taught



IT looked even more splendid and imposing, with its row of bullet guns glittering in the light of Wal's torch . . . .

him at an early age. The thin man gave a little exclamation, but the fat man's face never altered. He leaned forward and wagged a fat finger in Peregrine's face.

"Now then, you listen to me. You got to keep quiet and do as you're told here; and come when I calls you, and if anyone happens along, you beat it to where I tells you, and stay almighty quiet. See? Else, do you know what will happen to you?"

Peregrine said, interested, "No, Sir."

"Well, listen to me, and I'll tell you. See that hammer? You give us any trouble here, and I'll hit you on the head with that hammer and you won't never see your dear parents no more. See?"

The younger man said protestingly: "Gee! Ed. Let the kid down easy. He's a game little kid."

The fat man turned on him. "You button up your kisser, and don't come the 'little - child - shall - lead - them' lay over me. You're just the tough guy I'd look for to cash in sudden on a lot of slop. Beat it. You attend to your job, I'll see to mine. You handle the financial side, I'll see to the kid."

Then, all unexpectedly, the fat man burst into a roar of mirth, though it wasn't particularly happy mirth.

"Here, give us the shears, for the love of Mike and his angels! Did you ever see such a guy. . . ."

Snip-snap went the shears. One by one Peregrine's hated curls fell on the floor. The thin man patted his shoulder reassuringly.

"You'll be a heap happier without them, kid."

Peregrine did not need to be told that.

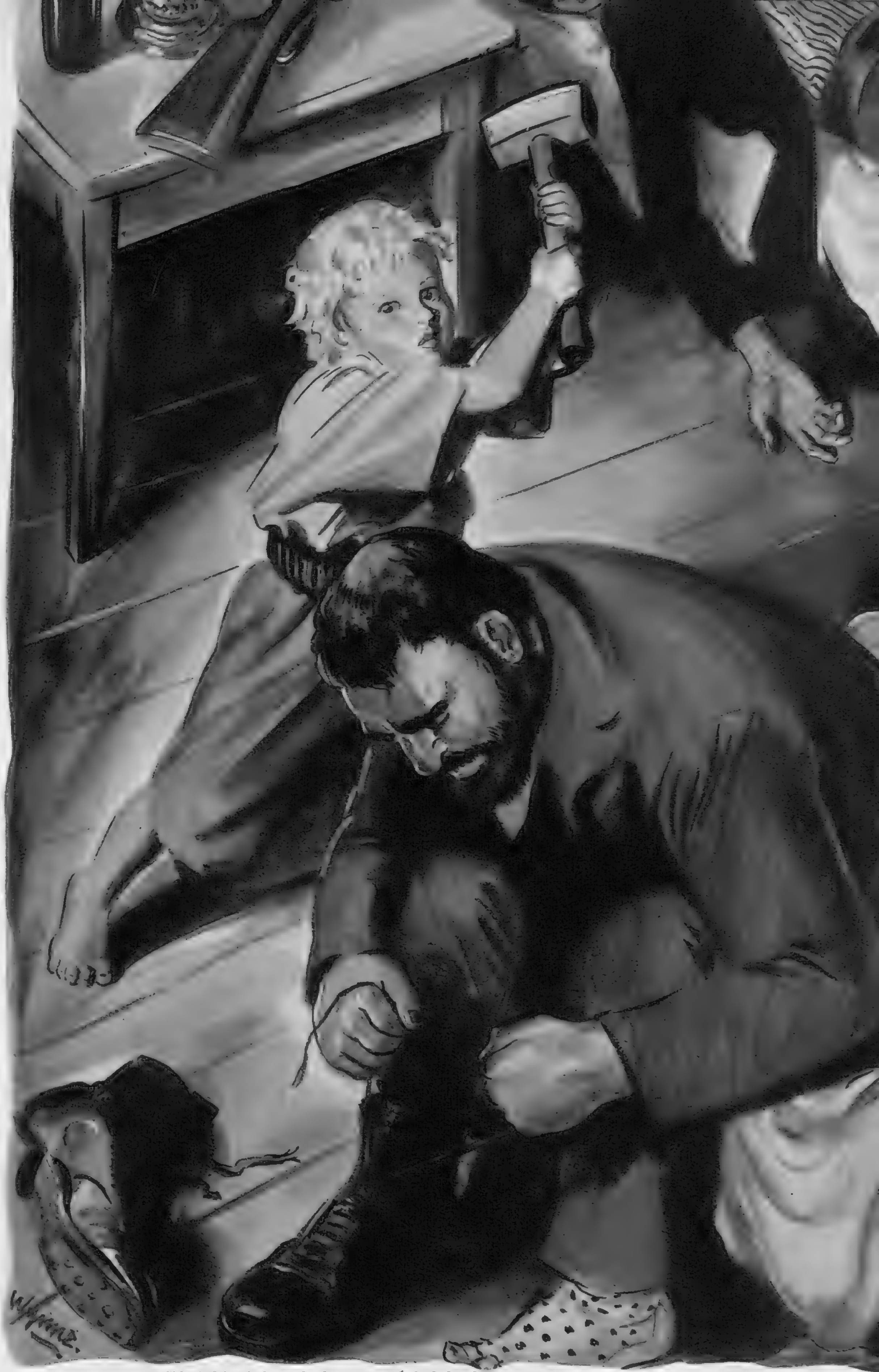
They took away his pyjamas, his hateful pink sissy pyjamas, and rigged him out with a set of khaki slops, all much too large. About his middle they girt a leather belt. The beauty of it took Peregrine's breath away, for it was a real belt, not a playing-at belt, like kids clothes usually are. It had holes in it all the way round.

"What's them holes for?" asked Peregrine.

"Bullets," said Ed, "and if you give trouble I'll put one into you."

"Couldn't I have just one bullet, please?" said Peregrine.

The thin man scavenged around and found him a spent one. Peregrine strutted about the filthy floor. He had forgotten he was kidnapped. He only knew he had real men's clothes at last, and khaki shorts such as his soul longed for, like his father used to wear about the garden, in summer, in England.



PEREGRINE *lifted up the hammer with both his hands, and swung it round and caught Ed on the back of the head with it*

The party sat down to breakfast. The food wasn't what Peregrine was accustomed to, but it had its charm. There were no tedious refinements. One could sit with the elbows on the table, and drink free and hearty, the mouth quite full.

Everybody did it there.

The two men talked over his head, ignoring him completely, and still all their talk was of money. It seemed to Peregrine strange that they thought so much of it, since obviously they hadn't an awful lot. The state of the shack told anybody that much.

Later, he climbed on a box and looked out of the window. (*Continued on page 89*)

Lydia Stahl in conference with her counsel during her trial at the Paris Correctional Court

Mata Hari, the beautiful spy who held our imagination during the war, and who was sentenced to death and shot by the French. It is said that she revealed to the German authorities that tanks were going to be employed by the British

"Blonde SPY"

Pretty Women are the "Cannon Fodder" of the New Espionage and Counter-Espionage War in Europe—and Tragedy Cuts Athwart Comedy and Crookery as the Market for State Secrets Booms

"THEY'VE captured——" I began.

But he cut me short.

"Blonde, beautiful, and bone-headed. Pulchritude—and the plans. Caught at the frontier with the battleship blue-prints in her jewel-case, sample of the new poison gas in the hollow heel of her shoe, secret mobilisation orders written in lemon juice on the seat of her pants, and, in her bag, love letters from generals, admirals, Cabinet Ministers, and a cement-mixer on the new fortification works . . . I know. It gets worse every week. These post-war Number Ones have been reading too many spy stories for the health of their wretched agents."

And he made a gesture which etched at a stroke the picture of two women crouched with their necks over a block in the cobbled courtyard of a Prussian prison, and the spurt of blood as the keen axe thudded through flesh and bone.

It was illuminating to sit and talk, in the after-luncheon quietude of the Piccadilly club, with this naval officer who himself had been a Number One in Britain's Intelligence organisation in pre-war and war days. Retired, he looked at the extraordinary new phenomena with the jaundiced eyes of an old cavalryman who curses modern war as fit only for mechanics and chemists.

He liked the leisurely old days, when the next-war grouping was clear and simple, Europe's annual espionage bill was nearer two than twenty million pounds, highly-skilled agents worked leisurely to probe the secrets of rival enemy armies, navies, and fortifications, and women spies existed chiefly in

Mme. Salman, who was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, seen with her child who was born in prison while its mother was awaiting trial for espionage

the imagination of Mr. Phillips Oppenheim—not half-a-dozen among the 700 known spies and suspects rounded up by the British police on the outbreak of the World War in 1914, and only one of importance, the celebrated Mrs. Wertheim, active in wartime Britain (and she, caught early, and sentenced to ten years, went mad and died in the criminal lunatic asylum).

Contemporary espionage bewildered this traditionalist. No clear-cut groupings. No courtesy or good manners. Allies stealing one another's plans and killing one another's spies. Everybody spying on everybody else, just in case. Agents, in peace time, being hung, shot, beheaded, jailed for life, and unofficially bumped off. Generalissimo Maurin of France, less impressed by data about Germany's new airplane gun-mountings than by the great discovery that the Reich is secretly buying up Portugal's entire stock of canned sardines. Free-lance gangs—like the Snaja-Liagier-Meller five-nationalities organisation broken up last summer, and the Rashevsky group, twenty-two of whose members, including a brace of Americans, are now on trial in Paris—going about collecting secrets, offering their seasonal lines of merchandise around Europe's chancelleries, undertaking commissions in the realm of military, economic, and political espionage anywhere, at an agreed price. Astounding! And then, these young women, the cannon-fodder of the new espionage . . .

My friend belonged to those traditionalists, I fear, who in East Europe, are falling with increasing frequency, and an expression of perplexity frozen on their soldierly faces, before the bullets of firing-squads; or, in the rôle of espionage directors, are monotonously marking off, with a frown of annoyance, the name and number of yet another agent who has been caught in the act of carrying out headquarter instructions.

Polish Major Dembowsky is a good and fairly recent example of this out-moded school in action. He was so naïve as to carry, in person, to the Soviet Embassy in Warsaw, a suit-case full of military maps, mobilisation

(*Continued on page* 102)

Marie Schul (alias Marie Louise Martin), known as the "Iron Woman," who was the central figure in the recent great spy trial in Helsingfors. She was sentenced to ten years' hard labour

Helene Khan, a strikingly pretty German woman who was arrested by the French on suspicion of espionage. The charge, however, was not sustained, but she was required to quit French territory

By Peter Forrest

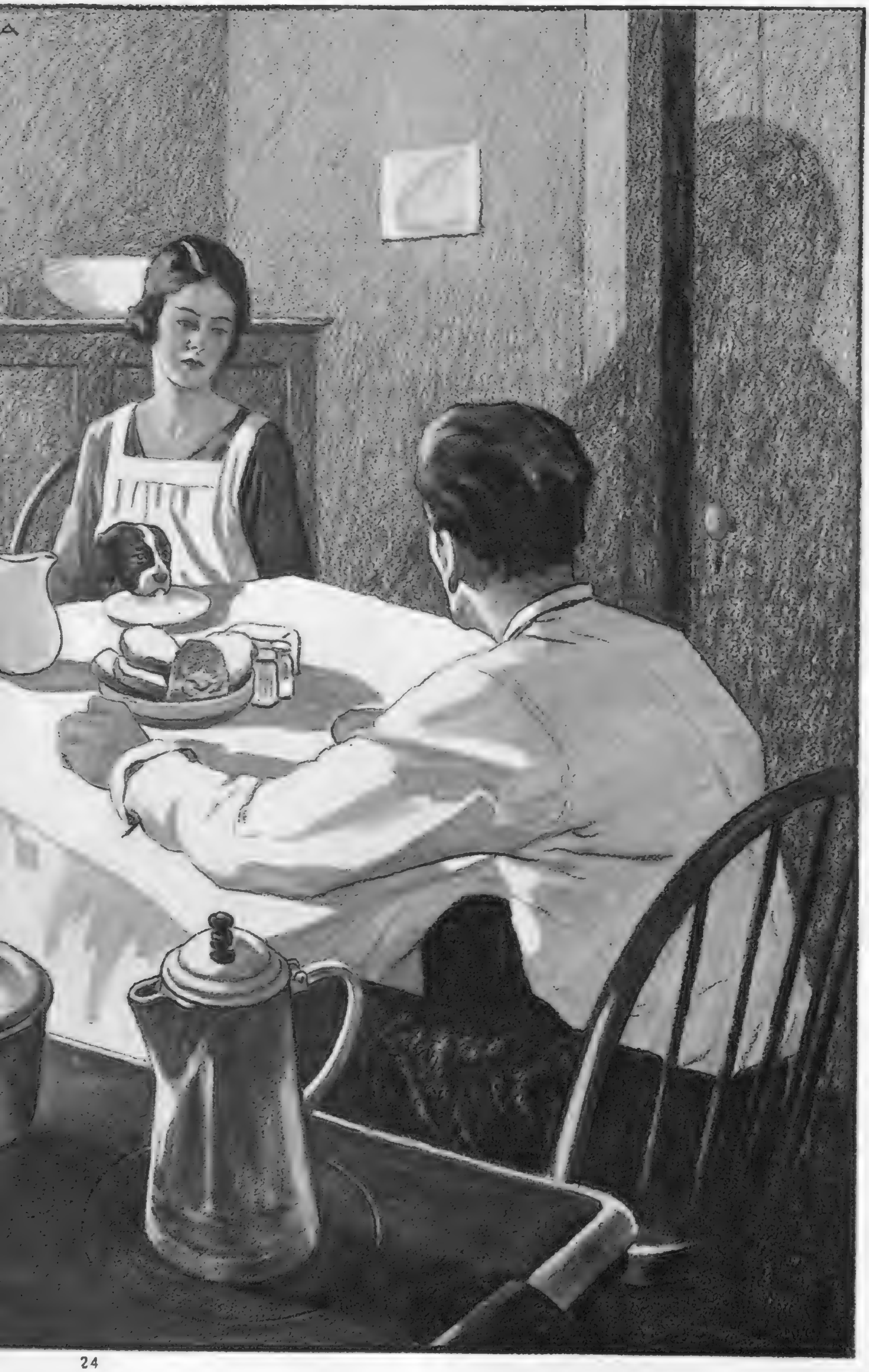
The two women prisoners in the recent French spy trial — Mrs. Marjorie Switz and Nadia Lydia Stahl. Mrs. Switz was acquitted and Nadia Stahl was sentenced to five years' imprisonment

Mme. Dumoulin weeps on hearing the judge sentence her husband to five years' imprisonment

BIDOU

By Rex Beach

The Story of a Very Gallant Gentleman with Four Legs and a Great Heart



SHE poured a saucer of milk and he plunged his black satin nose into it

A RATTLE of cart-wheels on the stony road apprised Mrs. Burke of her husband's arrival, so she put aside her mending and went out into the kitchen. She refilled the stove, moved the chowder pot and the tea-kettle forward, then opened the oven door and peered in.

Jim's supper would be about spoiled, but at least she had kept it hot. It served him right for being so late. While he was unharnessing she set the kitchen table, for never, except when the minister came to Sunday chicken dinner, did the Burkes eat in the front room.

The back door opened and Jim entered; his cap and pea-jacket sparkled with jewels of moisture, for Newfoundland fogs are thick, and during the past several hours he had driven through a mist that hid his horse's head.

"Guess you thought the old cart had foundered," he said cheerfully. "Lord! It 's thick!"

"What kept you?"

"The services were late, and old Tige had to feel his way home. . . . The children abed?"

"Of course! What time d' you think it is? Why, it 's after nine!"

"Um-m! Something smells good."

"It 's not much. But it 's hot. I can fry you some eggs——"

"Pshaw! Anything 'll do."

"Then wash up and—— What ails you, standing there? Why don't you take off your jacket?"

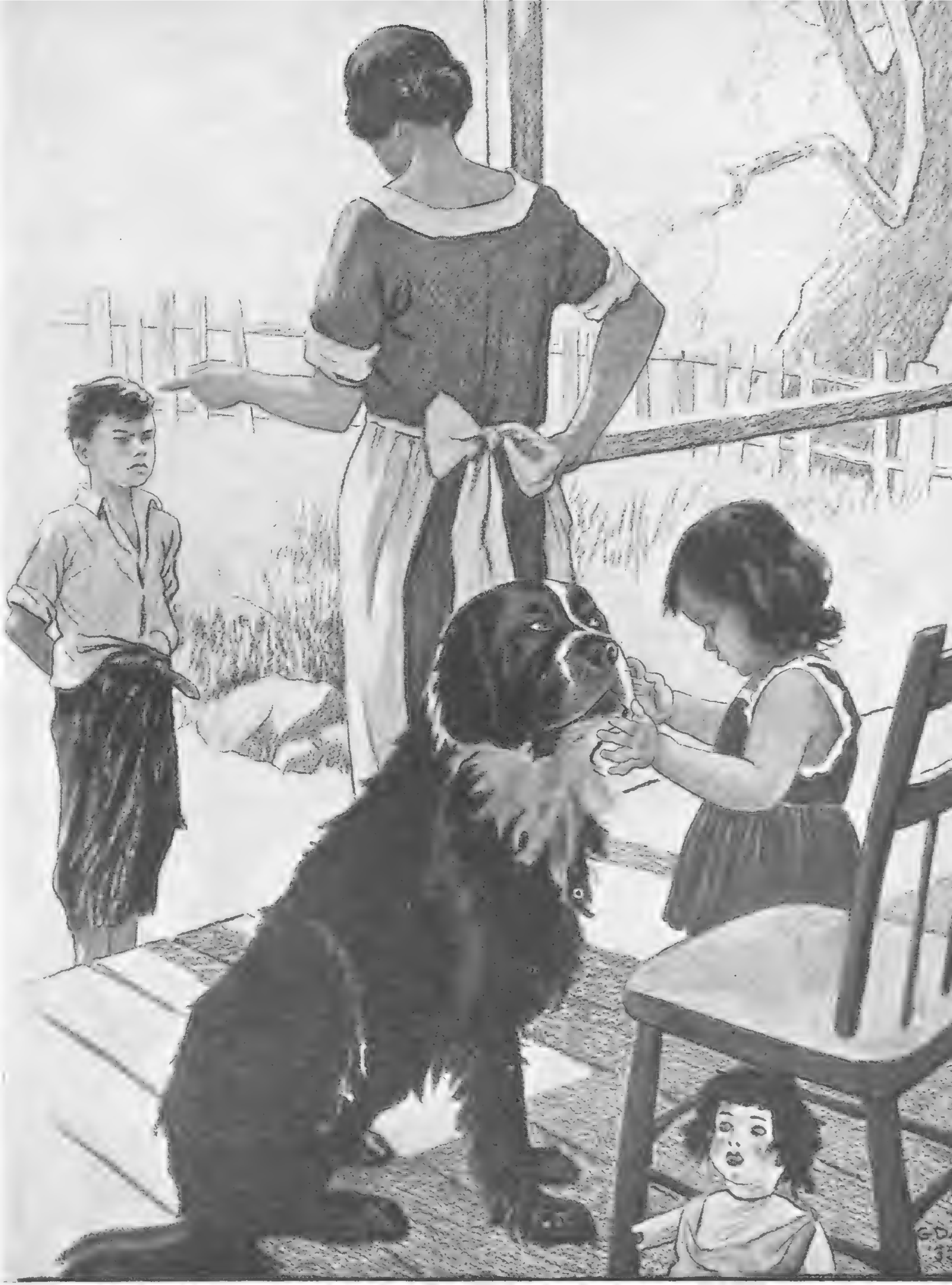
Burke was a ruddy, weather-beaten fellow of about thirty-five. He hesitated before confessing, with a boyish grin:

"I—I 've got a surprise—for Nancy—and I don't know as you 'll exactly like it."

"Jim Burke! Have you been spending more money on that child? And us in debt! I 'll bet it 's some foolishness."

"Now, mother! How would I spend any money in Bennett's Bay even if I had it to spend? It never cost a cent."

As he spoke he unbuttoned his coat, thrust a huge brown



"DON'T you ever stone that dog!" Mrs. Burke admonished sternly. "Specially when he does you a service. You've no business in that water anyway and he thought you were drowning"

Illustrated by George D. Alexander

hand inside his shirt and groped for something he carried next to his body. When he removed it, his thumb and forefinger held by the loose skin of its neck a fat, square-faced, stub-nosed black puppy, which he deposited upon the table.

It squatted for an instant, then its tail wagged; on uncertain legs it waddled towards the cream pitcher, which the indignant housewife promptly retrieved.

"*Jim!* . . . On my table! . . . We can't afford a dog."

"Aw, mother! Nancy will love ——"

"He'll be a big dog!" the wife said in growing consternation. "He'll eat more than her and Luther."

"You bet he'll be big. He's from that dog Cap'n Buckingham brought down from Cape Freels. Good Newfoundlands are getting scarce. The breed's 'most run out. I'll go without milk in my tea till he grows up."

"Of course, Miz Buckingham can't afford to keep him now ——"

"Sure! That's why she gave him to me."

"No more can we. He's bound to be an expense and a care; any puppy is a care if you've got a carpet. But he *is* pretty." Ellen stroked the rotund bundle of fur; she picked it up and cuddled it against her cheek. This pleased the little fellow, and he licked her with relish. He found the lobe of her ear and began to nurse it.

"I want him to be Nancy's dog," the father declared. "She's got to raise him herself, and I don't want Luther to pet him or play with him. Trouble is, when Tom, Dick and Harry feed a dog and everybody makes over him he picks out whoever he likes."

Mrs. Burke nodded her assent to this arrangement, her resentment lessened, and she said, "They're great hands with children, of course, and if he learns to take care of that spoiled daughter of ours, it'll be a relief to me."

"Pshaw! What's the use of having anything as pretty as Nancy if you can't spoil it a little." Burke blew noisily upon his first spoonful of chowder, and his wife seated herself across the table from him with the puppy in her lap. She poured a saucer of milk and he plunged his black satin nose into it. His tail stiffened and for his size he made even more noise than did the man.

"Well? Aren't you going to tell me about the services? How's Miz Buckingham bearing up?"

"All right. A lot better than she would if it had been a regular funeral."

Ellen nodded; she compressed her lips. "If they had to go, I suppose it's a mercy they were never found. But it must be dreadful not to know what happened. I've been thinking all day how I'd feel if it was you and Luther."

"I know what happened," Jim said indistinctly. Usually he found it impossible to talk while he was eating.

"How a ship can disappear completely, with all hands, beats me. It wasn't a bad storm, and Joel Buckingham was as good a skipper as ever went to the ice."

"Don't take much of a gale, with a cargo of wet sealskins."

"No?"

"Those pelts are slippery. The *Mary Pittman* was heavy loaded, she got to rolling, and they shifted."

"But—Cap'n Joel must have known the danger."

"Certainly. . . . What of it? We all take our chances."

Ellen Burke closed her eyes, and a spasm contracted her face. "Yes, I know. It's awful, Jim. I mean the ocean. I'm afraid of it. It's so cruel: so—sneaky and deceitful. It seems to take only the best men we've got."

Jim nodded. "It feeds us and it robs us. Old Robber Ocean!"

"Look at me! Three men gone out of my own family just since I can remember. My father and two uncles: lost on the banks. Never a year goes by but what something happens. Now the *Mary Pittman* with all hands aboard. I've hated it ever since that year the sealing fleet was lost. I was a little girl then, father had taken me to St. Johns. . . . Three hundred frozen bodies on the dock waiting to be identified. . . . Big, able-bodied fellows, old men and boys, too." The speaker shuddered. "I remember one old fellow: he had a lad in his arms who couldn't 've been more than fifteen. He had frozen trying to shelter the youngster with his body. And I heard it was just some neighbour's boy. Both were a solid lump of ice. It's—a terrible sea! It's a terrible life."

"Now don't you get started or you won't sleep a wink."

"Every time you leave for the banks I—*die*. It won't be long now till Luther will be sailing away. I tell you, Jim, it's mighty hard on us women. I—wish you'd give it up."

"However can I?" Burke inquired gravely. "There's salt in the blood of us Islanders, and it's our job to fish and to hunt seals. We've been bred to it. But I've a bit of news for you. I saw Mr. Campeau to-day."

"Yes?" There was a sudden light of interest in Ellen's eyes.

"He says maybe he'll give me the *Queen*."

"Oh, God bless him!" the wife exclaimed.

"I'd be glad to quit the banks, although it's not easy work running this coast, winter and summer."

"I know, Jim. But you'd have steady work at steady pay. You'd be hauling lumber. . . . And lumber won't sink. Soon as ever I finish the dishes we're going to read a chapter from the Bible, then we're going to get down on our knees and——" The speaker's eyes widened. "Good *Lord!*" she exclaimed, then snatched the puppy from her lap and ran to the door with him. Her husband laughed.

OF course little Nancy was delighted with her first pet, and in the weeks that followed she played with him tirelessly. The puppy grew prodigiously; he progressed from one interesting stage of development to another, each of which fascinated his tiny mistress.

In and around Bulls Cove there were a number of French families, most of whom owned dogs. Two-thirds of their pets carried the name of Bidou—doubtless the French Canadian equivalent of Fido—and that is what Nancy called the Newfoundland. She liked the word because it exploded so pleasingly from her lips—B'*doo!* Bidou was his reward for good behaviour; when he was bad, oddly enough, he was "Buddy." There was a reason for this.

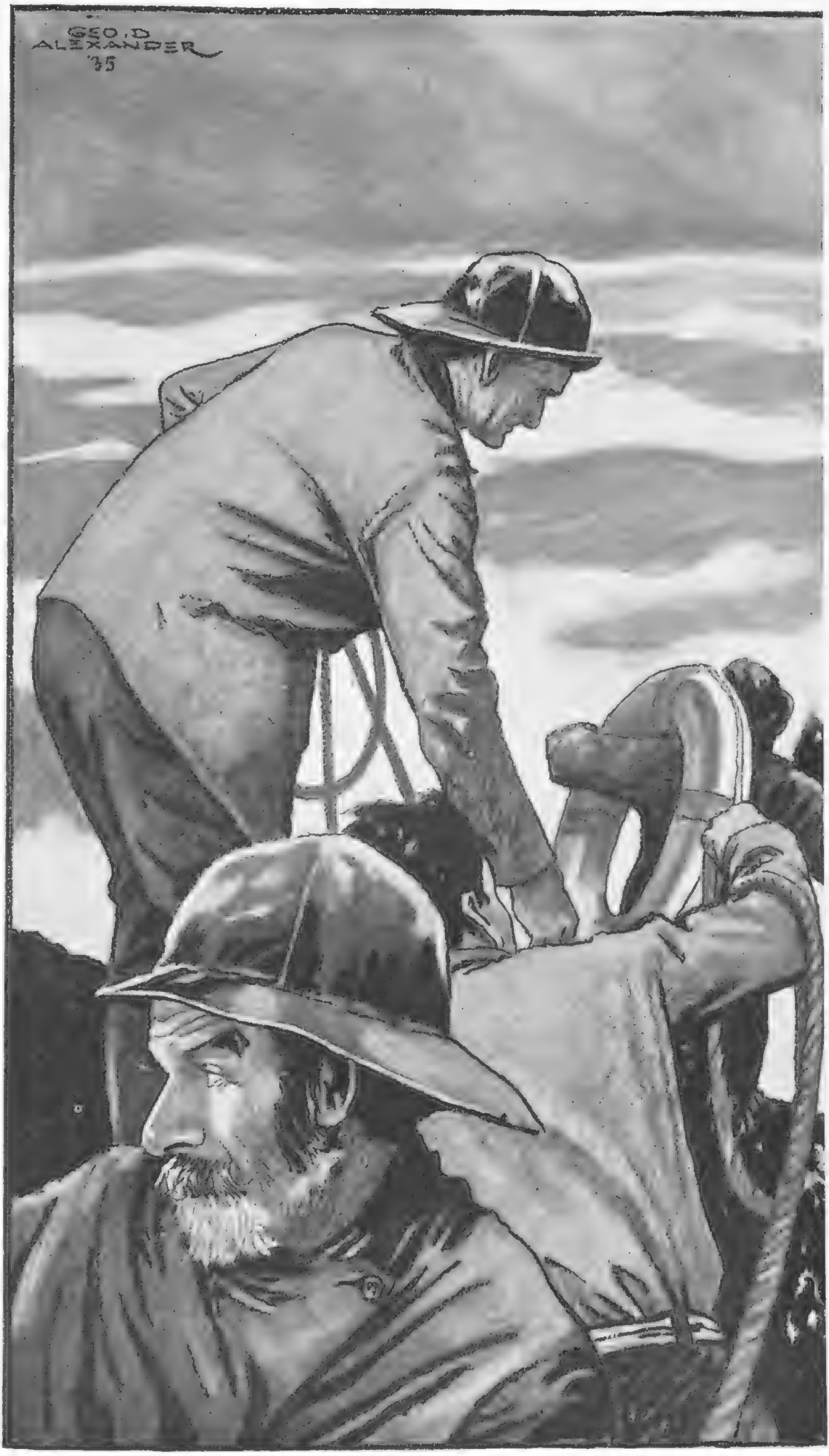
Nancy was an imperious little person, and she tyrannised over her father as completely as she ruled her dog. In fact, she exercised the same method of control over both, and it was one peculiar to herself. For instance, when big Jim Burke undertook to chide her, she raised her head, she straightened her back, she assumed an air of wounded dignity and interrupted the scolding with a sharp, admonitory "Daddy!"

On her lips the exclamation became a reproach, a warning. It was a sort of verbal glare, and it bespoke indignation, incredulity, resentment. It was a queenly command for silence.

If he persisted in the scolding, she repeated his name with greater emphasis, she frowned, she shook a plump little forefinger at him. She used a score of inflections and each "*Daddy!*" was more shocked, more aggrieved, more offended than the other. Plainly it hurt her deeply for him to be so rude, and it angered her also, but she was too much of a lady to betray her feelings.

Inwardly the father grinned.

While still a puppy, the dog learned to



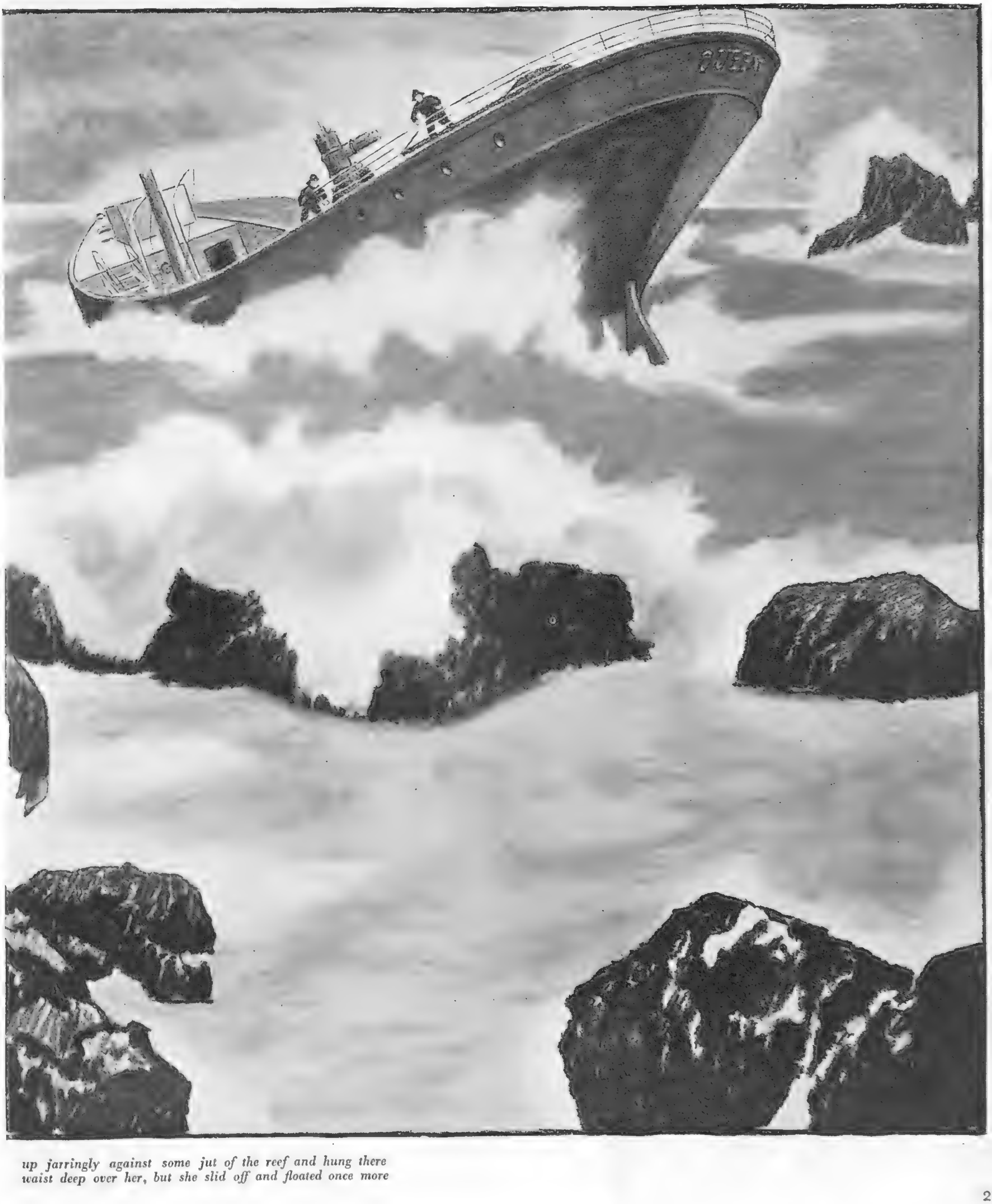
THE "*Queen*" *fetched while a wave ran* obey Nancy's sharp, imperious "Buddy!" . . . "*Buddy!*" He would stop his mischief, his tail would droop: he would approach and dab at Nancy's face with his lolling tongue. She was a generous child, and this apology was usually effective. It was much as if he wiped a wet sponge over a slate, thereby destroying all his marks of discredit.

Not until Bidou was more than a year old did he begin to demonstrate by acts rather than by general demeanour that passionate protective instinct, that sacred obligation of guardianship which is the heritage of his breed.

The Newfoundland dog is the result of a peculiar cross, one between the tough, curly-coated English black retriever and the deep-chested, cream-white, patriarchal sheep-dog of the Pyrenees, a strain unfortunately now extinct. From the one he inherited indifference to cold water and an amazing ability to swim; from the other a deep-seated instinct to shepherd and to save.

Bulls Cove lay at the head of a ragged gash in the frowning coast line; its shores were steep and its waters were cold, but where the village stood there was a nice beach for bathing. That is to say, it was covered with pebbles and cobblestones instead of broken boulders, and here the children went to swim.

Luther Burke came home one day nursing a bruised arm which bore the marks of teeth; (*Continued on page* 106)



up jarringly against some jut of the reef and hung there waist deep over her, but she slid off and floated once more

IDA LUPINO being made-up by Max Factor. This famous make-up expert of Hollywood has helped many people to become film stars by kind and expert advice on make-up

A TYPICAL first-night crowd surging on Hollywood Boulevard. To a crowd tells an actress that she has

JULIETTE COMPTON, one of the English players in Hollywood, at Jim's Beauty Parlour. Jim numbers all the lovely ladies whose pictures are seen on the wall among his clients

Hollywood—its Work and the Chances it offers to future Stars

A STAR. Name glittering in electric lights; face exhibited on a thousand screens, in a hundred countries; a salary running into four figures weekly. Glory. Fame. Such are the gifts Hollywood has it in her power to bestow. Hollywood, where the streets are believed, so erroneously, to be paved with gold. Hollywood, that can be Heaven or Hades, as those of us who have lived there can testify, from the depths of our secret hearts.

The majority of girls to-day are filled, it seems, with a flaming desire to dash to Hollywood and become film stars. Many of them get there: too many, poor souls, for their future peace of mind and well-being. How is it possible that there can be an adequate reward, even a living wage, for everyone who beats against the Studio Gates?

I have been in the film world since I was a child. At the age of fourteen it was my misfortune to become a so-called film star; far, far too young, of course. Then came the in-between time, when I was neither a child prodigy nor a real grown-up; and people forgot that a girl called Madge Evans had ever intrigued or entertained them. It needed Talkies to bring me back. Hollywood offered me a chance again—not to be a star, but to be a leading lady of sorts, and take, with thanks, any decent rôles that came my way.

To Hollywood I went. I am not joking when I say that I know this film business inside out; there are no illusions about it for me. In trying to describe some of the things every girl who sets out to be a film star must be prepared to face, I am dealing with a subject that is only too familiar. Out in California, they tell me I am known as "Hollywood's Best Business Woman." I don't know about that, but I do know that ever since I have been getting contracts that amounted to anything I have done all my business myself. No agent has ever worked for me; I have never had a manager.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT before the mike. The beautiful Paramount star accepts Conrad Nagel's invitation to speak to the crowd at the first night of "Dinner at Eight" at the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood

So I know rather more of the non-acting side of film work than the majority of players, who seem content—strangely, to my mind—to entrust their business to somebody else. I have lived through every phase of the existence any girl must face if she wants to succeed in pictures. And I

outside the Chinese Theatre obtain recognition from such "arrived" beyond any doubt

If you Became a STAR...

MADGE EVANS, *whose latest film is "Paris Interlude"*

By MADGE EVANS

know that the girl who hopes to become a star, being fully prepared for the cruelly hard work that must be done, stands a far better chance of winning through to-day than she would have done eighteen months ago.

Equally, I know that the girl who thinks of bursting her way into Hollywood, with no more ambition than to be an extra, and take the casual, uncertain jobs that may come her way, stands a far worse chance to-day of earning even a starvation wage than she would have done eighteen months ago.

Let me explain the position, and the radical change that has come over the surface of Hollywood within the last few months. This change is due, first and foremost, to the new National Recovery Act—N.R.A. is the way it is written—which is affecting every industry in America. The N.R.A. has given Extra Players a better chance with one hand, while taking it away with the other. But to players with ambition and real ability it is offering the kind of opportunity that did not exist previously.

We are working, to-day, under a new Film Industry Code; and one point of vital importance to those who want to get anywhere in filmland is a clause in this code which stipulates that any extra who is called upon to speak either one line or half a dozen in a film (having been engaged as an extra) *shall be paid not less than £5 for one day's work.* This has brought about a new point of view in the minds of studio executives which is giving splendid chances to many young girls and men who are genuinely keen to succeed as film players.

For the executives have realised that it is less expensive to put newcomers under contract at, approximately, £10 to £15 a week, and give them a complete grooming for possible stardom, than to pay an inexperienced extra quite as much, or more, for doing two or three days' work. This giving of contracts at small salaries, with plenty of opportunity for testing the ability of such contract players, is a very shrewd move.

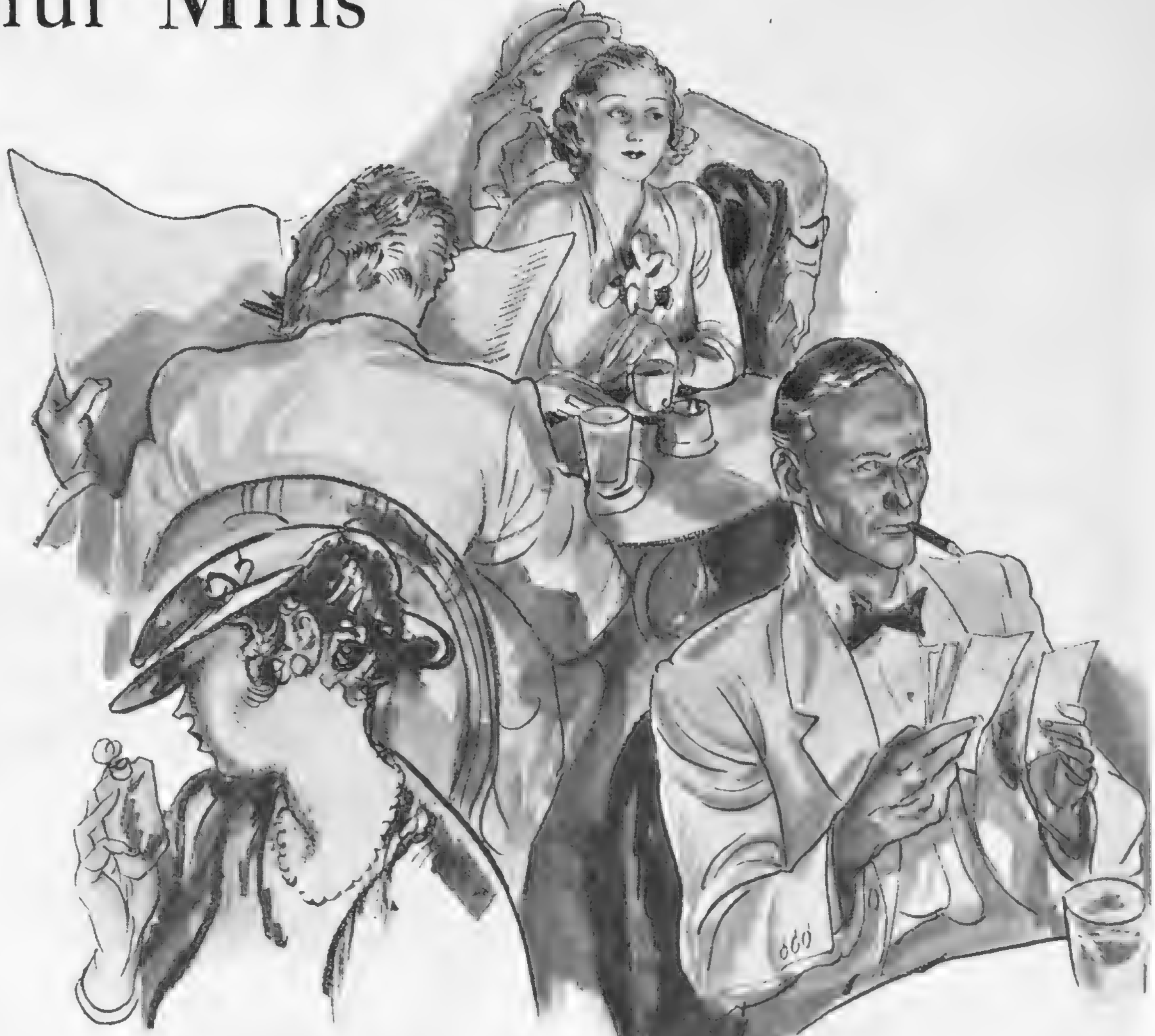
It means that if one of these bit-contract-players manages to make a hit with a vivid little character sketch, that player will (*Continued on page 112*)

AN example of a Gag-Picture. It seems to be something about Friday 13th; anyhow, the people concerned are Jeanette Macdonald, Maurice Chevalier and Ernst Lubitsch—that famous trio

By Arthur Mills

Illustrated by
Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

It takes all sorts of Romance to make a



Saigon Night

"HAS it ever occurred to you to write a story about something that actually happened?" Wortley asked.

"Yes, George," I said.

George Wortley looked up from the papers he was sorting. "These old visiting cards made me ask you that. Look at those four." He handed me four cards.

Roger Lauvan
Saigon

René N. Tri
Services Civiles de L'Indochine
Laos

Gita Orlay
Artiste Lyrique
Bruxelles

Maurice Defour
Paris

"You see, the only address given is a town, and in one case a province. Those cards were given me by fellow-passengers on the *Cap Varella* just before we disembarked at Saigon. I could tell you a story about those four people and two others whose cards I have not got."

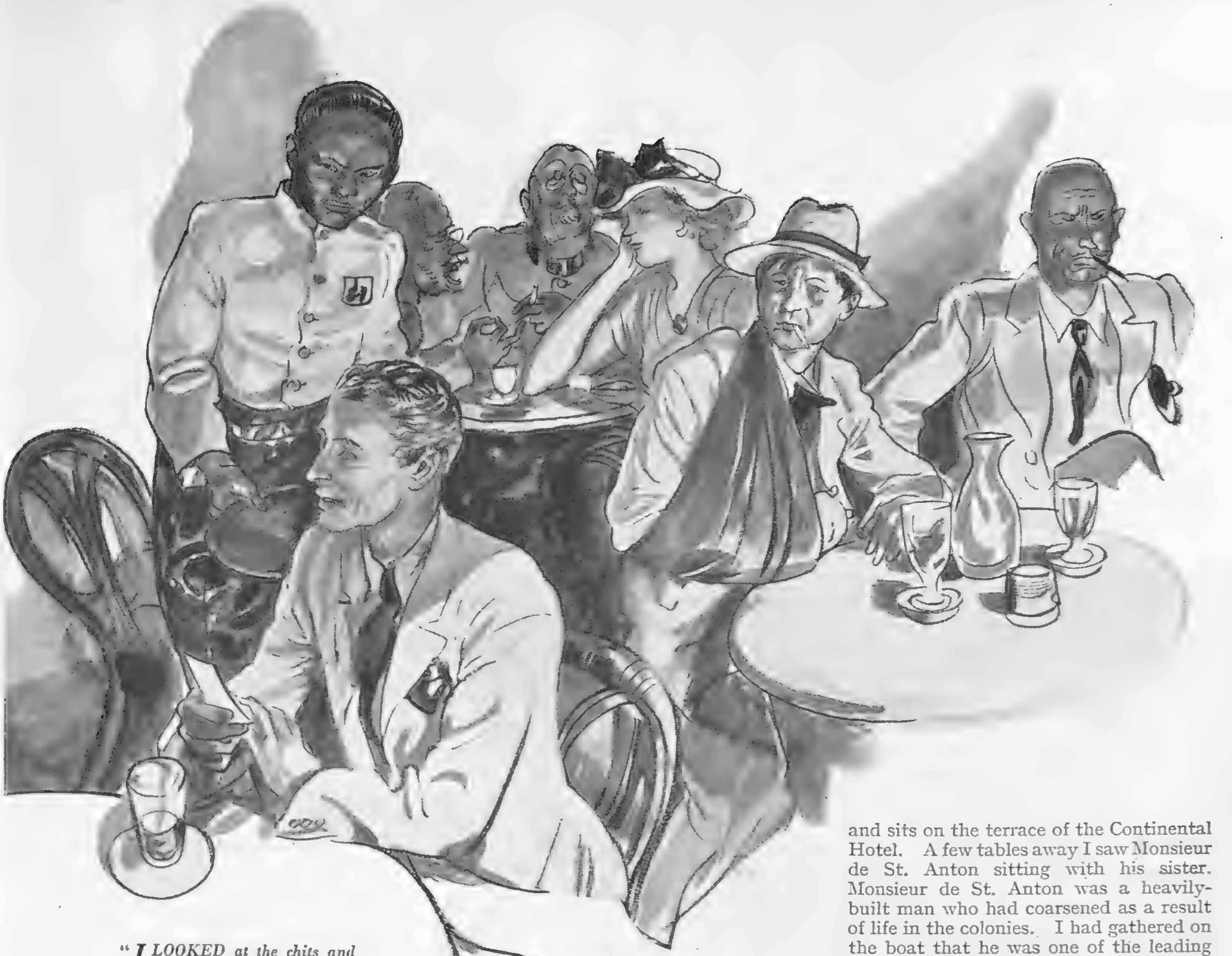
"Go ahead," I said.

George filled a pipe with great deliberation. "We had been six weeks at sea when we reached Saigon. In six weeks one gets to know one's fellow-passengers fairly well; but we all realised we were not likely to meet again once we had passed through the customs shed at Saigon.

"When the *Cap Varella* docked, Mademoiselle de St. Anton was met by her brother, who had come in from his rubber plantation. The arrival of her brother put an end to her affair with young Roger Lauvan. It was a brusque break, rendered necessary by the conventions and the difference in their social status. Roger Lauvan was a fine type of young Frenchman; he had played Rugby football for his province, and had now come out to learn the business of rubber planting; he had no money or prospects, which made it out of the question that Monsieur de St. Anton should encourage his attentions to his sister.

"Another romance which the voyage terminated was between Gita Orlay and Gaston Lefèvre, the purser. Gita Orlay had come out to Saigon to play in the opera season. She was a florid creature, with a highly developed temperament, which she made no effort to control; she flung her net over the purser at the beginning of the voyage, and enmeshed him completely by the time we reached Saigon. As the *Cap Varella* was going on to Haiphong, she had to forget about her lover once she landed.

"René N. Tri was an Annamite. Like most of his race, he was of tiny stature, with slanting, brown eyes that revealed nothing; he had spent his leave in Paris and at Cannes; he liked Western ways, but always preserved an Oriental aloofness and inscrutability. He was stationed up in Laos, and after we got to Saigon he had a journey of another three weeks by river to reach his post. The initial *N* on his visiting-card stands for 'Nyguyen,' a common enough Annamite name, but in his case signifying that he came from an old and aristocratic family at Hué.



"I LOOKED at the chits and saw that one was a piece of folded paper; the word 'Roger' was written on it. . . . His face changed as he read the message; it was plain the words the note contained delighted him

"Maurice Defour, to whom that fourth card belongs, was a French actor, who had come out to Saigon to take part in the same theatrical season as Gita Orlay. The Captain of the *Cap Varella* said that he was 'produit de Paris.' A lieutenant in the Foreign Legion and other officers who were passengers on the *Cap Varella* never referred to him at all, and were obviously ashamed that he was a compatriot. We others spoke to him occasionally, and he was known among us as 'Alfred,' this being the name of a character in the first piece in which he was going to play. He was supposed to have learnt his part during the voyage, but had not done so.

"Alfred was almost penniless when he came on board at Marseilles; he had no money at all when we reached Saigon. He was a decadent-looking little beast, but he had plenty of that rather acid wit that is peculiar to Parisians; he hated travelling, and openly derided French colonial life. The only thing to be said for him is that he was not a bad actor. Some evenings on board, after he had cadged enough drinks to get him going, he would give quite clever impersonations. But none of us liked him, and we were not surprised when he walked languidly down the gangway at Saigon having tipped nobody and bilked his bar bill.

"I saw him on the evening that we landed; he was sitting on the terrace of the leading café in Saigon; his arm was in a sling, for he had fallen on a champagne bottle the night before. Owing to differences with Madame Orlay, he had not gone through his part with her during the voyage; they were to appear together on the stage the following night; having injured his arm, he could not get into his stage costume; he had no understudy. A man with the evillest face I have ever seen sat with him on the terrace; this man had been pointed out to me as the Director of the Saigon Opera House. Alfred appeared bored with his companion—in fact, the pair looked as if they had quarrelled. Alfred saw me sitting at the next table; he looked across at the splendid façade of the Opera House, pride of Saigon, winked at me, and said: 'Quelle boîte!'

"At sunset everybody in Saigon comes and sits on the terrace of the Continental Hotel. A few tables away I saw Monsieur de St. Anton sitting with his sister. Monsieur de St. Anton was a heavily-built man who had coarsened as a result of life in the colonies. I had gathered on the boat that he was one of the leading planters in the country; he did not look the sort of person it would be wise to pick a quarrel with. I wondered how Mademoiselle de St. Anton would like life on a rubber estate. She was easily the most attractive-looking girl on the terrace. Some of the others, the wives of Government officials and officers, were slightly slatternly; but Mademoiselle de St. Anton, with her fresh, healthy complexion, clear blue eyes, and smoothly brushed reddish hair, would have attracted attention anywhere. It was not surprising that young Roger Lauvan had fallen in love with her.

"I had seen no sign of him since coming ashore, and wondered how he was taking the parting. To be separated suddenly from such a girl after the wonderful time they had had during the voyage must be hard. Being a Frenchman, Roger Lauvan would, no doubt, accept the situation philosophically; he would realise that he was bound in honour to do nothing that would embarrass Mademoiselle de St. Anton now that the voyage was over.

"I was wondering about Roger Lauvan as I drank my Noilly-Cassis, when René N. Tri arrived. The little Annamite pattered up to my table and asked if he might sit down.

"'I have taken a room in the hotel,' he said. 'I think I am the only native who is allowed to stay here.' (He was certainly the only native on the terrace of the café.) 'I am a Government official, and I have the same status as white men. It counts to-be in the Civil Service out here; the candidates are selected by examination as in your Indian Civil Service.' The Annamite's eyes rested on Alfred, who was lolling over the next table, sipping from a tumbler filled with white, cloudy absinthe. I wondered what Alfred's status as a white man was worth in Indo-China? Not very much!

"'What are you doing this evening?' René Tri asked me.

"I said that I had made no arrangements.

"'Will you come out with me to Colon? It is the district where the rich Chinese live; there are some Annamites out there, too; they prefer living among the Chinese to being oppressed by the French. The French are not kind to my countrymen.'

"Watching his slanting, inscrutable eyes, I wondered what particular form of torture he would inflict on a French Government official if he had the opportunity.

"'The white folk in Saigon often go out to Colon to amuse themselves,' René Tri said; 'there are gambling houses and places where people who do not wish to be seen can go. You must not miss Colon by night now that you have come out to Indo-China.'

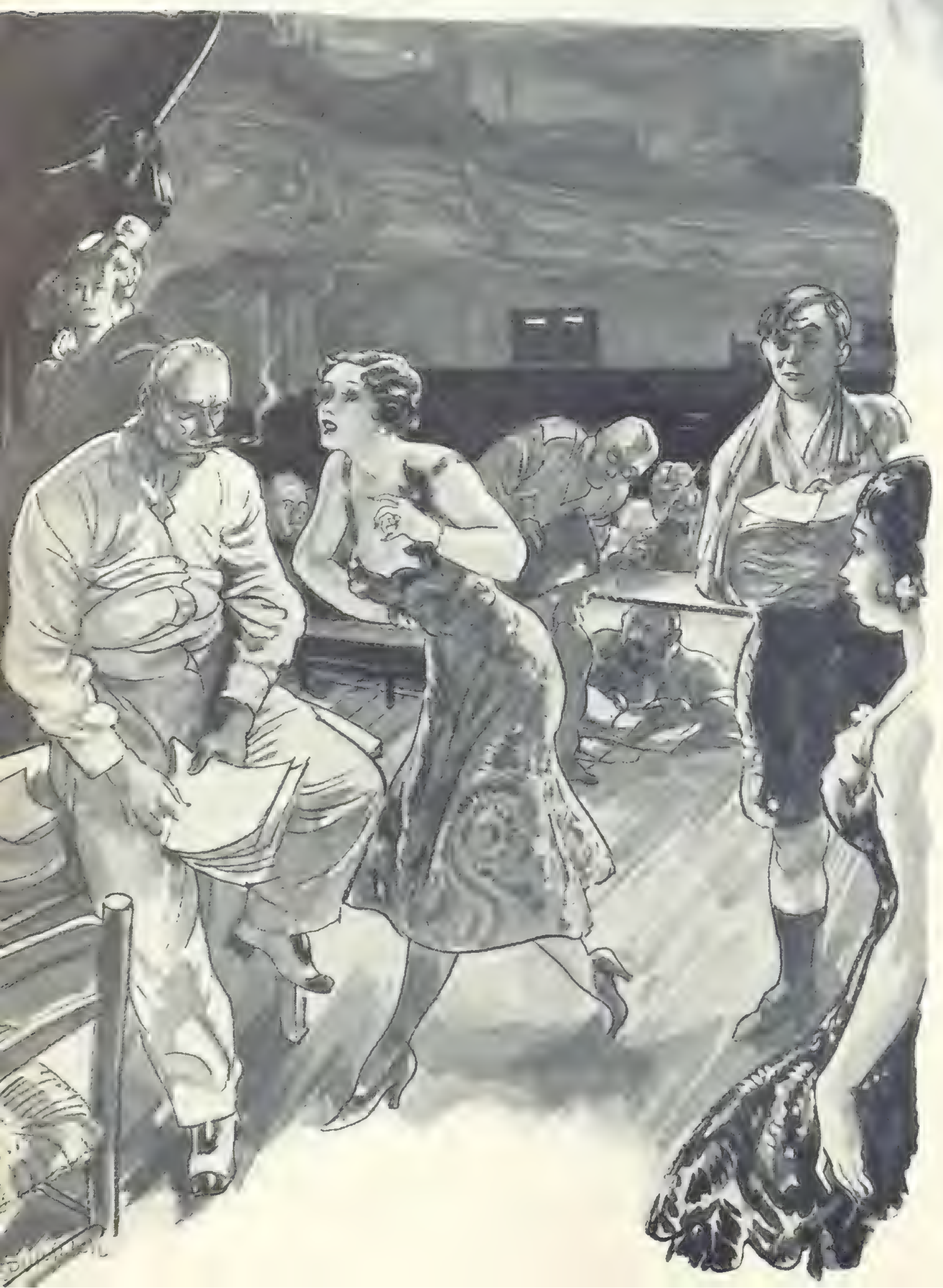
"I told the Annamite that I would like to see Colon if he could spare the time to take me there. He said he would come with a car at 7 o'clock, and we would go out together. 'We can have dinner at the restaurant of Pi Lok; Pi Lok is my friend,' he said.

"Soon after René Tri left, Roger Lauvan came up; he looked very nervous and unhappy: 'Have you seen Mademoiselle de St. Anton?' he asked.

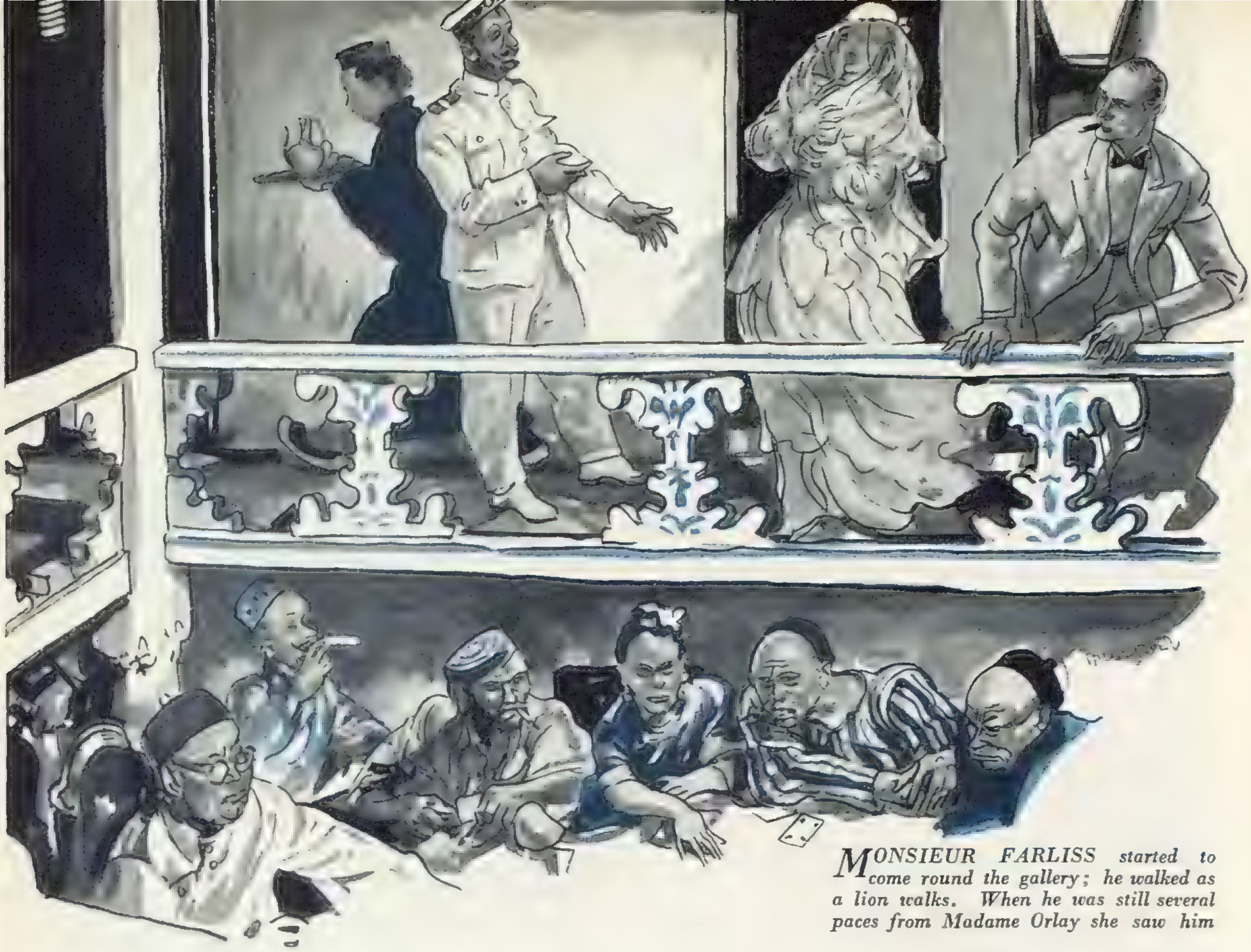
"'She is sitting just behind you with her brother,' I said. Lauvan had enough sense not to look round, though I knew he had come to the Continental in a last desperate attempt to see Mademoiselle de St. Anton before he went out to his rubber plantation. In a town like Saigon, where everything that everybody does is noticed, gossip about young Roger Lauvan and Mademoiselle de St. Anton could be started very easily.

"A few minutes later the waiter in charge of our table came up with a tray; on the tray were the chits for the drinks we had ordered. As I took up the chits I happened to look across at Mademoiselle de St. Anton and saw that she was watching me intently. Her eyes travelled from the chits in my hand to Roger Lauvan. I looked at the chits and saw that one was a piece of folded paper; the word 'Roger' was written on the flap. I handed the paper to Lauvan; he unfolded it; his face changed as he read the message; it was plain the words the note contained delighted him.

"I happened to look across at



SHE told the Director that she did not want to play in the same theatre with me



MONSIEUR FARLISS started to come round the gallery; he walked as a lion walks. When he was still several paces from Madame Orlay she saw him

Alfred and saw him watching Roger Lauvan; he had observed, of course, the passing of the note Anything in the nature of an intrigue would appeal to his Parisian instincts.

“ Roger Lauvan slipped the note in his pocket; he leaned forward and whispered excitedly: ‘ It is all right.’

“ I had been admitted into the confidence of the young lovers to some extent during the voyage. We had all three gone ashore at the British ports and shared the expenses of excursions; at Colombo I had sat in front with the driver during a marvellous moonlight drive. Roger now confided the fresh developments to me.

“ ‘ Her brother has to go to dinner with the Director of the Opera House. She will be free this evening. When her brother goes she will walk along towards the Zoological Gardens; she wants me to pick her up and take her out of the town. We must not be seen together in Saigon; I cannot get a car, for I have no money now till I get my first month's pay.’

“ ‘ You had better come with us.’ I told him about René Tri's invitation to go to Colon.

“ Roger's fingers tightened on my arm: ‘ What a friend ! ’

“ We arranged where to meet, and then young Lauvan left. Soon after he had gone ‘ Alfred's ’ evil-faced companion also took himself off. Seeing that I was alone, Alfred came over to my table. ‘ The two lovers ! ’ he said with a grin. ‘ I saw what happened just now; she is a charming girl; but that young Lauvan is a fool; he will likely get himself into trouble if he is not careful. Monsieur de St. Anton is one of the wealthiest men in Indo-China; he has a big estate in Cambodia; he would not be pleased if a young planter compromised his sister. Out here men shoot quickly. She sent him a note, I saw.’

“ ‘ It was just a word of farewell,’ I said.

“ ‘ He had not the look of a man to whom a girl has said good-bye; he——’ Alfred broke off and sat perfectly rigid, staring at a car that had stopped in front of the hotel. Following his gaze, I saw Gita Orlay and the purser of the *Cap Varella* getting into the car; then the car drove away, taking a road that ran through an avenue of palms. Alfred whistled the opening bars of a popular tune; the expression on his face was inimitable.

“ ‘ They are going out to Colon ! ’ he said. ‘ The Director of the Opera House will be pleased when he finds out; it was he who was sitting with me just now; he regards the Belgian as his own affair; he asked her to dine with him to-night, but she excused herself saying she was tired. The cat ! She is doing her best to get him to send me home. She has told him I drink absinthe and do not try to learn my part. She said she did not wish to play in the same theatre with me. It is awkward for an actor when a leading lady, who is a friend of the director, tells him a thing like that. Now there is something I can tell the director about her.’

“ ‘ That would be rather a dirty trick.’

“ ‘ She should not tell him stories about me.’

“ The affairs of Alfred and Madame Orlay were no concern of mine; I looked round to see what had happened to Mademoiselle de St. Anton. She and her brother had left the terrace; it was getting late, and I supposed the brother had gone to change for dinner with the Director. The arrangement with Roger Lauvan was that he should come with us in the Annamite's car, pick up Mademoiselle at the rendezvous, and we would all go out to Colon. Once we reached Colon, what they did would be their own affair.

“ ‘ Yes, she is a dirty type, that Gita Orlay,’ Alfred continued; ‘ she told the Director of the Opera House that she did not want to play in the same theatre with me; she tried to persuade him not to give me a part after bringing me all the way out here. And now she deceives him with the purser of the ship ! ’

“ I looked at my watch and saw it was time I was moving. ‘ Good-night,’ I said to Alfred.

“ ‘ You also go out to Colon ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, with the Annamite who was on board; he has invited me.’

“ ‘ Amuse yourself well,’ Alfred said, looking thoughtfully along the road that led out to the Chinese city.

“ René Tri was waiting in the lounge of the hotel; he had a car outside. I explained the matter of Roger Lauvan and Mademoiselle de St. Anton, asking if he had any objection.

“ ‘ It is not very prudent,’ he said; ‘ Monsieur de St. Anton is well known in Saigon. If he discovered I had been assisting his sister in this way ! ’

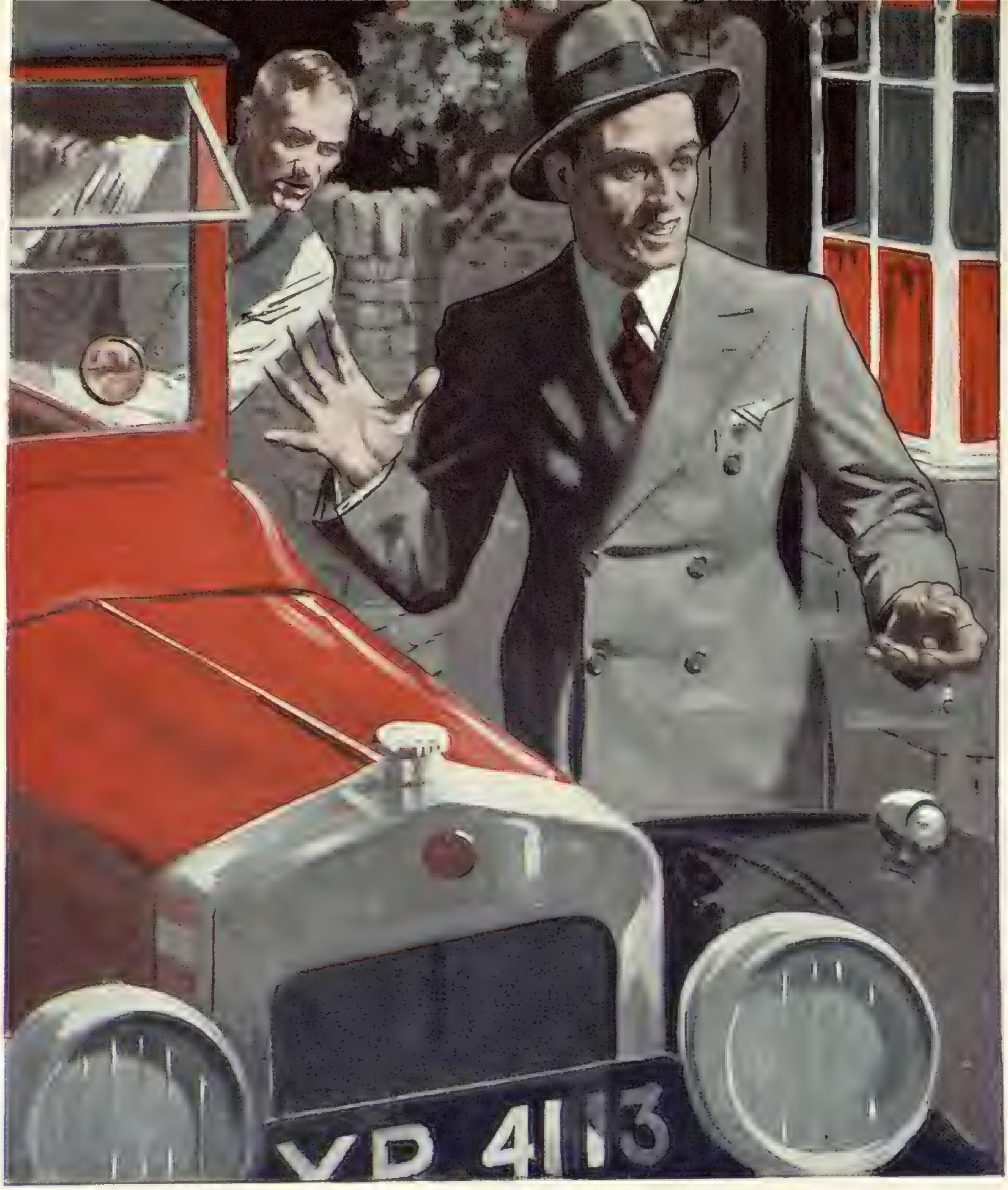
“ ‘ It may be their last chance of meeting before she goes out to her brother's plantation.’

“ ‘ They must come with us, then, to the restaurant of my friend. I can trust Pi Lok.’

“ We collected Roger Lauvan and set off. Mademoiselle de St. Anton was waiting on the road near the Zoological Gardens. She was surprised at seeing the Annamite and myself. Roger explained the plan and she got into the car. I sat in front with the Annamite, leaving the back seat for the young lovers. There was a full moon shining as there had been on the night we drove from Mount Lavinia along the sea road back to Colombo. When we reached Colon it was not necessary to ask the young couple if the drive had pleased them; one had only to see their faces. I must say I never quite knew what terms they were on; whether they were just having a hectic flirtation, or if she had gone the limit. I rather think it was the limit. Mademoiselle de St. Anton was French, and had been brought up strictly as French girls are, but she was a young lady possessing a very decided individuality. Besides, you know what these long sea voyages are like; moonlight nights, romantic conditions, and all that.

“ Pi Lok's establishment lies at the far end of a side street in the heart of the Chinese city. This side street is too narrow for any car, and the usual custom is to leave the car in the main thoroughfare. People who have reasons for not wishing their cars to be observed do not do this. In our case René Tri did not mind who knew he was in Colon, so the car was left near the entrance to the side street. There was another car near the place where we

(*Continued on page 92*)



FLYING NEWS

Mr. Perkins and his Pigeons uphold the

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks

THE Flying Reporter created a sensation in Beverton. His very arrival did that.

Beverton was one of those quiet seaside towns which seldom come into the news. It was one of England's stock jokes that everybody slept there all day. Its bathing machines looked as though they belonged to the reign of George IV, when bathing machines were born.

Its sea front was what it always had been—a scramble of houses along a tame-looking promenade.

Not even the villages which began to spread themselves across the western country a mile or so outside its boundary were quieter or more sleepy. Nothing seemed to happen in Beverton except when a centenarian died.

Oh, yes. There was "Suicides' Leap," not far away—a jagged piece of rock, part of a cliff so high that people had been known to travel there from all over England, merely so that they could throw themselves into the sea from it.

Beverton was rather proud of "Suicides' Leap," a little ashamed of it, too, perhaps, but also a little proud. It kept Beverton in the news. For, otherwise, nothing ever seemed to happen. . . .

Beverton people were too good, or too lazy, to commit crime, too "English" to push themselves into prominence. They just sat in the sun in the summer, or smoked by the fire in the winter, and grumbled a bit, as English people do. But, otherwise, they did their duty to "their God, their King, and their country," as they were proud to declare, and there wasn't much news in doing that.

Now and then, someone arrived and took lodgings—and, sometimes, he did a jump into the sea.

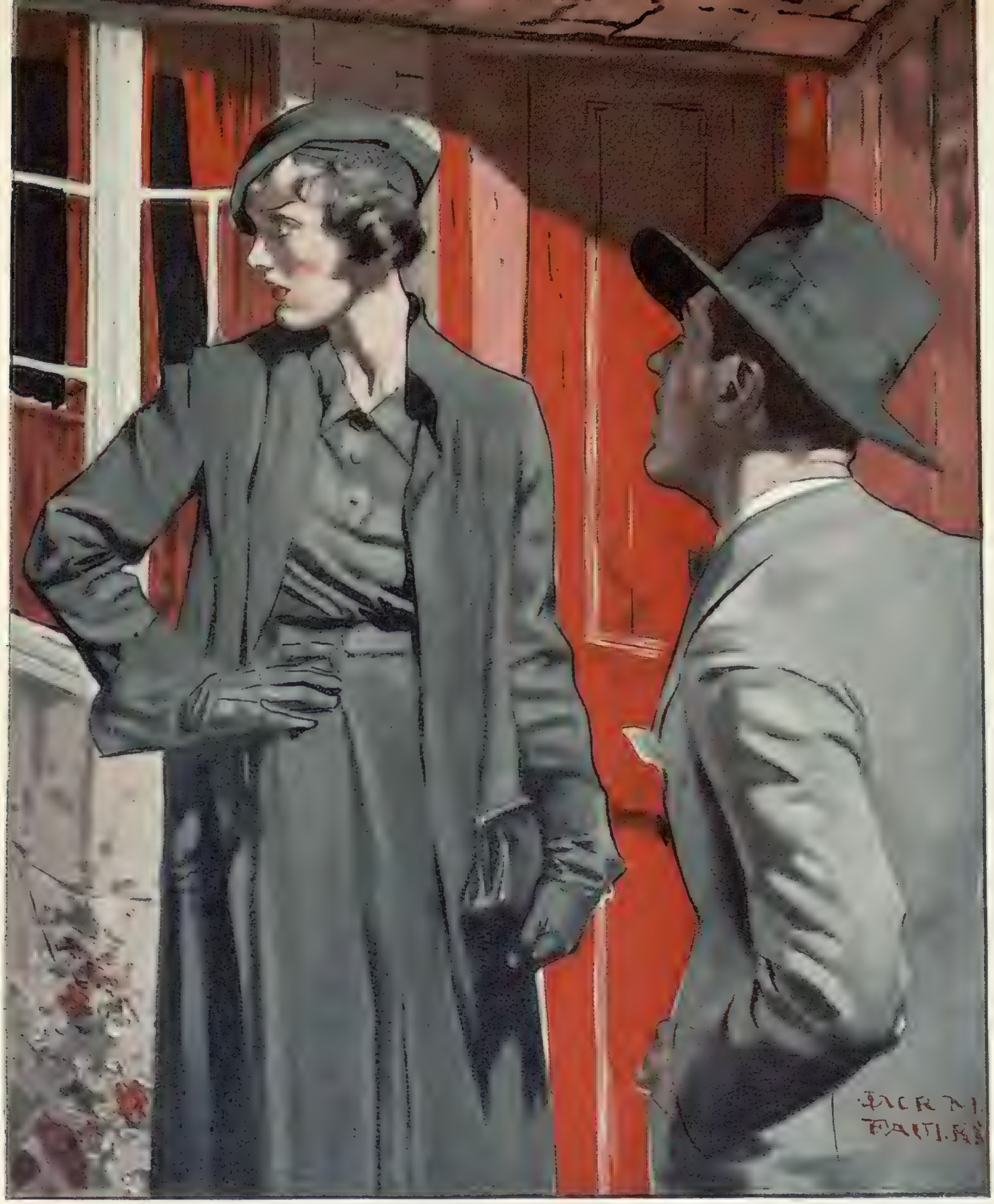
"Oh, that fellow that was staying with Mrs. Brown," Beverton would say, when he was washed ashore.

Then it would go to sleep again. . .

So it was that, when the Flying Reporter arrived, the town got even more excited than it did when the circus paid its annual visit, or when the Mayor went to church with his council, robes and chain, and a brass band following.

Flying reporters are a product of our age. They fly, sometimes, for hundreds of miles to get news that they wouldn't notice if it took place in London or in the street next to them. They dash about all over the place, excited and breathless.

This one was on tour, finding things to "write up," looking at landscapes from the air. . . He had not found much, except the local reporters. And they had given him much joy. They listened for hours to his stories of the breathless rush for news nowadays, how you telegraphed photographs from right across the other side of the earth, how you used



"NOW are you willing to share this story?" he said. "You may have the wife, but I've got the husband."

By Hannen Swaffer

Old-fashioned Manner of Country Journalism

wireless, and how you called up Hollywood on the telephone. But, also, he listened to them. . .

"You should brighten up the news," he said. "Make it happen. Don't wait for it."

One old reporter who listened was almost dazed by the new world that was being opened to him. In the journalism of that corner of the world he was famous. For fifty years he had walked round the villages collecting news. He had gone from village to village, in his bowler hat and very thick spectacles, walking from hamlet to hamlet, for over fifty years. He had not found news. It found him.

The whole county knew him—yes, and loved him. He was "Mr. Perkins" to the whole countryside. His weekly walk was, in many villages, a looked-for event. He went out after breakfast, a different direction each day, and started walking.

And, when he had finished his day, he had been through a dozen villages and knew it all. He merely walked—a perambulating bowler hat. Through thick spectacles he peered out at the road in front of him. And there was his black box.

The black box has not been mentioned before. But Mr. Perkins and his box were nearly as famous in the West country as Widdicombe Fair, or Devonshire cream, for the matter of that. For, in the box, whenever Perkins started out, there were six carrier pigeons. He always took them, and he had always taken them—not the same ones, of course. But, when the old ones had died off, their offspring had gone into the box instead.

Yes, all Mr. Perkins did was to walk through villages with his box. And, every now and then, a woman would run down a garden path and shout, "Oh, Mr. Perkins, have you heard . . . ?"

Then she would tell him about the Church Bazaar, held the day before.

A hundred yards on, another woman would run down the path and shout out and give news of the birth of a baby, or the death of a fireman. It was all news to Mr. Perkins. Yes, and—do not sneer, cynical reader—it is also news to you, if it is your village.

What is news? It is the last letter from home—isn't it?—not what happened on the North-West Frontier or what the King of Egypt said. It is the new pimple on the parson's nose and how old Miss Thingummy has found a sweetheart at last, and who won the Big Gooseberry Prize.

All country folk know that. They have delights and surprises unknown in the great world outside the villages. City dwellers are too much swamped by their surroundings to notice what goes on. Who cares about the Lord Mayor of London, anyway? Why, a month after, no one knows his name. But the village blacksmith's twins! Why, they are famous for miles around. So are the publican's

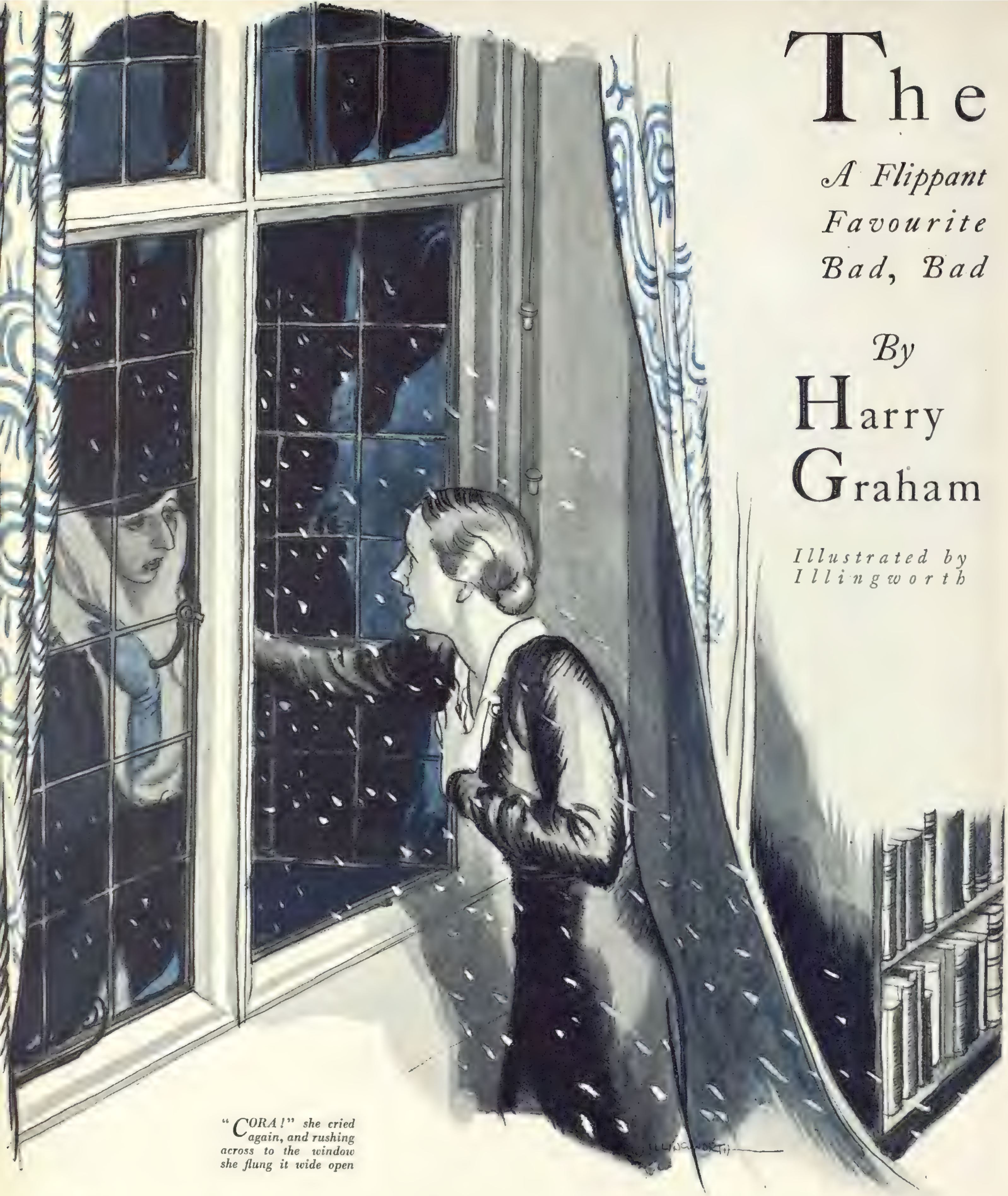
(*Continued on page 98*)

The

A Flippant Favourite Bad, Bad

By
Harry Graham

Illustrated by Illingworth



"CORA!" *she cried again, and rushing across to the window she flung it wide open*

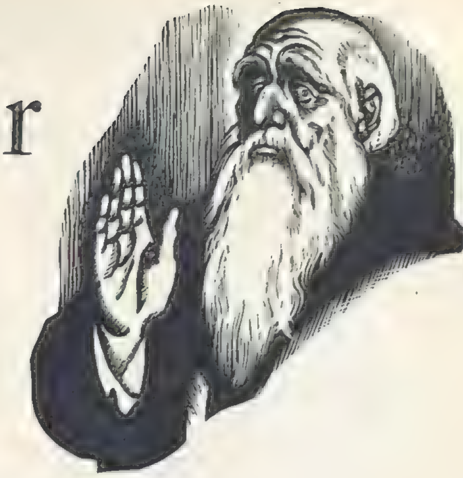
BUT for the steady rhythmical snoring of the Reverend Ernest Peabody, the click of Mrs. Peabody's knitting needles, the occasional noise of a cinder falling in the grate, and the muffled moaning of the wind in the chimney, no sound broke the silence of the Vicarage drawing-room.

With a volume of the *Lives of the Saints* open upon his lap the Vicar dozed peacefully in his comfortable armchair, while, in a less comfortable chair on the opposite side of the fireplace, Mrs. Peabody was busy finishing off the pair of thick woollen socks which were to provide her husband with his annual Christmas surprise.

The grandfather's clock, which had been ticking steadily away in the corner for the last half-hour, was suddenly seized with an attack of that chronic wheezing to which it was addicted, following this up with four deliberate hiccoughs, and it was clear that this ancient timepiece was painfully trying to fulfil its natural functions.

Mr. Peabody opened his eyes and sat

Prodigal Mother



Modern Version of Melodrama's Sob-scene—the Return of the Girl to the dear old Home . . .

up in his chair with that guilty feeling which is always experienced by persons who have fallen asleep in their clothes.

"Half-past ten, Mother!" he remarked, as nightly for the last thirty years he had been accustomed to remark at this hour. "Time for Bedfordshire, eh?"

"I'm not at all sleepy, dear," replied Mrs. Peabody with a smile, "and I simply *must* turn the heel of this sock." She pointed to her knitting. "You run along up to bed," she added. "I'll follow you directly."

THE Vicar, who had obviously long passed the running age, rose heavily from his chair and, crossing the room, carefully replaced the *Lives of the Saints* in a bookcase near the window. He was a fine-looking old man of about sixty-five, tall and massive, with a noble nose, a long white beard, and those abnormally bushy eyebrows which are more generally found upon the brows of sextons and archbishops. His extraordinary resemblance to the prophet Moses had often been commented upon by admiring parishioners. As, however, it was unlikely that any of them should have been in a position to know exactly how Moses looked, Mr. Peabody's likeness to the great Hebrew lawgiver must be regarded as purely conjectural.

At the window he paused, drew aside the curtains and peered forth into the outer darkness.

"A wild night! A wild night!" he murmured, stroking his beard gloomily. "Pity the poor sailors on a night like this! And the Marines," he added sympathetically. As he spoke the winter gale seemed to increase in fury; the windows rattled violently as a fresh flurry of snow beat against the panes.

"Hark! What was that?" asked the Vicar, listening intently, for amid the moaning of the hurricane he had caught a faint note as of a muted trumpet struggling to make itself heard above the tempest.

"What was that?" he repeated, turning to his wife.

"Only the wind suffing in the laurels," said Mrs. Peabody placidly. "Plain one, purl two," she muttered to herself as she bent anew over her knitting.

"Suffing?" said the Vicar enquiringly.

"Or sowing," his wife corrected herself. "I never know how to pronounce it, but it's spelt s-o-u-g-h-i——"

"I know quite well how it's spelt," Mr. Peabody interrupted rather sharply. "But it was something more than the soughing of the wind that I heard. It sounded more like a horn of elfland."

"Quite so, darling," said Mrs. Peabody soothingly. "You heard a horn of elfland. By the way," she added kindly, "did you remember to take your tonic after supper?"

"The Peabodies never forget," said the Vicar. And then, as he turned once more to gaze out into the night, "How it carries one back!" he added sadly. "How it carries one back!"

"Yes, indeed, Ernest," Mrs. Peabody agreed. "How it carries one back. Purl two, plain one."

"It was just on such another night as this——" the Vicar began.

"Two years ago——" his wife interposed.

"The twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity——"

"Poor little Cora! Poor innocent little Cora!" Mrs. Peabody dropped a stitch in her emotion.

"Innocent?" protested the Vicar angrily. "Innocent, you call her?"

"She was so young, Ernest. A mere child. She knew no better. I might have done the same at her age if I hadn't married you."

"No, Emily," said her husband sternly. "There was no excuse for Cora, as well you know. From childhood she had enjoyed every advantage," he continued. "Did we not send her to Hampstead High School? Did I not pay extra fees to have her taught algebra and Divinity? Did she not have private lessons on the harp?"

"It was the accordion, Ernest, not the harp. Don't you remember how all the boys used to call her 'Accordion Cora'?"

"Whatever it was," replied the Vicar testily, "no expense was spared to make her worthy of her Peabody inheritance."

"Yes, I know, Ernest, I know. But she was always such a high-spirited girl."

"High-spirited!" the Vicar snorted. "A wanton at heart, Emily—that's what she was! A wanton!"

"Oh, Ernest!"

"I repeat, a wanton!"

"How cruel you are, Ernest! Just as cruel to-day as on that evening, two years ago, when you turned your only daughter out into the bitter, bitter snow, with her little baby in her arms."

"Cruel?" The Vicar blew his nose with the loud trumpet-note with which he always sought to mask an emotion. "You forget, Emily, that the honour of the Peabodys was at stake. There has been no nameless child in the Peabody family," he added proudly, "for at least two generations!"

"I know! I know! And yet sometimes——" Mrs. Peabody broke off to wipe her eyes with a sock full of knitting-needles. "Ernest, do you never miss the prattle of baby voices, the patter of tiny feet on the linoleum?"

"Enough, Emily!" said the Vicar firmly, brushing away a tear that had trickled down his cheek and threatened to become involved in his beard. "Cora is a thing of the past," he added inexorably, looking more like Moses than ever. "Her shadow shall not darken our door again!"

"Do the Peabodys never forgive?" asked his wife, with a sob in her voice.

"The Peabodys may forgive," replied her husband sternly, "but they never forget!"

Mrs. Peabody allowed her knitting to lie idle on her lap as she gazed with tear-dimmed eyes into the fire.

"Poor Cora," she mused aloud, "I wonder what can have become of her."

"The last I heard of her," said Mr. Peabody, "she had sunk to the very depths; she had plumbed the very abysses! She was acting as what I believe is known as a 'hostess' at a West-End night club."

"A night club!" Mrs. Peabody was aghast.

"The Fatted Calf, in Soho."

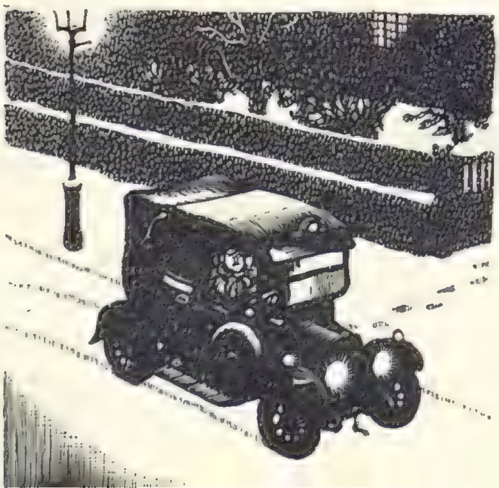
"Father! Are you sure?"

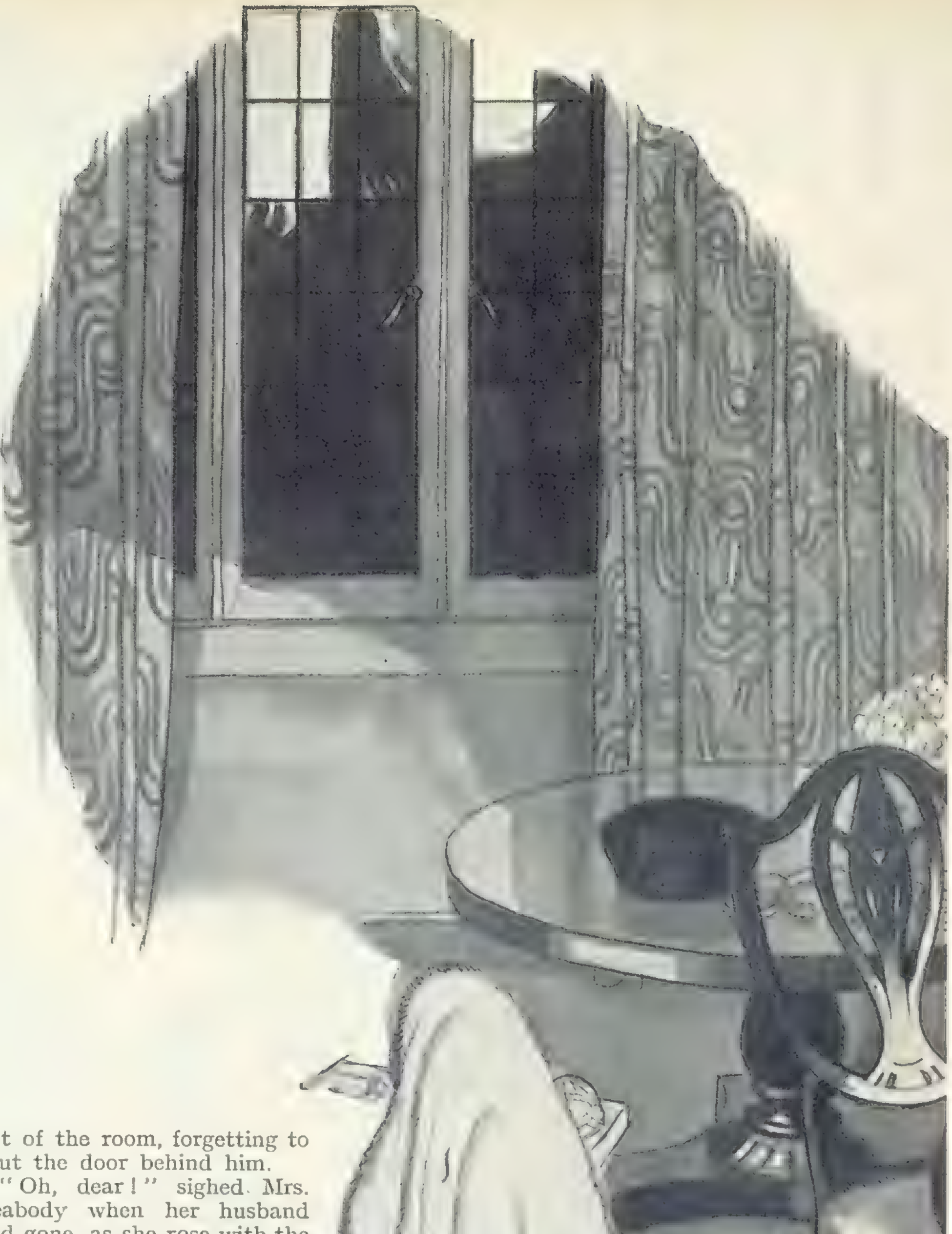
"The dear Bishop told me he had seen her there with his own eyes, only a month ago. Oh, the shame of it!" The Vicar brushed away another tear that had crept up and was trying to build a nest in his eyebrow. "A Peabody at a night club!" he added with a shudder; and then, pulling himself together with a great effort, "Good-night, Mother," he said quietly, and, crossing to his wife, he kissed her on the brow. "Time for Bedfordshire, eh?" he repeated with assumed playfulness.

"Good-night, dear," Mrs. Peabody said. "Don't forget to turn the light out in the bathroom."

The Vicar stopped in the doorway for a moment and looked at his wife with a peculiarly Mosaic expression on his face.

"The Peabodys never forget!" he said and, turning on his heel, strode out of the room, forgetting to shut the door behind him.





"I UNDERSTAND, darling," *Mrs. Peabody patted her daughter's hand. "And these peers, these niggers," she went on, "they made love to you?"*

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Peabody when her husband had gone, as she rose with the intention of rectifying his omission. Halfway across the room she stopped and looked towards the window whence came the faint but unmistakable sound of tapping. As she turned to listen, her eye caught sight of a white object pressed against the glass pane. What could it be? she wondered. Mushrooms were out of season, and in any case it seemed unlikely that even a belated toadstool could have been driven to shelter on the window-sill. Suddenly she realised the truth.

"Cora!" she exclaimed hysterically. "Cora!" For she had recognised the Peabody nose that her daughter had inherited from the Vicar, which had long made her a noticeable landmark among women. "Cora!" she cried again, and, rushing across to the window, she flung it wide open.

Half-blinded though she was by the avalanche of snow that blew into the room, Mrs. Peabody was still able to recognise the well-known figure standing so pitiably in the storm.

"Cora!"

"Mother!" Faint as a curlew's cry the word rose upon the winter blast.

"You've come back?"

"I've come back!"

"Home!"

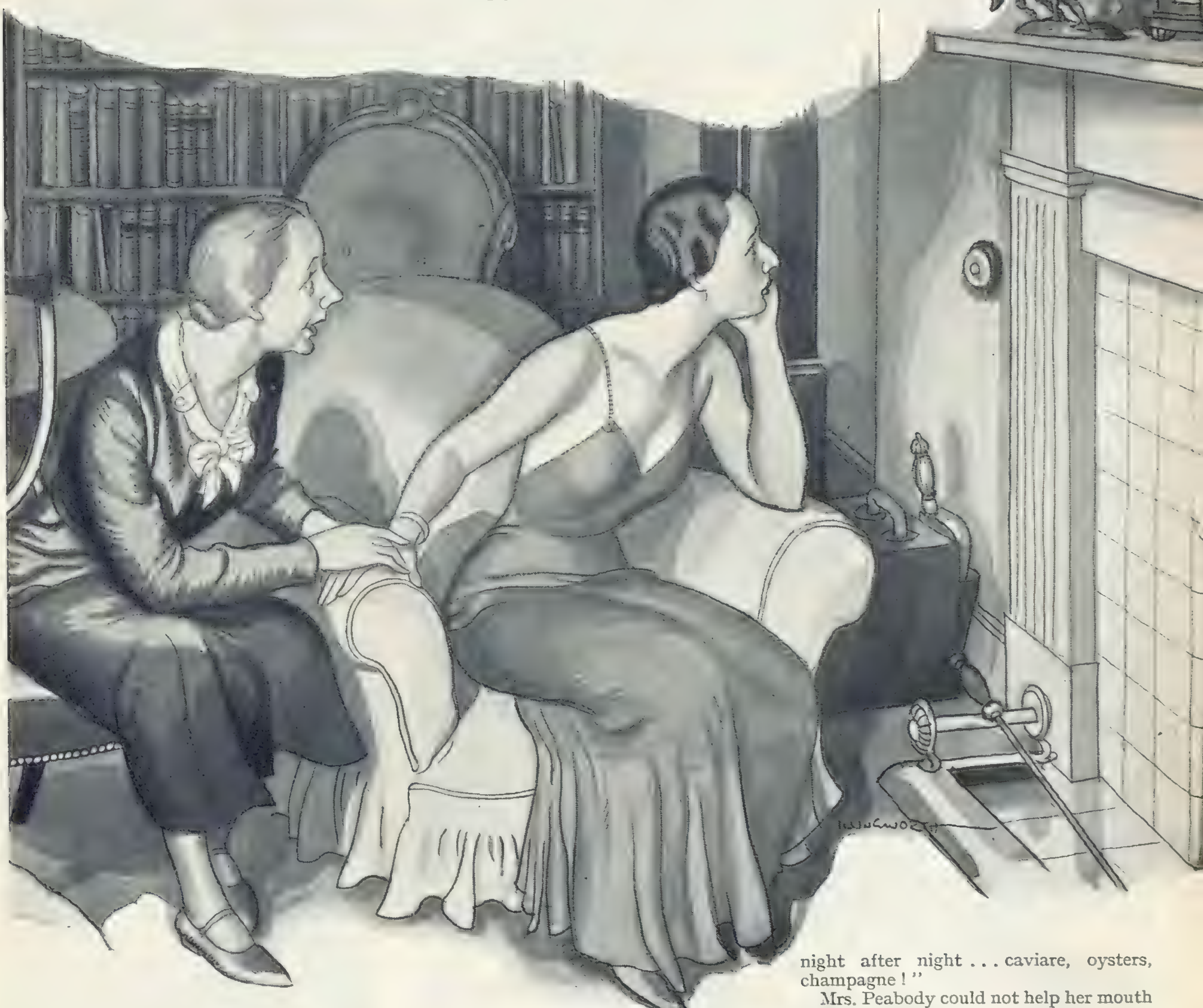
"Home!"

"Wait, darling, and I'll let you in!"

Carefully closing the window so as to exclude any further drifts, Mrs. Peabody hastened to the front door, and in another moment had returned, supporting a frail and fainting form from which great gouts of melting snow dropped heavily upon the drawing-room carpet.

"There, there, my poor lamb," she said soothingly. "Come to the fire and warm yourself. You must be half frozen."

CORA looked round her with the air of some wild thing that had sought and at last found sanctuary. She was a tall, handsome blonde of six-and-twenty, full-bosomed, with bright, flashing eyes and sensuous crimson lips, and her nose was as the nose of one of Moses' daughters, had Moses possessed any daughters. She was wearing a rich black velvet cloak trimmed with ermine, a Russian cossack hat trimmed with snow, and the diamond buckles on her high-heeled scarlet shoes gleamed in the firelight as she crossed to the glowing embers to warm herself. When she caught sight of her reflection in the mirror over the mantelpiece, she mechanically took a powder-box from her gold vanity bag and proceeded to powder the Peabody nose.



"Won't you take your hat and cloak off," said her mother, helping to peel off the long green gloves that reached to her daughter's elbow, "and make yourself comfortable?"

Cora did as she was bid, disclosing a clinging evening dress of scarlet chiffon, surmounted by a diamond dog-collar, which her mother proceeded to remove together with the half-dozen jewelled bracelets that cumbered her frozen wrists.

"What lovely furs!" said Mrs. Peabody as she laid the cloak upon a chair to dry.

"A bargain," Cora explained. "Only six hundred guineas."

"Is this what people are wearing now?" asked Mrs. Peabody, brushing the snow off her daughter's hat.

"Yes, mother—the latest model from Juanon's. Only twenty-four pounds ten."

"Your evening frock is charming," continued Mrs. Peabody.

"I picked it up in Paris, at Patet's," said Cora. "Forty-five guineas."

"I saw one very like it in a little dressmaker's in the Edgware Road last week," said Mrs. Peabody. "But it can't have been the same. It was marked seventeen and eleven."

"This one came from Molyneux," said Cora simply.

"And now, dear," Mrs. Peabody drew her daughter down to a chair by the fire, "tell your poor old mother all about it."

"No, no! How can I? Don't ask me!" Cora replied. "It has all been so terrible."

"Was it as bad as that?" asked Mrs. Peabody.

"Worse than death itself, mother! Worse than death itself!"

"The Night Club, you mean, the Fatted Calf?"

"Terrible! Oh mother, you don't know what I've been through!"

"Tell me, darling," urged Mrs. Peabody with not unpardonable curiosity.

"The horror of it all!" said Cora, with a shudder. "The slavery! Every night—chained to that corner-table by the band . . . listening to the same crooning tunes . . . eating the same supper . . . night after night . . . caviare, oysters, champagne!"

Mrs. Peabody could not help her mouth watering a little.

"Caviare?" she said, instinctively licking her lips.

"Oysters, champagne," repeated Cora. "Bollinger, 1914. Oh, it was ghastly!"

"And there were horrible men there, too, I suppose," suggested Mrs. Peabody.

"Not all horrible, mother. Ah, if you knew what it is to be tempted, night after night, as I was tempted!" She shuddered again.

"Were they so very attractive?" asked her mother.

"Some of them, yes," Cora admitted. "You see, mother, the Fatted Calf is a very select place. (*Continued on page* 120)

My

By

In her white drawing-room a friend arranged this blue and white bouquet in a white porcelain vase. The white pleated lampshade is bound with blue velvet and there is a blue quill pen

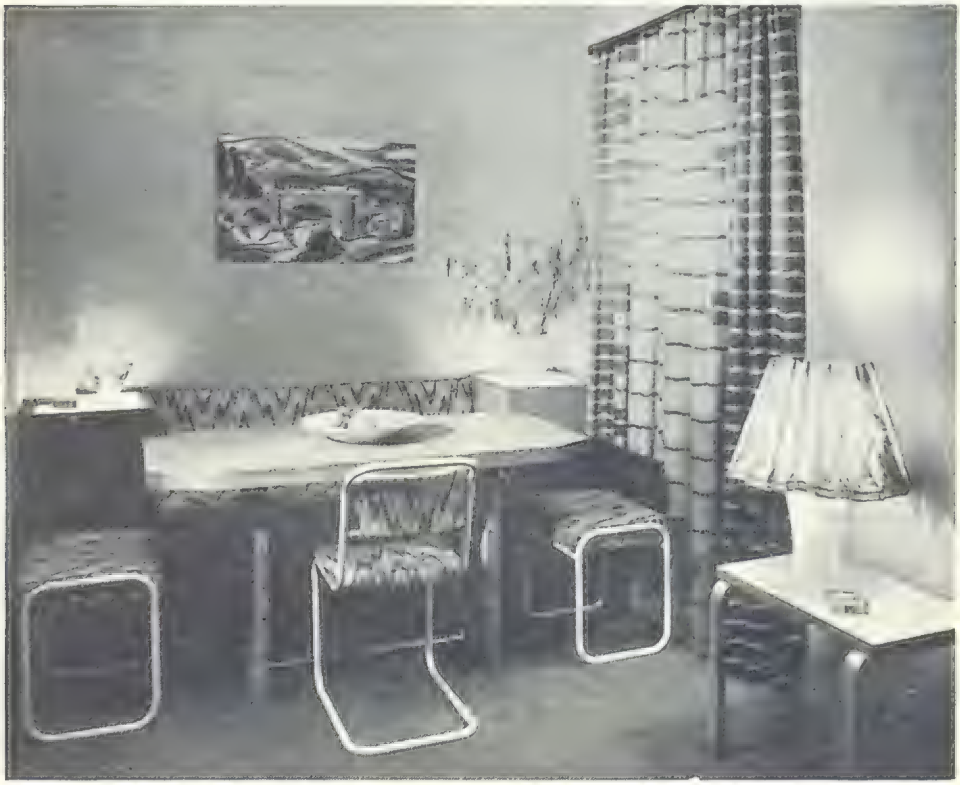
If any of my friends have found me guilty of fingering the curtains in order to fix the price of the material, they may come forward and say so. I make the invitation with confidence, knowing I'm safe.

Other people's houses interest me, inasmuch as they have something practical to teach. Beyond that—well, my friends' business is their own.

But really, the more you learn about home-making the more you realise that you have something still to learn. The woman who thinks she has perfected the art is a fool. In home-making there is always room for improvement.

You profit by the experiences of your friends, if you're wise. Their mistakes and their triumphs are a source of inspiration to the observant. And

This doorway leads me into the most lovable house I know, just two tiny country cottages converted into one

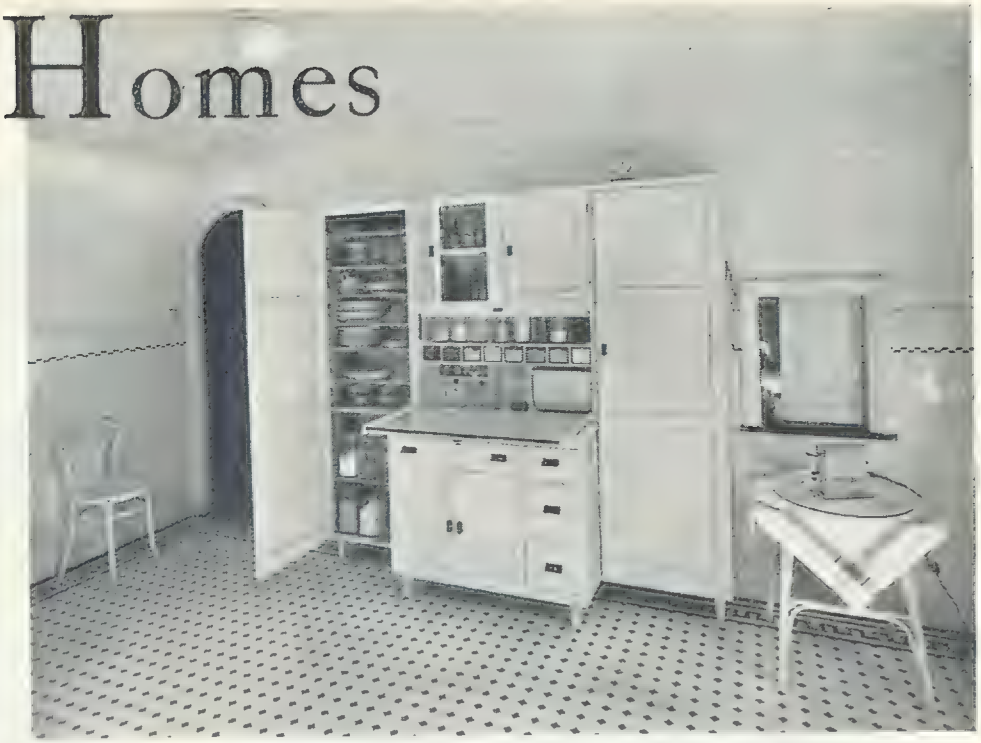


A small flat that doesn't make me feel like a sardine in a tin. This is the dining-room with walls of sycamore veneer. The fitted cupboards are painted terra-cotta and grey. The upholstery is green and white and the curtains champagne satin printed with red and green. Bird Iles Ltd.

This is the sitting-room. there is everything you thrown in. The carpet is dull champagne with lines of

Friends' Homes

Winifred Lewis



You can always learn something from other people's kitchens. It doesn't matter if it's a model of modern luxury like this or just a kitchenette, they're always interesting and instructive

I have a friend who has an exquisite artistic taste blended with a practical appreciation of comfort. She uses rare pictures, fine old glass and rich carpets to satisfy the eye, but practical articles of furnishing are designed for comfort alone

No place to swing a cat, yet need and a feeling of space nigger brown, the upholstery red and white. Bird Iles Ltd.

observance, mind you, is not the same thing as peeping into the cupboards while they're not looking.

I have a friend who is a collector of art treasures. I used to wonder why her home was different, pleasanter than the homes of other collectors I have known. Then I realised that she was blessed with a sense of proportion as well as artistic perception. Her hobby of collecting was not allowed to submerge her taste for comfort. The result is a house that fulfils the highest standards of artistic taste without spoiling its chances of comfort.

In her drawing-room she has rare pictures and a collection of old glass which sends collectors into ecstasies of praise, but there is not one piece or one picture more than the room can comfortably accommodate. She is a collector of antique furniture, too, but the furniture you sit on in her house is designed for comfort first.

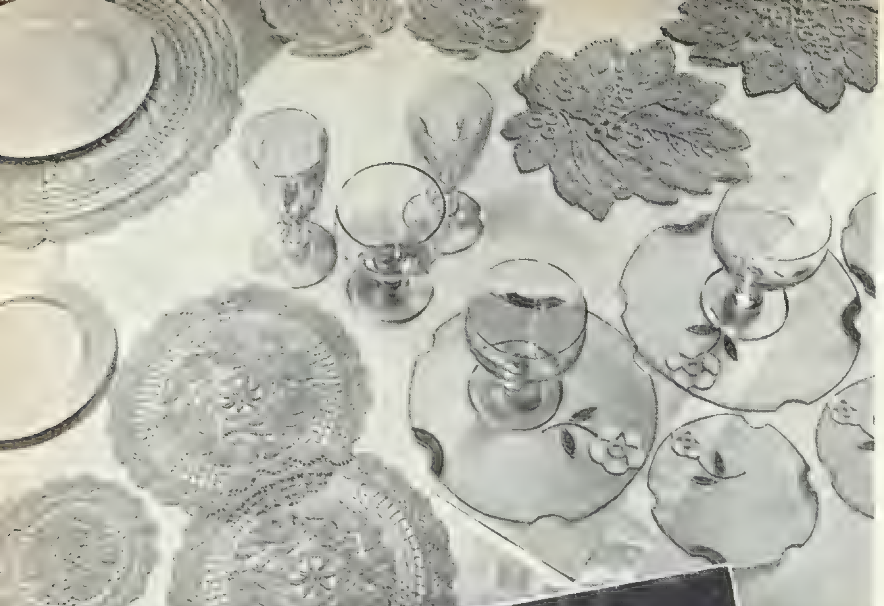
Where other women would have made a museum, she has made a home. Her house is beautiful, and she has used her hobby to make it so. She happens to be rich, but her restraint is a lesson to those in other circumstances.

I know a woman with a charming little house in the suburbs. Her passion for collecting brass has turned her home into a fair imitation of a junk shop. You can't lift a finger without overturning a brass platter or entangling yourself with a table full of brass knick-knacks. It's a great pity. I said it was a charming little house, didn't I ?

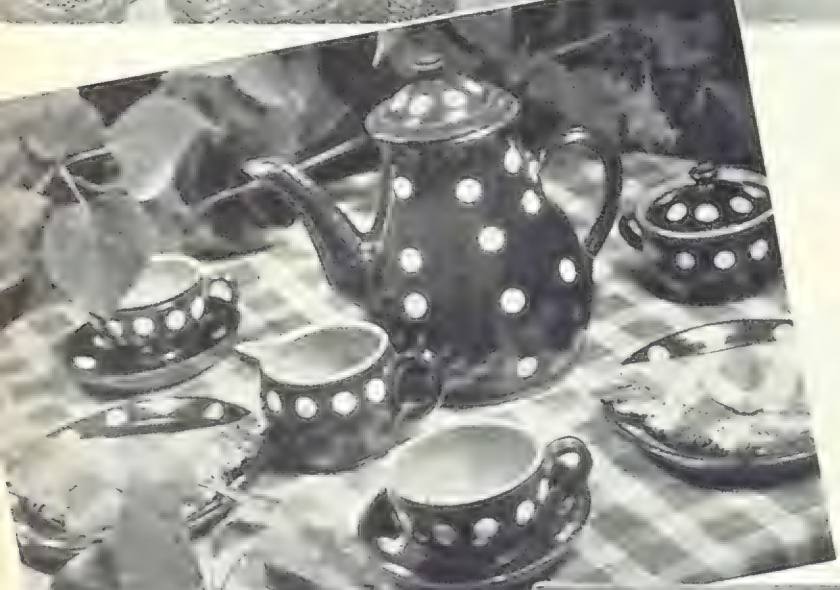
Little homes have the most to tell. You learn more from them than from any amount of manorial splendour that may come your way. I have recently been staying in the country with some people who have converted two small cottages into one, and I would rather live under their thatched roof than in any manor house that I have yet made the acquaintance of.

There are only four rooms, not including the kitchen, but my friends know how to dispense hospitality in a small space, and I have enjoyed greater comfort round their log fire than ever came to me in more luxurious surroundings.

In the first place, this house has taught me what culinary masterpieces can come out of a humble frying-pan. All the cooking in this house is done on oil stoves, (*Continued on page 96*)

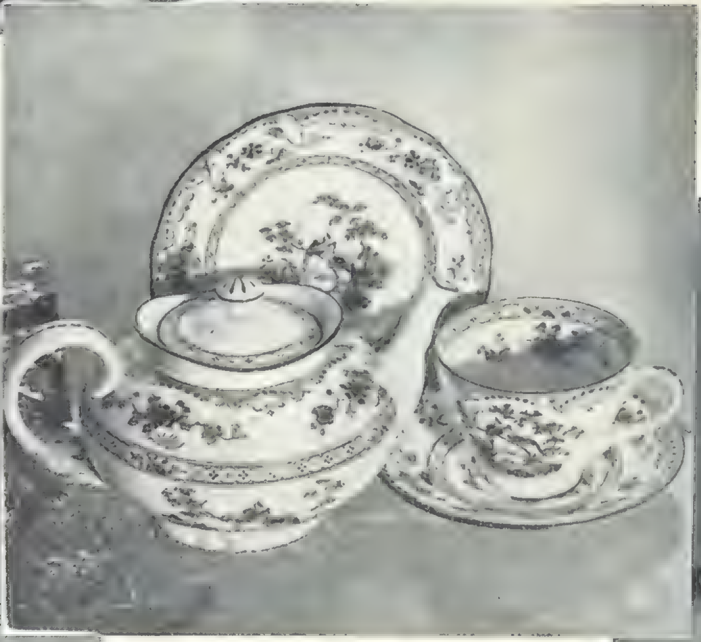


Mats for the summer table in a leaf pattern. Cream needle-run lace and only 17/6 the set. In the right foreground is a set in primrose organdie with appliqué flowers in green velvet. The set is washable. Price 26/6. The hand-made lace set on the left is 26/6

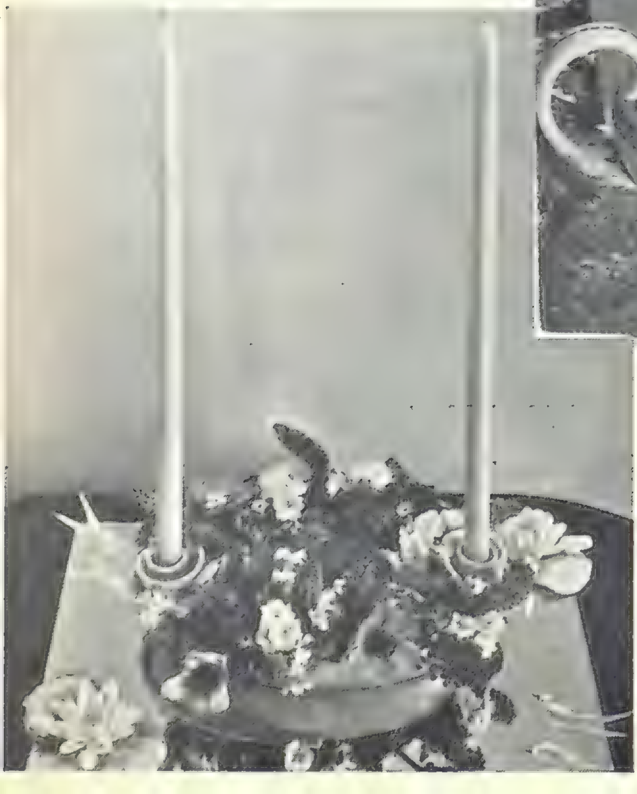


Shape and colour make an impressive display of rustic pottery for the summer table. Blue with white spots or deep red with white is charming with check gingham cloth

Coloured linen mats for brightly coloured as you with a printed centre design of yellow dahlias on the tones of the oak furniture



A serviceable and flowery tea set. The design is in green, dark red and shades of blue on a white ground. It comes from Hamptons



This is a pretty thing for the centre of the table, in blue or green pottery. There is a trough in which flowers can be massed together. Those in the picture were yellow and dark red primulas, grape hyacinths and anemones

Your SUMMER Table

Cool dishes require a setting of their own. This will help you to bring a touch of summer to their service

the cottage table can be as wish. These were yellow of green and blue. A bowl table blend with the mellow and the pale cream walls

APPETITES need encouragement in summer. Hot weather makes pernickety eaters of us all, but we can find an interest in food if the right dishes are set before us in the right way.

Service is important when appetites are capricious, and a little extra trouble in serving is infinitely worth while.

To be consistent table settings should be in keeping with the lightness of the dishes. On a summer day a table which is too emphatically suggestive of food is more likely to discourage than to stimulate the appetite. A delicate effect—a pretty and inviting table—is quite another matter.

One is not likely to spend a lot of money on contriving elaborate summer settings for the table, but the little touches mean much, and here and there a discreet purchase will make it possible to ring the changes upon your winter table schemes.

Daintier linen, lacy and more colourful mats and cloths assist in creating a lighter feeling at the table. Cool colour combinations and even a different position for the table have been known to make an important difference.

The spotted table ware photographed on this page is charmingly summery and inexpensive. For the tea and breakfast table it is gay and colourful and has a pleasant coolness about it that pervades the whole table.

You can have a blue ground or a rich vermilion one. Both have white spots, and both look equally well with a check gingham cloth or with plain linen in a matching or contrasting colour.

Glass is the perfect medium for setting a table as it should be set in summer. It combines perfectly with lace and reflects colours in a way that enhances the general effect of the table scheme.

At a recent dinner party the table was set entirely with glass. A glass dinner service was used on a polished table top set with fine lace mats and the effect was one of icy coolness. An unusual centre-piece was used in the shape of solid slabs of glass—five pieces in all, arranged end to end in a star-like design and slightly hollowed to hold water for floating flowers.

Orchids were used on this occasion, but coloured Venetian glass flowers might be used in the same way—and with charming effect.

Two four-armed crystal candlesticks stood on either side of the centre-piece with candles of blue and silver, carrying still further the effect of blue and white coolness.

Since English glass makers have captured the market from the foreigner, table glass has become within the means of nearly everyone.

The table photographed at the bottom of this page is set with English hand-cut crystal candlesticks which cost only 15s. 6d. each. Each candlestick stands on a round mirror base with bevelled edge and baize back. These cost 2s. and the larger one on which the fruit bowl stands is 4s. 9d.

On the same table is a sherry set of English glass. The glasses are white, engraved with spots, and have yellow bases. The hand-engraved decanter has a yellow base and stopper. The set costs 47s.

China is less ornate than it has been for some years past. Cubist forms and bizarre colourings have given way to delicacy and restraint in colour. Pure white unglazed china is the very latest thing in the shops. What could be cooler for the summer table?

Sherry set in black and white crystal. There is a black glass and chromium tray to match. The sherry set is £5 5 0 and the tray £2 2 0. Mappin & Webb

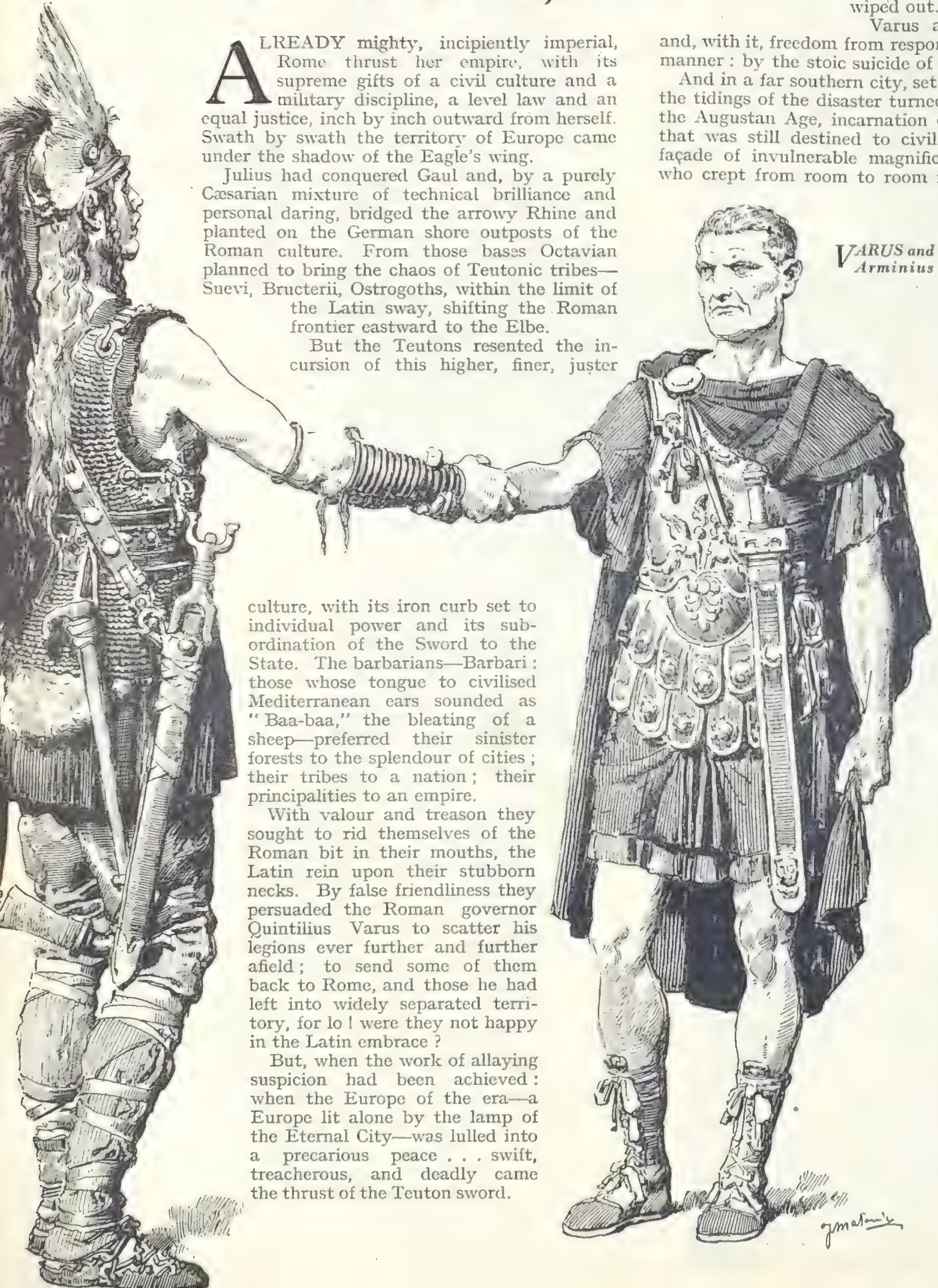
A limed oak table set with service plates of bright yellow. The lager beer set in white and amber costs 38s., the centre bowl of amber glass 19s. 9d. Green organdie table mats are matched with the slender green candles

Old Tales Re-told

The Woman who was Germany

Thusnelda, wife of the Great Teuton Warrior, Arminius, was the incarnation of the virtues honoured unceasingly for 2,000 years by the Nordic race

Written and Illustrated by
F. Matania, R.I.



VARUS and Arminius

ALREADY mighty, incipiently imperial, Rome thrust her empire, with its supreme gifts of a civil culture and a military discipline, a level law and an equal justice, inch by inch outward from herself. Swath by swath the territory of Europe came under the shadow of the Eagle's wing.

Julius had conquered Gaul and, by a purely Cæsarian mixture of technical brilliance and personal daring, bridged the arrowy Rhine and planted on the German shore outposts of the Roman culture. From those bases Octavian planned to bring the chaos of Teutonic tribes—Suevi, Bructerii, Ostrogoths, within the limit of the Latin sway, shifting the Roman frontier eastward to the Elbe.

But the Teutons resented the incursion of this higher, finer, juster culture, with its iron curb set to individual power and its subordination of the Sword to the State. The barbarians—Barbari: those whose tongue to civilised Mediterranean ears sounded as "Baa-baa," the bleating of a sheep—preferred their sinister forests to the splendour of cities; their tribes to a nation; their principalities to an empire.

With valour and treason they sought to rid themselves of the Roman bit in their mouths, the Latin rein upon their stubborn necks. By false friendliness they persuaded the Roman governor Quintilius Varus to scatter his legions ever further and further afield; to send some of them back to Rome, and those he had left into widely separated territory, for lo! were they not happy in the Latin embrace?

But, when the work of allaying suspicion had been achieved: when the Europe of the era—a Europe lit alone by the lamp of the Eternal City—was lulled into a precarious peace . . . swift, treacherous, and deadly came the thrust of the Teuton sword.

Varus, at the head of his last three legions, fought his last battle in the ogreish fastnesses of the Teutoberg forests, alive with demoniac warriors—Big Blonde Beasts of a pre-Nietzschean nightmare—athirst for blood, ahunger for destruction.

The legions—invincible on open ground—were helpless in the forest. They fought with the icy courage of despair—in vain. The legionaries were slaughtered, the cohorts scattered, the squadrons wiped out.

Varus and his staff sought death—and, with it, freedom from responsibility—in the classic Roman manner: by the stoic suicide of falling on their swords.

And in a far southern city, set on the banks of a tawny river, the tidings of the disaster turned Octavianus Cæsar, symbol of the Augustan Age, incarnation of the wide Roman Imperium that was still destined to civilise the world, from a superb façade of invulnerable magnificence into a broken old man who crept from room to room in his palace with one phrase upon his lips: a phrase he mumbled at his high banquets of state and muttered in the lofty dignity of the Senate:

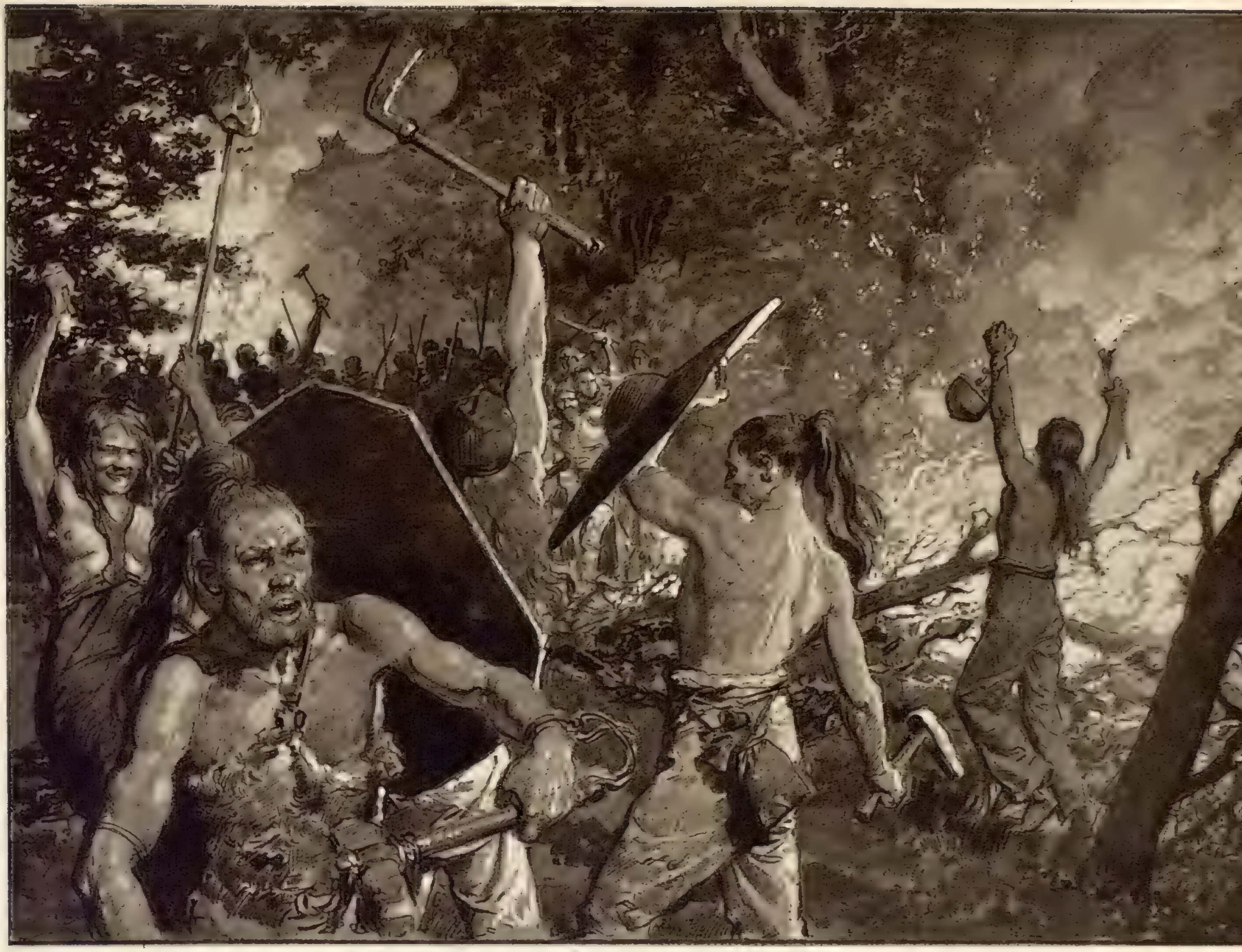
Vare, Vare, legiones redde:
"Varus, O Varus, give me back my legions."

THE leader under whom that mighty victory was won was Hermann, Latinised into Arminius, a deathless figure of savage heroism in the classic annals of Tacitus and Livy.

Hermann might well have stood as emblem of German manhood: a Siegfried—Joy in Battle Victory—in the allegories of Wagner. He was one enveloped in the cruel mysticism of the North: whose gods were vessels of the lust to kill, temples of an *un*holy ghost.

For the battle—though, in the light of future days, one may regret the victory of barbarism over culture—we who live now, beyond if not above the mêlée, can have nothing but praise. But for its aftermath, nothing but horror.

The dead were desecrated, the living immolated: bound to a gigantic pyre and burned alive in honour of the German gods: gods named after and personified in those dark and trackless forests that obscured the stars; in which the seeing eye of man, without hope of orientation, was blind. The forests that were to be the background of fairy-tales were then the groves of monstrous myths and more monstrous realities: by name, Alci, Herto, Latobio, Crodo, Busterico,



THOUSANDS of German warriors, scantily covered by skins or rugs, some with baggy trousers, smothered with blood and mud, were dancing and shouting, full prey to their blind fanaticism

Prono, Triga, Mano, Poret, Vith, Svanlovith, Thuistov.

In later days Latins were to kindle live torches in their gardens: emperors so super-civilised that only the violence of barbarism could stir them to an æsthetic joy. But these were no degenerates: their cruelties were not sophisticated, but—which is more terrible—natural.

Against the background of swart timber, thousands of Teuton warriors, scantily clad in hides or baggy trousers, caked with mud, smeared with blood, danced like demons, shouting against the cacophony of the battle-horns: drugged with slaughter, blind with cruelty, drunk with death. And the smoke rolled ceaselessly from the pyres: fed with fresh fuel when they dwindled, fuel whose cries of agony were drowned by the triumphal shouts of the victors, fuel whose writhing limbs were hidden by the choking billows of smoke: a burnt offering to be recognised only by the smell of searing flesh.

ARMINIUS, to do him justice, was an impassioned patriot. He was faithful to his lights, dim and barbaric though they were. And though his weapons were treachery and cruelty as well as valour, it is by his valour that he lives in the pages of the great historians.

But while Arminius, as a blond giant of a man in the prime of his youth—he was twenty-seven at the time of his victory—could see in Rome not the earnest of a better life, but only the spoiler and despoiler of the good life he knew, where the battle was ever to the strong, and a man might live by his lustiness and his lust, there was another party in Germany with longer vision and stronger brains.

This party found its leader in an old, wise chieftain, Segestus by name. He looked to Rome for salvation, to peace—to the Pax Romana, for in that world there was no other peace—for his ideal.

The two chieftains—Segestus the strategist, Arminius the Tactician; Segestus the head, Arminius the hand—might have welded the warring Germanies into a province and thence into a nation had they been able to make common cause, but it was not to be. And, by a supreme irony, the one element in both their lives that might have united them served only to sunder them for ever.

For Segestus had a daughter. In Rome she might have stood as Minerva: warrior goddess, stern, strong, indomitable. In Germany she was a Valkyrie.

Arminius saw her, fell headlong in love with her, and—was forbidden her. Only if the young Nationalist should turn internationalist: only if the warrior should sheathe his sword in peace with Rome, should he be granted her hand.

What was he to do? Renounce his policy for love? Or cast aside his predestinate mate for his people?

The problem was no problem to this Teutonic Alexander. Like his Macedonia prototype, he looked to his sword to cut the Gordian knot. He bore his bride away from the house and faction of her father, and defended his prize with the sword against all who came to lead her back.

The facility and frequency of such abductions or elopements in other countries and in all periods prevent us from realising the gravity of such a thing happening in Germany.

For historians are all agreed on the rigidity of morals that characterised the German tribes of the period. Marriage was sacred; a man could have only one wife; and her he must keep and honour for his life.

The woman was not compelled to bring a dowry, but was allowed to give and receive presents as a sign of acceptance of the offer of the proposed marriage.

Amongst the duties of a wife was that of helping her husband in war and sharing the hardships of the battlefield. Germany was the only part of the world where wives had this duty.

The faithlessness of his wife was the

only thing that gave a man the right to choose another mate. In these cases, a tragic scene published the dissolution of the marriage bonds. The wife's long hair—pride of every virtuous woman—was cut off by the insulted husband; she was stripped of her clothes; and, stark naked, was dragged from village to village, so that the world might witness her shame.

Whether she could mix with honest people when her hair had grown again, we do not know.

Segestus looked forward to a brilliant match for his daughter, Thusnelda. With her astounding beauty and noble birth, she might aspire to any height.

But Thusnelda's sympathies lay with her race—not her family. She could find nothing wrong in the attitude that Arminius had assumed. On the contrary, he appeared a true German, a true defender of the Fatherland, true champion of the holy cause.

It was only the unlimited respect felt for a father in a patriarchal community that kept her subdued and silent whenever Arminius had striven duly to pay his court. Filial obedience compelled her to be civil to the Romans, who, though to the long view of history they were the standard-bearers of enlightenment, were to the Germans arrogant conquerors, masters of the world, covered with metal from head to foot, carrying the most deadly instrument of "scientific" warfare against other people's territory, instruments with which they enforced the so-called advantages of an unwanted civilisation.

Arminius well knew what the genuinely patriotic inclinations of Thusnelda were. One need only look at her to realise the attachment she felt for the old customs of her country.

She had never adopted the Roman fashions, in spite of the constant contact that her father had with the Roman world. She wore the long golden plaits that swayed against her bare breast in the old German fashion. The graceful gown—so much like the Greek tunic—was her only garment. Not one of her bracelets or ornaments was of Roman design. They all came from the Phœnician or Oriental merchants, who, once a year, brought their merchandise from the south of the Mediterranean almost to the shores of the Baltic.

She was Brünhilde, Freya, even Erde, the great Earth-Mother: not Cybele of Asia nor Hera of Athens, nor Minerva of Rome. . . .

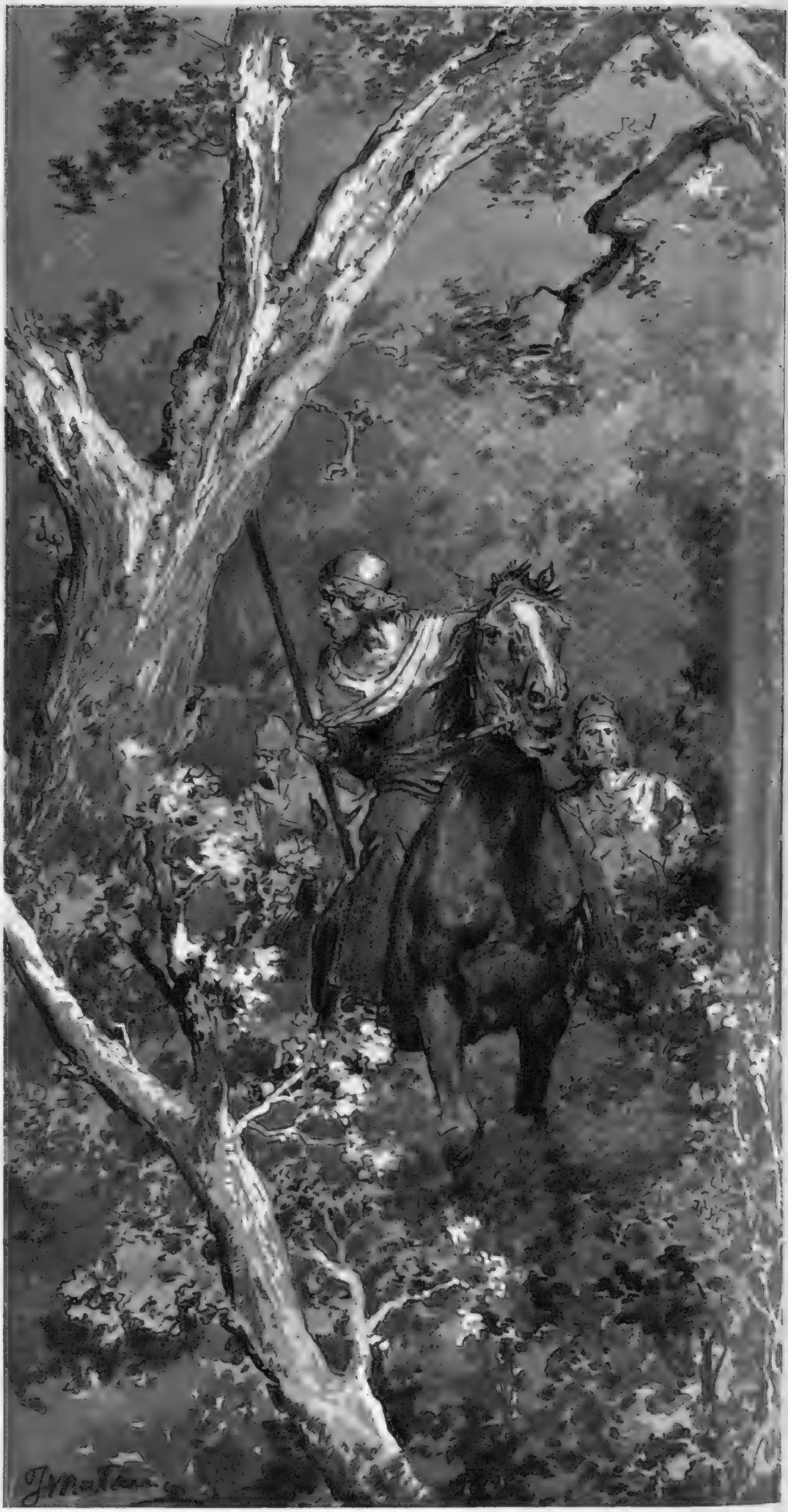
And, once confronted with the realisation of her genuine desires, she embraced at once the policy of Arminius and the man himself.

Segestus never properly recovered from the blow Arminius had struck him. He was reconciled neither to his son-in-law nor to his son-in-law's political principles.

Meanwhile Arminius was gaining ground. His party had increased to an impressive array by alliance with the military forces led by his uncle, Inguiomer, a powerful chief who had already fought the invaders on more fields than one. Simultaneously, Segestus lost favour with his own people, until a moment came that only the veneration they had for him saved him.

The fact of having thrown the Romans back across the Rhine convinced the optimistic population that the Roman Eagle would not dare to spread its wings again.

But three legions were not Rome. The pages left by Suetonius give a vivid description of the consternation which fell on the Senate and the last period of Augustus's life.

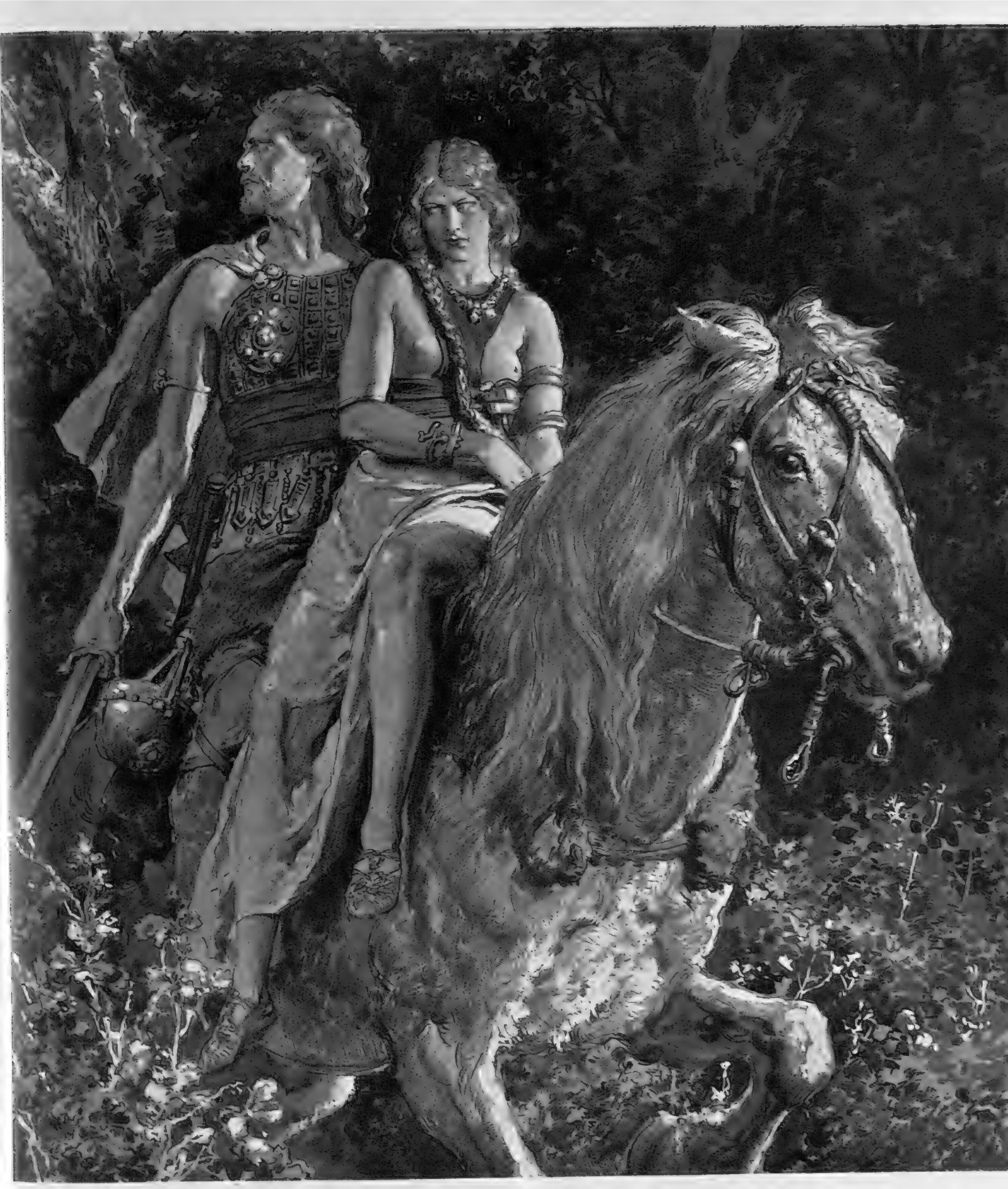


HE bore his bride away from the house and faction

The legions of Varus had been the pride of Rome. They had left marching majestically under a shower of flowers, previous palm, anticipatory laurel. Glittering in the sunshine, conscious of their strength, unconquerable, superb. No one, remembering such a sight, could believe that those legions, forming altogether a fantastic dragon miles in length, twelve thousand strong, could have been dismembered unit by unit, cut to pieces, annihilated, destroyed, consumed with fire.

But a strong body does not remain stunned for long. Nor did the mourning decreed by the Senate delay preparations for recovery. Fresh legions were gathered round the newly erected Eagles, while the command, the dignity and glory of Rome was trusted to the capable hands of another Cæsar, grandson of Mark Anthony, nephew of Octavian, who was to be called for his exploits Germanicus.

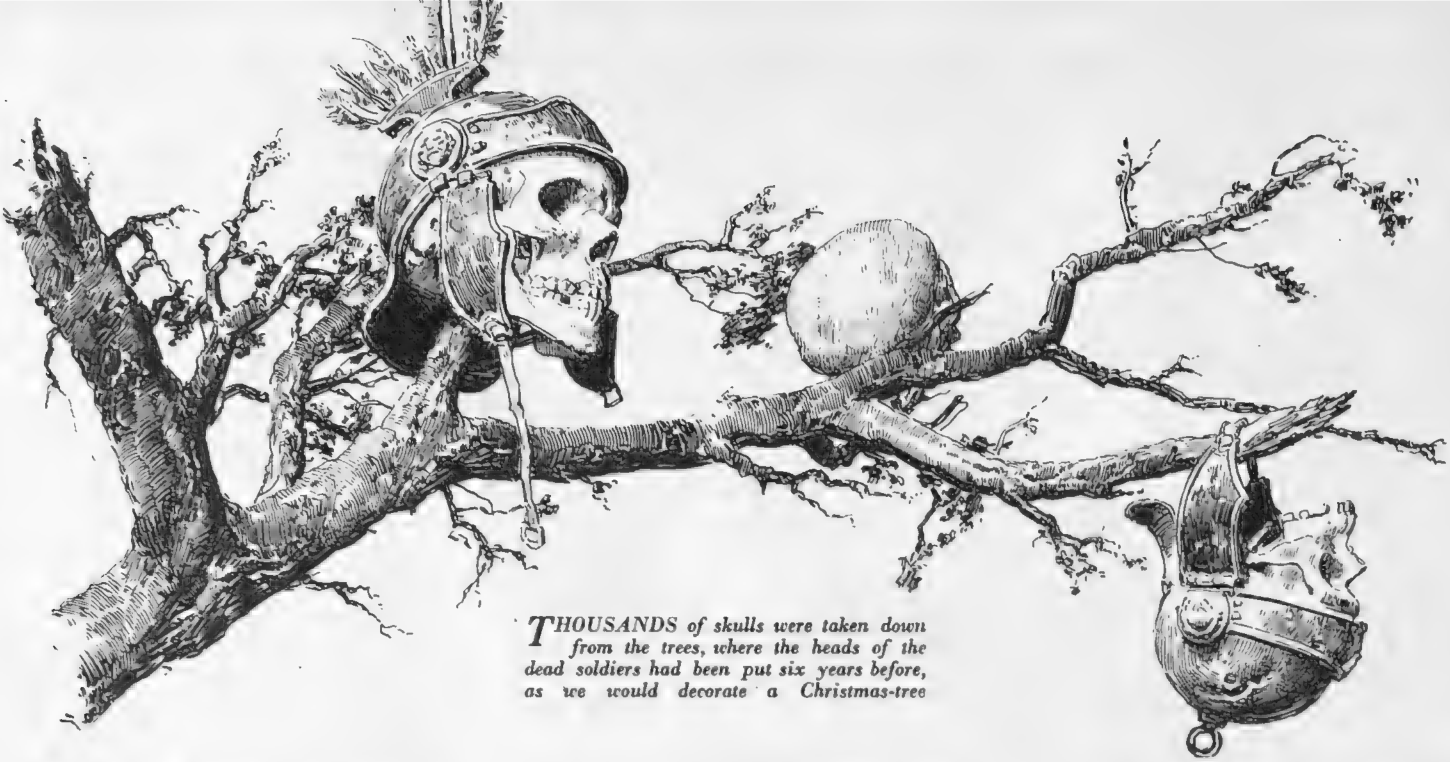
Soon the new legions reached the Rhine, and found that, in spite of Arminius' efforts, the Barbarians were far from unity.



of her father, and defended his prize with the sword against all who came to lead her back

The prestige of Segestus had dwindled day by day. Soon he found himself without friends, except the Romans. Unable to move, because he was kept almost a prisoner by his own people, he implored the protection of Germanicus. He suggested that he should be put in chains, together with Arminius, and be at the mercy of the Romans; but when the legions arrived on the horizon, Segestus, with all his family and a fairly large number of faithful friends, chiefly women, was besieged by his people, all of whom had sided with Arminius. It happened that his daughter, Thusnelda, was with him.

Picture her dilemma: she was with her father, whom still she loved, for all his enthusiasm for the hated invaders, for all his bitter opposition to her beloved lord. Heart, mind, and soul, she was with Arminius—then scouring the countryside imploring the warring chieftains and the squabbling clans to unite for one supreme and decisive effort against the common foe.



THOUSANDS *of skulls were taken down from the trees, where the heads of the dead soldiers had been put six years before, as we would decorate a Christmas-tree*

It was only because she hoped to reconcile the two men she loved that she was not beside her husband. She thought that the child soon to be born might bring the two men together.

The approach of the Romans enraged the Germans against Segestus more than ever. And, by a bitter irony, his daughter became his bodyguard against the partisans of her husband, among whom she was the most fervent.

The Romans arrived. Their perfect knowledge of the situation made them concentrate their attention on the rescue of Segestus. From the walls of the castle the Germans could be seen running back or scattering in the neighbouring woods—first witness of the coming rout.

The heart of the old man leapt with joy, while that of his daughter shrank with terror. Arminius was still absent. The garrison was on the point of surrender, demoralised more by fear than casualties.

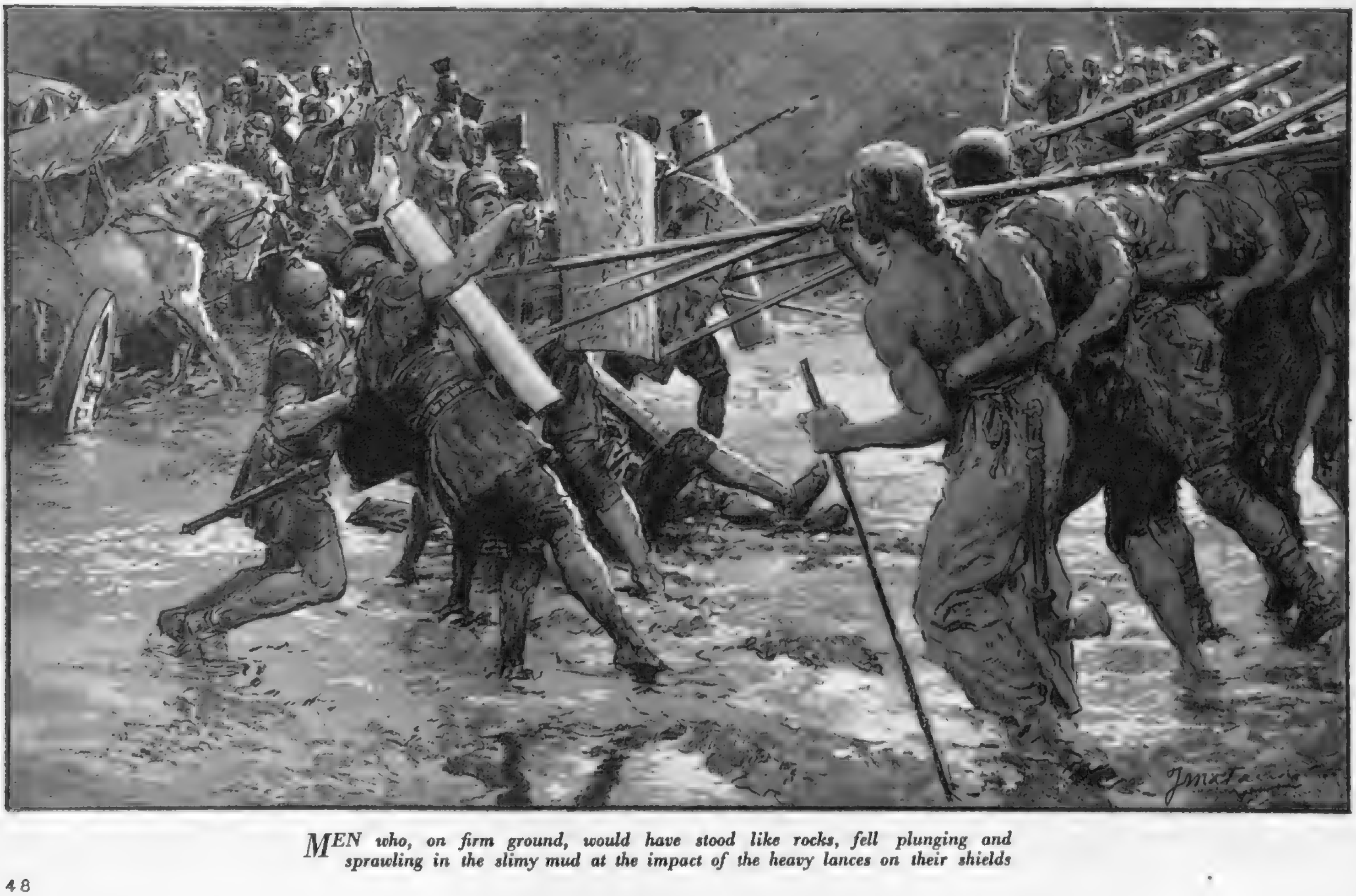
It was not long before the chief of the Centuria appeared within the walls and declared the victory of Rome.

For Segestus the ordeal was over. For Thusnelda it was beginning. Captivity stared her in the face.

Many women of noble birth and distinguished family were trapped in the same fortifications. They were all taken to Germanicus, who accorded them the honours of war.

No words of mine can do justice to Thusnelda as she stood before the conqueror. Tacitus says: " In her deportment no trace appeared of her father's character: she breathed the spirit of her husband. No fear hovered on her eyelids; she stood in pensive silence, her hands strained close to her naked breast, her eyes fixed upon her womb, then pregnant with the fruit of her marriage.

" At the same time was brought forth a load of spoils, which, in the slaughter of Varus and his legions, had fallen to the share of those who now surrendered to the Roman arms."



MEN *who, on firm ground, would have stood like rocks, fell plunging and sprawling in the slimy mud at the impact of the heavy lances on their shields*

When the news reached Arminius, he ran nigh mad. His beloved wife was lost for ever. The woman for whom he had destined a throne was in chains, soon to embellish the triumph of what he termed a cheap victory. His son was a slave of the enemy before his birth.

The treasure and the dream of his life were thrown away to an implacable foe without a fight, without a manly action, without dignity, without honour.

He was seen galloping furiously through the country of the Ceruscans, rousing the flame of revolt and rebellion, crying for revenge, mesmerising the people with the burning lava of his eloquence. He called aloud to arms against the Romans, against Segestus, against the traitor of the beloved Fatherland. He ridiculed the glory of the Roman legions who sent cohorts of cavalry from Tiberside to conquer—a woman and lead her into captivity.

One of his speeches is still extant. Picture him, aflame with patriotism, burning with grief, roaring it before the camp fires in the sable shadows of the sacred forests :—

" Behold the groves of your gods : the Roman banners I wrested from the foe, dedicated to the gods of our country, are there displayed—trophies of victory.

" Let Segestus fly for shelter to the Roman provinces and rest content with the Rhine's Gaulish strand ; and let him there meanly crouch to make his son the priest of a foreign altar. Posterity shall curse his memory ; future ages will detest the man, whose crime it is that we have seen, between the Rhine and the Elbe, the Roman taxes, the Roman habit, and the Roman arms.

" To other nations, punishments and taxes are yet unknown ; they are happy, for they are ignorant of the Romans. We have bravely thrown off the yoke. We are free from burthens : and since Augustus was compelled to retreat—that very Augustus whom his countrymen have made a god—and since Tiberius, that upstart emperor, keeps aloof from Germany, shall we, who have dared nobly for our liberties, shrink from a boy void of experience, and an army ruined by their own divisions ?

" If your country is dear to you, if the glory of your ancestors lies near your hearts, if liberty is of any value, if the enjoyment of your natural rights is preferable to new masters and foreign colonies, follow Arminius.

" I will marshal you the way to glory and to freedom. Segestus has nothing to offer you but infamy, bondage and chains."

AS is the fate of every leader, Arminius was not free from the jealousy of his rivals. His own uncle Inguiomer, already a middle-aged veteran with a glorious past, refused to serve under the orders of his nephew. His Ceruscan followers, too, were outraged at the indignity of subordination offered to their chief.

But in spite of faction and jealousy in the command, the common people thronged to his banners. Day by day his army grew larger. As they arrived they were enlisted, equipped and trained.

The sword was given only to those who showed a special aptitude for it, for the weapon was novel to those who had hitherto fought with the axe, the hammer, and another instrument, the so-called shield-smasher.

Arminius introduced many innovations to make his infantry a more mobile army. He reduced the size of their shields and in many cases the length of the lances, which were too long and heavy.

When Germanicus saw that every state bordering the Ceruscans had joined them, he, a wary commander, strove to divide their strength. He sent Caecina with forty cohorts towards the country of the Bructerians.

As the Romans appeared in the distance—

" In broken gleams of dark-blue light
The long array of helmets bright
The long array of spears "—

the Bructerii—Westphalians we call them to-day—fled from their villages, setting fire to their homes and leaving for the approaching enemy only ashes.

By this time Germanicus had come to the Teutoberg Forest where, six years before, the legions of Varus had been annihilated. No human being had set foot on that ground since the day of the carnage. The whole story, episode by episode, was recorded by mutely eloquent witnesses.

The three different enclosures, where the Eagles of the legions had been defended to the last man, were still intact. Huge heaps of human bones still hid the insignia that the enemy had not dared to take away.

Further along were the ruins of the ramparts where the last groups of survivors had made their final stand before perishing under the overwhelming onslaught. The bones of horses and men lay together, some still pierced by the rusted instruments of war.

For the time being the campaign was forgotten. The Romans were outraged not by the evidence of defeat but by the blasphemy that had denied to the fallen the rights of sacred burial. Before vengeance on the living, honour to the dead.

In the wood nearby could still be seen the infamous altars at which the survivors had been sacrificed. Every fir in the forest was a heathen Christmas tree with skulls for candle-lanterns.

The bones were collected and buried. Germanicus with his own hand laid the first sod for a monument of turf to the memory of Varus and his three legions.

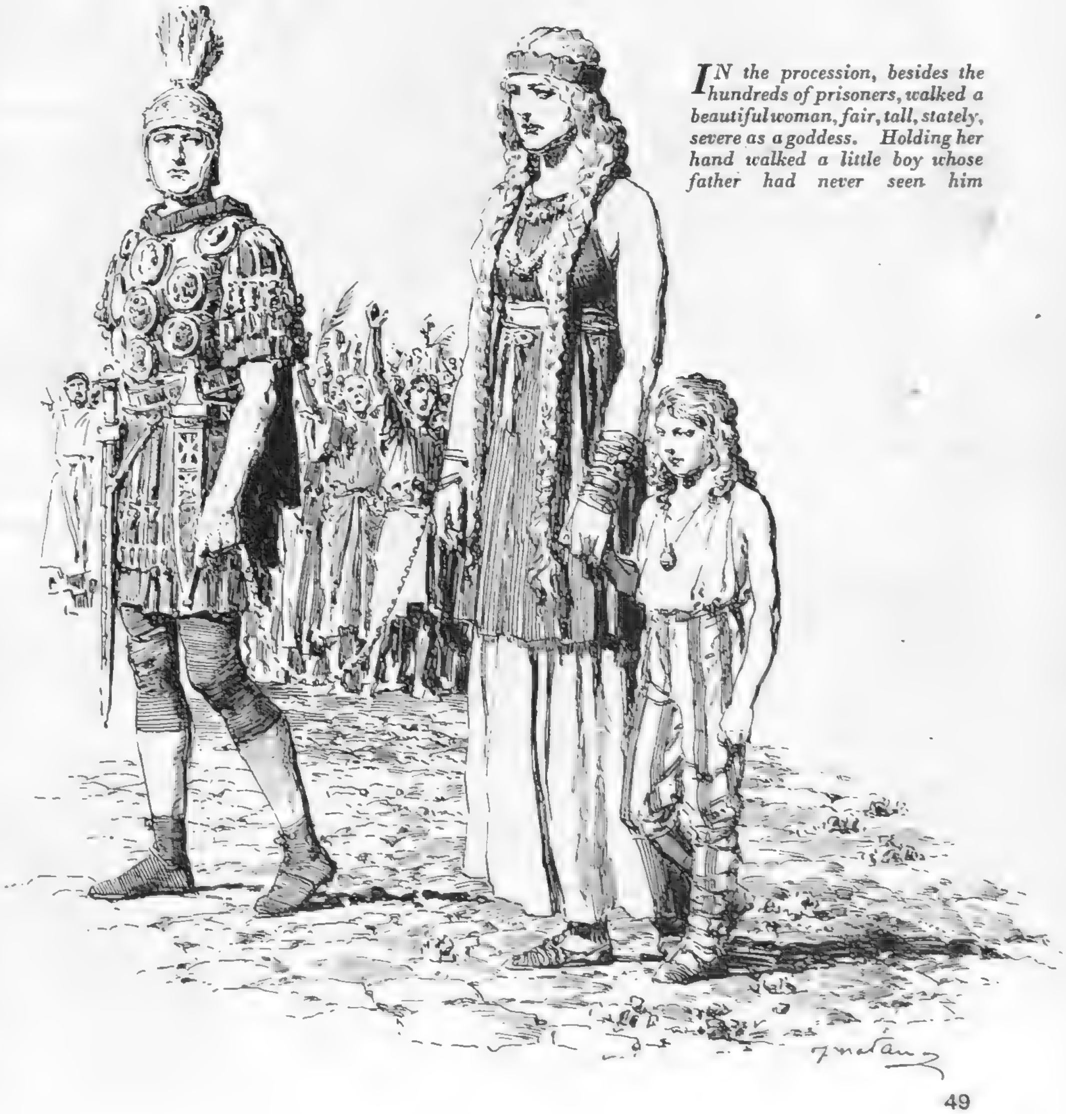
Meanwhile, self-appointed messengers arrived at the German camp, dismounted from horses ridden to their deaths, and gasped out the news that Germanicus was on the march with incredible speed.

Arminius well knew that in open country the discipline of the legions was proof against the wild charges of the clans. Cautiously, warily he retreated to the shelter of the forests and the safety of the swamps.

Germanicus perceived the manœuvre, recognised the tactics of the enemy, and, instead of awaiting the onslaught he knew was to be made, himself launched the attack. The tubas sounded the signal and with the precision of the parade-ground the troops moved to the advance.

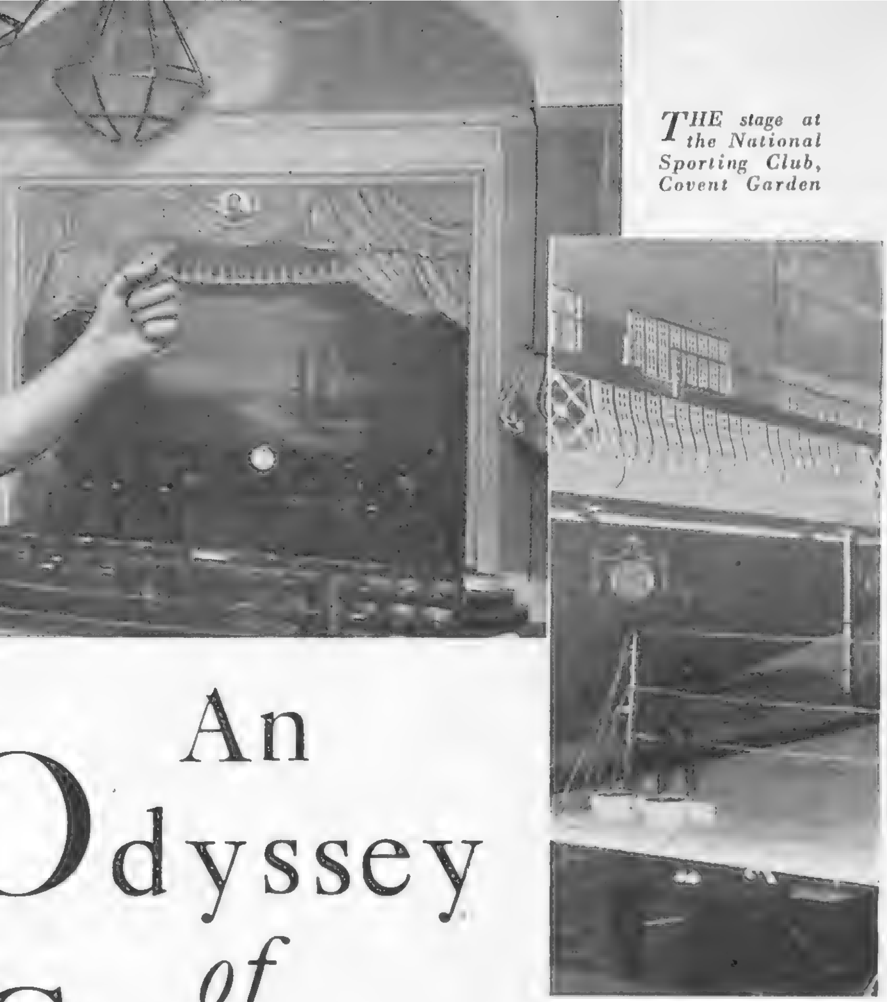
But the Germans withdrew and formed up far away facing the Roman flank, leaving the Latin forces fronting an empty wood. And as the invaders wheeled and deployed along the new line, leaving the forest on their cavalry-covered flank, the wood suddenly grew alive.

(*Cont. on p.* 118)



IN the procession, besides the hundreds of prisoners, walked a beautiful woman, fair, tall, stately, severe as a goddess. Holding her hand walked a little boy whose father had never seen him

CHARLES LEDOUX, *not inaptly dubbed "The Apache." In his greatest fight of all, that with Jim Driscoll, he was, for fourteen rounds and a half, as a child being chastised for unruliness*



THE stage at the National Sporting Club, Covent Garden

An Odyssey of Sport : No. 4

The Last Stand of Peerless How at 40 years of age, a man, he made the greatest conquest —And yet he

ON an October night, some sixteen years ago, Jim Driscoll — " Peerless Jim," we called him—climbed into the ring of the National Sporting Club to fight Charles Ledoux, of France, the lights of the historic theatre full and dazzling. His magnificent head was much splashed with grey : lines had cut deep into his arresting face, his ears twisted and broken : he was toothless. Forty years of age he was, but erect, his bluish jaw squared, thin lips pursed tight, his eyes keen—they blazed after the way of the Celt. And the muscles of his beautifully moulded body rippled and glistened as if he had found the elixir of life and the days of an incomparable youth had returned in all their might and glory.

The master had come back.

And Ledoux, his inches laughably few, fidgeted and hurried to meet him. A demon we well knew, with fists of finely-tempered steel, heart unbreakable. At some time or another he had come near to making wholesale slaughter of all European bantams—Digger Stanley, the English champion, to Joe Bowker. Not inaptly he was dubbed " the Apache," a killer, avowed, unashamed. He did ever see red. Which would not have been supposed, so neat, band-boxy, almost doll-like his figure : he was an outrageous deception, blind to caution, deaf to all else save the pumping of his own riotous passion. And yet in what I do swear was the greatest fight of all he was, for fourteen rounds and a half, as a child being chastised for unruliness.

Differences were incredible. The tiny Frenchman stormed : Driscoll, ice cold, carriage perfect, feet twinkling, eye clear, planted blows as he pleased, now stabbing with his left, again countering with his right, giving and slipping punches as if it were all absurdly easy. The head of Ledoux was for ever being sent back with a jolt, his blows left to beat the air : he was as a man chasing shadows. His exposure was complete. That which we saw could scarce be believed ; we were afraid to give voice to our incredulity. For as round succeeded round Driscoll, by matchless skill, made mockery of his tempestuous opponent.

No fight of first-rate importance within my recollection developed such one-sidedness : it was Driscoll all the time ; and yet Ledoux, though his right eye was cut, and blood trickled from an enlarged ear, refused to retreat. The oftener and the harder he was hit the greater his fury. A forced confession that he was merely a plain, straightforward, obvious fighter did not disturb him in the least : his indifference to punishment was a roaring defiance of any limit to human

Driscoll—grey, toothless of his history LOST . . .

By Ben Bennison

THE ring at the National Sporting Club, Covent Garden, where the historic fight took place

DRISCOLL in his prime. He returned to the ring at 40 years of age, and by his matchless boxing skill made mockery of his young tempestuous opponent, Ledoux

endurance. Stars he must have seen without number ; gnomes in battalions. Ping to his nose would go the piston-like left of Driscoll and many a right clipped him on the jaw, the while he himself, baffled, bewildered and befooled, missed an ever-moving target. In "Tattersall's" almost any odds were offered on "the old 'un" at half the distance. For by then Driscoll was in front by a mile.

And whispers of admiration broke into a thunder of praise as the grand old man went tip-toeing into the fourteenth round, his guard high, just so, his white-skinned body unmarked, brain alive, and balanced to a nicety. Ledoux, under whose cheek bone there had come a monstrous and fast blackening lump, raced from his corner. Out shot Driscoll's left as straight as an arrow to send the Frenchman back on his heels. But Ledoux, by a vicious tug at himself, returned to the attack, and though rapped and cuffed again and again he refused to budge an inch. Pain, anguish, indignity—he suffered none : he was inhuman. But if all the devils crowded into his fighting soul he took not a single kick over the traces. Constant, often cruel, reminders that by comparison with Driscoll he was a dunce merely added to his determination to win whatever the consequences. And when halfway through the fifteenth round he tore an opening and rammed his right perilously adjacent to the jaw of the master and as quick as lightning crashed into his ribs, Driscoll gasped, as did we all. And like some monster Ledoux spent every ounce of the strength that remained in him to win there and then. Limpness so seized Driscoll that his legs took to crossing. It was merciful that the bell clanged to end the round, otherwise he must have dropped.

His arms had been robbed of normal life, his eyes, which but a minute before had shone with the brilliance born of certainty of conquest, were glazed. And as he reeled and doddered to his corner, his seconds lied shamelessly when, in their rough and ready, pathetic way, they cried, as they clutched him, "Bravo, Jim." For deep down in their hearts they knew, we all knew, that nothing could save him. As he leaned with his back against the padded post of his corner Driscoll tried to force a smile. He would have wept, for he realised that he was bankrupt of all but his fighting senses.

"Badger," he muttered into the cocked ear of his chief second, "he's got me. I'm most nearly through. But I'm still on my feet, Badger. For how long. . . . ?"

"Seconds out, time."

And Driscoll, with only the mechanic left in him, made tottering, staggering answer.

"Young 'un," he seemed to say, "you've won. I'll take the count all right. Let it go, plump to the jaw, and get it over : I'm finished."

Some such confession Ledoux must have heard : he changed from a ripsnorting man to a man of pity. He pulled the few blows he struck, his one good eye pleading to the opposition to call a halt.

Badger, crying, understood, and into the ring tossed a towel.

And thus the flag of a champion of champions was hauled down. But there was no shame in (*Continued on page* 122)

DIGGER STANLEY, the bantam English champion, who was beaten by Charles Ledoux

MR. "PEGGY" BETTINSON, who made and "was" the National Sporting Club

JOE BOWKER, another bantam beaten by Ledoux

I'll Tell You

By Mary

For tired eyes. . . . They start operations on the back of your neck

THE Maternal Ancestor once said to me in the revoltingly frank way common to mothers and brothers and sisters, "Your eyebrows were your only feature, and now you've ruined them."

Ruined. She meant thick unruliness had been tidied, my face had been poised and given some contour in the process.

However, the remark rankled. Whenever I take out the tweezers, I regard the eyebrows and think back. Were they my only feature?

Now be frank, Miss Young, as frank as your mother. When a woman looks at herself in the mirror like this, there's no time for modesty. What's good and what isn't? You know well enough by now what's not good. Quick. Pass over mouth, ears, nose. Now how about your eyes? Admit that mother might have thrown in your eyes for good measure because they're na sae bad.

And if they are your only feature, well, I've always held that every woman can get along fine with one good feature, properly played up to, even if it is only her legs. I know. I said features, not limbs, but please give me that much licence.

I see I'm being as long winded as if I were being paid one and sixpence a word, as Arnold Bennett used to be for the articles he wrote in a daily newspaper. ("And not too many *ands* and *buts*," said the irate editor, who had had some.)

You'll know that what I'm getting down to is the care of your eyes. If they happen to be your only feature, you'll want to keep them looking good. And if they don't look particularly good, you'll want to help them to look so.

Whatever they mean in the design of your face, they have to be tended, encouraged, kept young, bright, and shining. Because they will always be its star turn.

Mascara, pencil, eye shadow, all play their good parts in helping eyes to seem lovelier than they are. But there's more to be done than that. They must be kept healthy, clear, sparkling. You know what you look like when your eyes are dull and heavy, with faintly yellow whites. Make-up can't disguise it.

The thing to do is to use the eye bath as regularly as you use your toothbrush. I've just begun to do it, using an eye lotion as soothing, invigorating and refreshing as rain after drought.

If you've no time in the morning, bathe them after a particularly hard day, when your eyes feel hot and irritated and achy, and you have to go out with Somebody Special, dressed up to the eyes. It will make all the difference to your evening.

AND now let us suppose that, for some reason or other, your eyes are feeling and looking really horribly tired. Deeply shadowed, crepey about the lids, dull, hateful. There is a woman in London who will put that right for you, practically right away.

I had had a very late night followed by a hard working day, and a headache loomed when I called on her. I showed it, too. I was in a hurry, so could only take half a treatment, two hot towels instead of four, five minutes hand manipulation instead of ten. So on. But the result staggered me. My headache had gone. So had the shadows and the tired, drawn look. I felt grand.

They told me there about a woman who had been advised by an optician to go into spectacles. There was nothing wrong with her sight. It was to rest her eyes, which were suffering from nerves and fatigue. She took a course of this treatment, and now spectacles are as far away as Australia.

You take off your dress, are wrapped in a blanket, and lay down flat. Make-up is removed. They don't go near your eyes for some time, but start operations on the back of your neck, if you please. Hot and cold fomentations, followed by hand and electric massage to draw the blood from eyes and temples.

Then cooling pads go on your eyelids, and expert finger-tips start working around your eyes and temples and ears. This is finger tapping as you have never experienced it before. A quiet, unhurried rhythmic tapping and patting, pacifying every nerve end in your head.

If I'd not been in a hurry, I should have slept. They like you to sleep. It helps. Indeed, it's hard to keep awake under those clever, lulling fingers.

And if you know anyone who wants to reduce her ankles, this is the place. It is another of their special kindnesses to women.

HOUSEWIFE'S tears, just as common as housemaid's knee, is not listed among contemporary ailments.

They are caused not by bad news, family troubles, depression or love affairs gone wrong, but just by any of those little things that go wrong about the house, and make you break down and weep when, brave and dry-eyed, you have stood shocks and tragedies that really do buffet your life about.

Most women can stand up to big unpleasant things, but a silly trifle like the sight of a stain on the carpet which only came back from the cleaners on Tuesday, will make her sit down and cry her eyes out.

Well, let us be brisk and practical. The thing to do after the good cry, which in itself has done a lot of good, is to run along and buy some stuff to take the stain out. It is good stuff. You mix a teaspoonful in a saucer with hot water, hop upstairs for your nailbrush and just scrub at the stain. It slips out as if you had muttered a charm.

Suppose you want to clean the whole carpet, use the whole tinful in hot water, scrubbing away with a clothes brush.

Magical stuff to remove carpet stains

All I Know . . .

Young

This is a good idea, too, for those couches and chairs which haven't got loose covers. Harmless, non-inflammable, no smell.

LOOKS nice, doesn't she, the girl in the vest and panties? And she feels comfortable. Proud, too, because it is a brand new type of underwear she is showing, made of a new fabric which is on its way to becoming a household—or bedroom—word. It is feather-light, smooth and silky, with the elasticity and cling of spun silk.

Lastex is incorporated into the waistbands, which means perfect fit and give.

Style and shape are just what women are looking for—scant, unobtrusive. Those wavy lines indicate an attractive, lacy design, like you used to see on black openwork stockings.

They are very comfortable in wear and very moderate in price. Can you ask for more?

> *If any of the subjects discussed on these pages are the answer to your own problems, write to me, at "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London, and enclose a stamped envelope.*
>
> Mary Young

IF this girl were in a moving picture, you would see what she was about to do next. She is just going to rub the hair off her legs.

She hasn't got a lot, just enough to be disagreeable and to show when she wears those stockings of hers that look as if she had no stockings at all.

I said rub them off, and I meant rub them off. It is as simple as that.

You rub with a quiet-looking little thing that they call a velvet glove. (And your hand doesn't have to be iron, inside it.)

I never saw anything looking less like a velvet glove. It looks, in fact, like a mitten made of emery board paper. Never mind what it looks like. It's a little darling.

You simply rub around in circles, gently, gently, and away come the hairs, leaving your skin velvety smooth. You can use it for all hair on body and face. Re-growth is gradually softer, feathery.

THERE is something elegant and fastidious about a monogram. It gives a little of your own personality to your clothes and household linens. You have to know where to stop, of course, otherwise the monogram habit spreads itself, becomes egotism and bad taste.

But you and I embroider or sew initials discreetly on to our underwear, our face towels, our sheets and pillow cases, thus making these things so much more our own possessions. Sometimes we trim an otherwise perfectly plain dress with them, and it stops being plain and looks distinctive.

Even if you are not now handy with your needle, you can still be monogrammed. There are initials which take a minute out of time to fix. All you have to know is how to count.

You put them on the garment, cover with a dry cloth, press hard with a hot iron, count ten. Remove the cloth, turn over and iron hard on the reverse side, count forty. (Try counting in French for a change.) Turn back again on to the right side, iron hard at the points and corners of each initial. Voilà!

These initials go on to everything, and are specially recommended for woollens. You'll see one if you turn to page 56 and look at the picture of the hand-knitted sweater.

Four lotions keep your skin lovely

TWO months ago I wrote here about a little difficulty common to most wives, unless their hair curled naturally. It was the problem of preserving their hair set at night, and yet not irritating their husbands by the sight of an aggressive, flamboyant sleeping cap.

The same sort of problem faces wives in regard to their night faces. You must clean off make-up, nourish and build up the skin while you sleep, because that's the best opportunity you have to do so.

Yet you can't go to bed looking and feeling greasy.

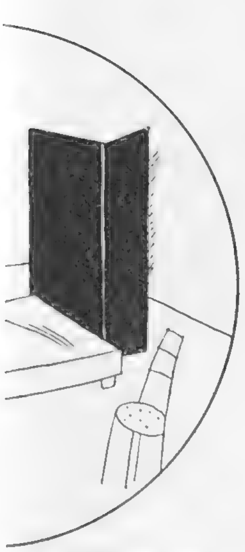
Some of us with dry skins have to, at times, keep a thin layer of our own favourite nourishing cream on all night. We find our skins simply eat it up, they starve for it.

Well, one way out is to try lotions, for a change. There is a practical, simple and scientific treatment which consists entirely of the use of lotions.

Out of four basic lotions, you use two or three at night, two or three by day. A chart tells you how. It grades your skin into greasy, dry, young, in-the-thirties, older. Tells you which to use, how long to use it.

For instance, if you have an in-the-thirties skin, you give two minutes to the cleansing lotion at night, use the astringent every other night (four minutes) and give three minutes nightly to the skin food lotion. You can cheat on time if you like, but be fair for a week or so. You'll think it worth it when you watch your skin's improvement.

The cleansing lotion will become a particular friend. It is rather more than a cleaner. It goes far down into the pores as well and digs out dirt. But it also contains ingredients which persuade blackheads and whiteheads and other blemishes that your face is no place for them to be hanging around.


A brand new type of underwear

The sixty seconds way to achieve a monogram

BOOKS:

Summer Reading

By Arnold Palmer

EVE St. John-Loe, author of "Who Feeds the Tiger . . ." An eventful story, the scene of which is laid in a cathedral town. Worth a place in the library list

MR. FREEMAN WILLS CROFT, whose latest novel, "Crime at Guildford"—a murder and a robbery—is a story easy to read and not so easy to stop reading

IN the vast ateliers of synthetic crime, where the machinery of detection hums unceasingly night and day, few names are held in greater esteem, so I have heard, than that of Mr. Freeman Wills Crofts. The appearance of his new spring model, *Crime at Guildford* (Collins, 7s. 6d.), seemed to offer a good opportunity to sample his wares. He gives us here a double crime—a murder and a robbery—and the robbery is by far the more ingenious of the two. Even such a duffer as I saw just how the murder was perpetrated before the tale was half told. With the robbery I was less successful; in fact, all the points were scored by Mr. Crofts. One of the reasons of his easy victory is that he lays a trap so openly that no reader will believe it is a trap. Perhaps that is super subtlety on his part. Nevertheless, I feel that the Ricardo-Mrs. Minter affair is a rather clumsy invention; the supper party (p. 185) is worse than that; it is a psychological impossibility. But, in the main, *Crime at Guildford* is a sound and solid piece of logic, and only a lack of humour and characterisation prevents it from taking a high place in the literature of blood, voluptuousness and death. It is easy to read, and not so easy to stop reading; and it reveals a state of loving cooperation between the Dutch, Belgian, French and English police which will reassure all but the most cynical.

Books to Borrow

F. E. BAILY

"Lady Beaconsfield and her Times": *by F. E. Baily*

(Hutchinson, 18s.)

IT is a commonplace that Disraeli owed much to his wife. The relations between the two have given rise to speculation, nevertheless. Mr. Baily's book was well worth writing. It is inclined to be "chatty," but it is full of meat. Fifteen full-page illustrations.

"African Log": *by Shaw Desmond*

(Hutchinson, 18s.)

A WRITTEN-UP diary of four months' journeying in North, East and South Africa, revealing Mr. Desmond, as usual, living every moment to the full. An entertaining, argumentative, vivacious book, none the worse for its casual air. "Profusely" illustrated, for the most part with reproductions of the author's own snapshots.

"Turmoil and Tragedy in India": *by Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., D.S.O.*

(Jarrolds, 18s.)

THE sub-title of this volume is "1914 and After." Sir George MacMunn, who had been Commander-in-Chief in Mesopotamia, became Q.M.G. in India at the end of the War, and he tells an astonishing story here of depleted forces, of German and Bolshevist plotting, of Turkish propaganda and native unrest. Here, in the form of popular reading, is the recent history of India. Many illustrations.

"Author-Biography": *by Cecil Hunt*

(Hutchinson, 18s.)

MR. HUNT, who seems to have interviewed more people than any man alive, gives here his impressions of the leading thousand or so. In spite of a diet composed exclusively of celebrities, Mr. Hunt shows few signs of surfeit. His judgment remains surprisingly good. Fifteen illustrations.

PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY'S new novel, *Jonlys the Witch* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.) bears a sub-title, "A Tale of Elizabethan Superstition," which labels the book as neatly as could be wished. Jonlys is one of a party of Dutch refugees fled to England to escape the persecution of the Spanish Catholics. The gain to England from these and other victims of Continental intolerance is a matter dealt with in all the history books. Princess Paul Troubetzkoy shows the pattern in reverse—the surly and often cruel resentment felt by English peasants for the foreign competitors shielded by the Royal protection. We see the bigotry, inhumanity and squalor of England at its merriest, and it is a picture which repays study. The story itself is sympathetic and moving, but its real interest lies in its background.

Young Renny, by Mazo de la Roche (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.) is the fifth volume in the chronicles of the Whiteoak family; it is also the first, for it takes us back to 1906, when Grandmother Adeline was a young woman of eighty, rejuvenated by a new set of teeth—when Ernest and Nicholas were personable bachelors with wardrobes bought in Savile Row—when Eden was a baby—when Renny was still at college. Those readers who have not yet met the Whiteoaks have now an excellent chance to do so. After enjoying *Young Renny*, they can pass on to *Jalna* and the other volumes in order. Those who know the Whiteoaks will need no urging to see the youthful Renny, like a yearling, learning his own strength. The strange, rich, surging life which abounds throughout the series races and swirls in the new volume. It is this richness which sets the chronicles apart from all the novels of contemporary novelists except, perhaps, those of Miss G. B. Stern. It is difficult to think of them, with their abundant life, ever dropping into oblivion. They are at once solid and vivid, they are Canada's literature. Surely it might have been possible to obtain, for this latest instalment, a dust cover with a design which bore some reference to the contents?

There is an unwritten law whereby reviewers show kindness to first novels—mistaken kindness, I sometimes think.

GLENDA SPOONER, author of "Victoria Glencairn." This first novel is full of highly original and for the most part successful technical devices, and is written with unusual confidence

Below:

MR. F. BRITTEN AUSTIN, whose book "Told in the Market Place" is a collection of eighteen short stories not hitherto published in book form

PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY, whose new novel "Jonlys the Witch, a tale of Elizabethan superstition," is reviewed in this article

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF A
RASCAL

Travelling Light . . .

"Autobiography of a Rascal":

Edited by S. W. Powell

(Selwyn and Blount, 8s. 6d.)

THIS is a mysterious book. Being rather shorter than an ordinary novel, it mysteriously costs a shilling more. Even the authorship is a mystery, for it is alleged to be the work of an anonymous ruffian, now dead, but formerly the neighbour and friend of the editor, Mr. Powell. It poses as an autobiography, it reads like a novel. Since it is, after all, just one more book, perhaps the wisest course is to disregard its questionable shape and judge it on its merits.

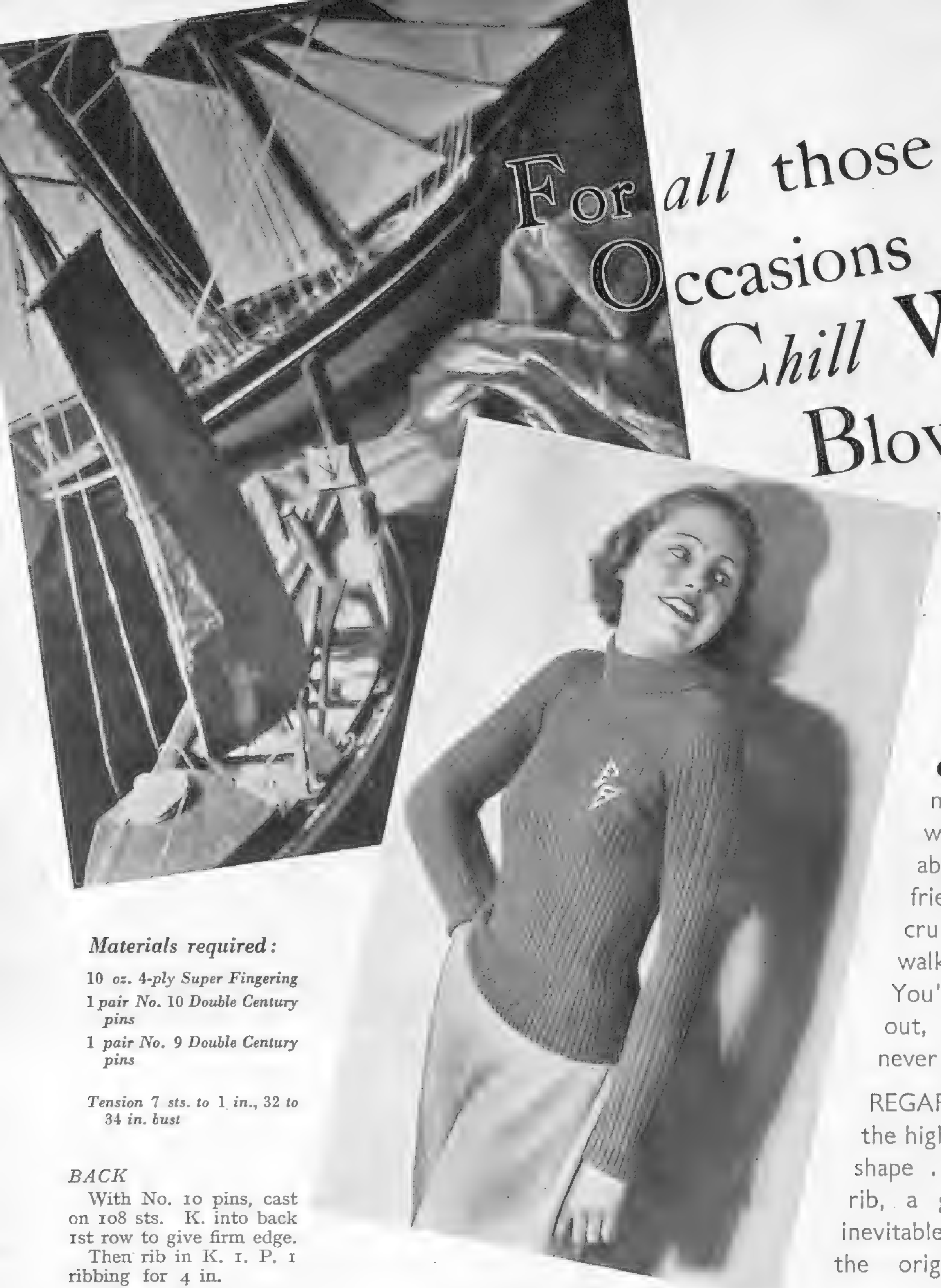
The "rascal" is, or was, an Englishman who, wearying of apprenticeship to an architect, is shipped off by his no less weary parents to South Africa. Having helped a barmaid to rob an inebriate, he joins in the Second Boer War. Because his grandfather was an Earl, he is made battalion paymaster, and because the battalion suffers heavy losses, the job of paymaster turns out to be a pretty good one. With £500 of dead men's pay, he slips off to Australia, where he promptly loses the money to two rascals with better technique than his own. He proceeds to the South Sea Islands; and there, after murdering his employer, he becomes for a while the uncrowned king of an earthly Paradise (rum included). This record of catch-as-catch-can living all round the world is recorded with the utmost good humour; the rascal is a very perfect rascal, with just the right proportions of culture, cynicism, sentiment and bland self-assurance. He is a scoundrel and a gentleman. He has perfect manners and no morals. He can break a girl's heart, but is incapable of turning her off. He will be a charming and loyal friend to any man whose interests do not clash with his own; when that happens, he is implacable. The type is common enough. What is rare is the curious flavour of sentimental realism pervading the narrative. Some people will find the story frivolous and trivial. It will strike others as an exceptionally shrewd revelation of the nature of an unscrupulous adventurer, and as an amusing piece of work, of a type not common in English.

How pleasant, then, to be able to say that I need not show kindness, or only a very little, to *Victoria Glencairn*, by Glenda Spooner (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.). This story, with the very ordinary theme of a post-war daughter of pre-war parents, is full of highly original, and for the most part successful, technical devices, and it is written with unusual confidence. There is nothing to be gained by ignoring certain obvious faults. The first half of the book is better than the second; the incident of the foaling mare has a surely disproportionate effect upon the family; the strong, magnetic hero is rather a joke, rather a messy joke. But the credit side more than balances the debit. There is an extraordinarily good description of a duck shoot; and the friendship with Sylvia is beautifully done. Outside the heroine, Sylvia is the best portrait in the book. The story moves well, and is never imitative. It contains some remarkably sensitive descriptive passages. In short, though Miss Spooner may be one of those novelists whose first novel is their best, I do not think she is. In the classic phrase, we shall await her next book with unusual interest. If *Victoria Glencairn* is in the smallest degree autobiographical, it suggests that the author writes best of events which have sunk right into the background of her consciousness. All authors do.

For pleasant, easy reading, *A Victorian Bacchante*, by Mrs. Fred Reynolds (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.) and *Who Feeds the Tiger . . .* by Eve St. John-Loe (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.), might both find a place on the library list. The first is a story of a foundling girl brought up by Quakers. It is not very exciting, but it has a quiet charm. The second, though its scene is laid in a cathedral town, is more eventful, though not more convincing. *Lord, What Fools!* (John Long, 7s. 6d.) is actually by a man—Mr. Francis Boon. This satire on life at a boys' school is rather slow and repetitive, but not unamusing. As is now the fashion, Mr. Boon gets his fun from the masters, not from the boys. The Victorian novelists must often have been tempted to do the same. Presumably, they never dared.

In *Told in the Market Place* (Thornton Butterworth, 7s. 6d.) Mr. F. Britten Austin has collected eighteen stories not hitherto published in book form. The obvious thing to say about them is that they illustrate his versatility; but the truer comment, the point which has struck me most forcibly, is that they illustrate the excellence of the bone which lies beneath their covering. Mr. Austin is not content to tell a story well; he sees to it that he has a good story to tell. I note that these stories of Mr. Austin's average about ten thousand words apiece. If, among my readers, there are any aspiring writers, they will be well advised to make their own efforts briefer. Five or six thousand words are as much as most magazines care to take from an unknown author.

Opportunely for the holiday months comes a new addition to the "£10 Series"—*England on Ten Pounds* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 5s.). This volume, like the others in the series, is the work of Mr. Sydney A. Clark. In the course of a Foreword highly flattering to English susceptibilities, Mr. Clark reveals himself as an American. Whether this fact has helped or hindered him in his volumes on the Continental countries, it has certainly aided him now, for he has investigated the possibilities of a cheap holiday in England with a freshness and an enthusiasm such as few Englishmen possess.



For *all* those Summer Occasions *when* a Chill Wind Blows Nobody Good . . .

Designed by
"Bonella"

● This smart, high-necked woollen sweater will become an inseparable holiday and week-end friend. Take it with you cruising, yachting, fishing, walking, motoring, golfing. You'll hate it ever to wear out, and it probably will never wear out.

REGARD: The superb fit of the high collar . . . the tailored shape . . . the easy, effective rib, a good change from the inevitable cable stitch. Colour of the original is brightest navy

Materials required:

10 oz. 4-ply Super Fingering
1 pair No. 10 Double Century pins
1 pair No. 9 Double Century pins

Tension 7 sts. to 1 in., 32 to 34 in. bust

BACK

With No. 10 pins, cast on 108 sts. K. into back 1st row to give firm edge. Then rib in K. 1. P. 1 ribbing for 4 in.

Still on No. 10 pins, change to this fancy ribbing:—1st row. * K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 2. Repeat from * to end of row ending K. 1, P. 1, K. 1.

2nd row. * P. 3, K. 2. Repeat from* to end of row, ending P. 3.

Repeat these two rows until work measures 7 in. from start.

Change to No. 9 pins and continue in pat. till 14 in. from start.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until 88 sts. Work on these 88 sts. for 5½ in. Then on the next row work 35 sts. Cast off 18. Work 35.

Continue in pat. on these 35 sts., decrease 1 st. at neck edge every alternate row until 28 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 7 sts. at every armhole edge row until all are cast off.

Return to the first 35 sts. on spare pin and work to correspond.

FRONT

K. exactly as back.

SLEEVES

Cast on 52 sts. with No. 10 pins and rib in K. 1, P. 1 for 3¼ in.

Change to No. 9 pins, cast on 1 st. (53 now). All fancy ribbing now.

Work in fancy ribbing for 1 in. Then inc. 1 st. each end of next and afterwards every 8th row until 87 sts. and when sleeve measures 20 in. from start.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 23 sts. remain. Cast off.

COLLAR

With No. 10 pins. Cast on 130 sts. Rib in K. 1, P. 1 for 4½ in.

Change to No. 9 pins. Rib 2 rows loosely. Cast off.

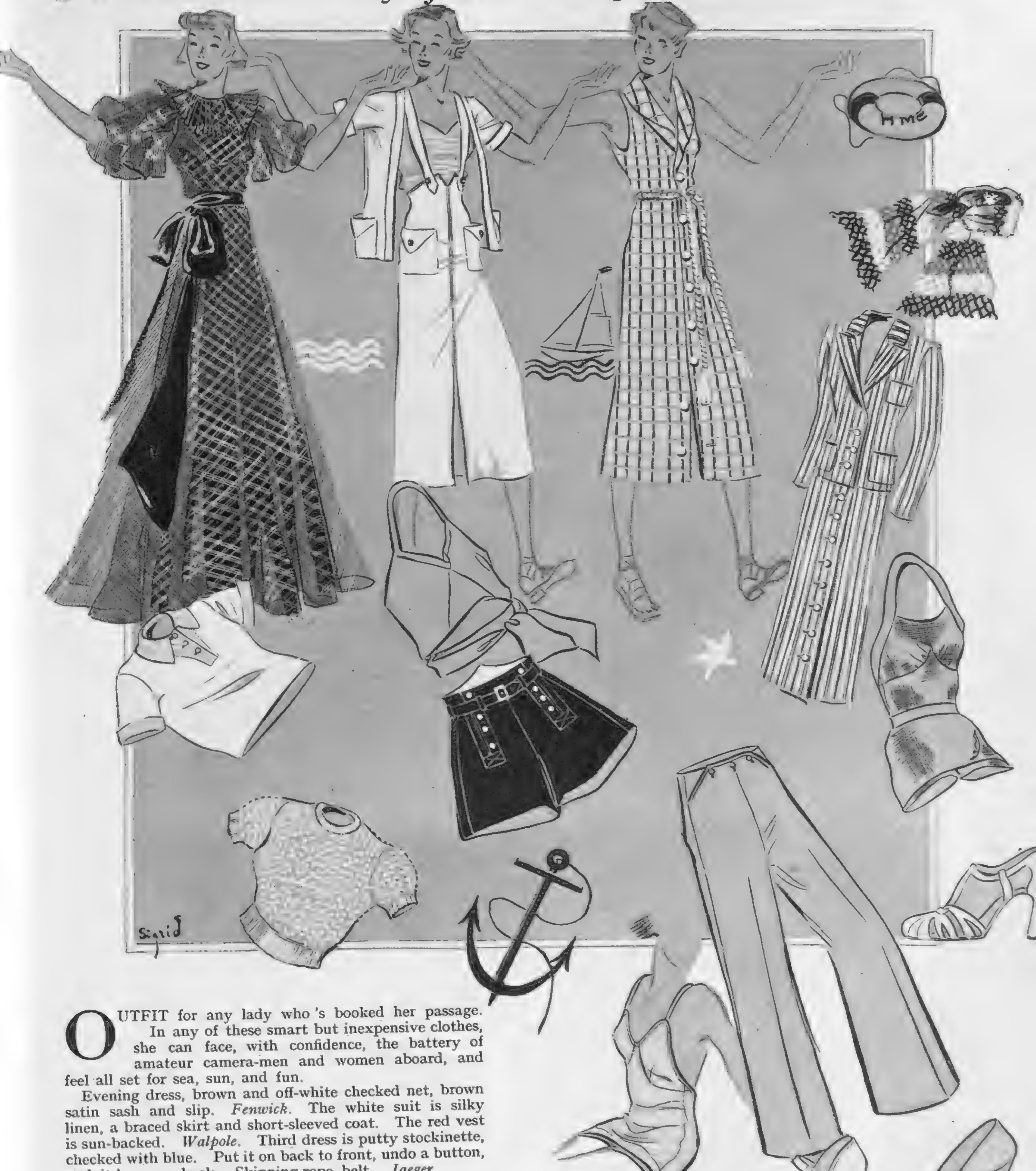
TO MAKE UP

Sew up all seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on collar. Press with warm iron and damp cloth flatly. Don't spread the fancy ribbing and don't press the K. 1, P. 1 ribbing.

Abbreviations: K., knit; P., purl; sts., stitches; pat., pattern; inc., increase; dec., decrease; beg., beginning.

Fashions... *By* Jean Burnup

Editor Woman's Department
"Britannia and Eve"



Cruising Days...

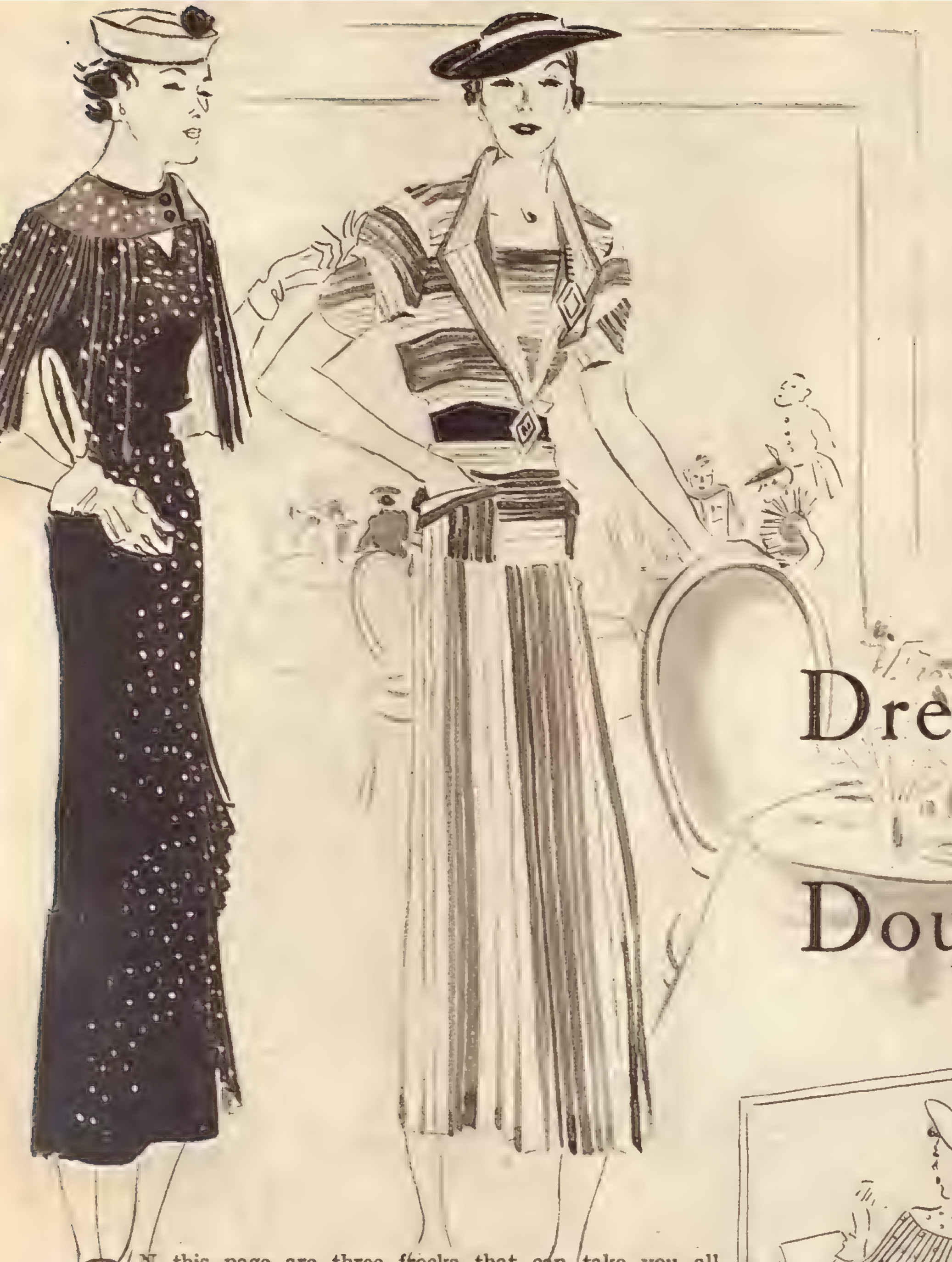
OUTFIT for any lady who 's booked her passage. In any of these smart but inexpensive clothes, she can face, with confidence, the battery of amateur camera-men and women aboard, and feel all set for sea, sun, and fun.

Evening dress, brown and off-white checked net, brown satin sash and slip. *Fenwick.* The white suit is silky linen, a braced skirt and short-sleeved coat. The red vest is sun-backed. *Walpole.* Third dress is putty stockinette, checked with blue. Put it on back to front, undo a button, and it 's a sun-back. Skipping-rope belt. *Jaeger.*

From *Jaeger* also, comes the fish-net woollen scarf, the neat linen suit (natural ground with blue and yellow lines), the white tailored shirt, the beautifully cut flannel shorts (many shades), and the clever handkerchief top.

The short sleeved silk and wool yellow sweater (or any pastel shade), and the grey flannel real sailor cut slacks (also navy, nigger, white), come from *Lilywhite.* The halter-neck bathing suit is a *Jantzen* from *Peter Robinson.* With or without skirt. All colours. The bathing suit below (two bathing suits mean real comfort on a cruise) is a *Wolsey* with a moulded bust-line and adjustable shoulder-straps.

The high-heeled sandal in natural linen, can be dyed any colour, the bathing or deck sandal is white rubber, the court shoe crêpe-de-Chine. All from *Abbott's.*



YOU'LL be a strong-minded woman if you can go through this summer without a little tailored silk suit. And why should you, if you are planning an outfit that has to be economical, yet, at times, yearns to be decorative? Here's your decorativeness, then. Flowered crêpe-de-Chine coat and skirt, small-patterned, vivid colours, the coat with stiffened revers; link fastening, flared basque. Wear with it a light-coloured organdie blouse (white preferred), tucked, frilled, flounced or in any other way expressing gaiety and exuberance.

These suits are young-looking for the young. They bring others down ten years or so, without giving that air of masquerading mutton.

Stiebel does some beauties, classically tailored, and makes large hats to wear with them in the same prints.

And what of taffeta? Still favourite, and winning every race morning, noon,

Dresses *that lead* Double L*ives*

ON this page are three frocks that can take you all through a summer's day—morning shopping, out with the dog, seeing your lawyer, a smart luncheon party, strolling through the Park, the hairdresser, visiting the sick, tea for two. . . .

The dress at the left above is navy, white spotted pure silk crêpe-de-Chine. A deep knife-pleated flounce back of the skirt has a cross-over upward movement at the front. Underneath the cape, the short-sleeved dress fastens below shoulders with rows of buttons. *Margaret Marks.* Next door is a brown and white broadly striped crêpe, basqued effect to the bodice. The fob on lapel matches the clasp on the belt, pockets cut hip breadth. *Marshall and Snelgrove.*

To the right of the smaller group is a cape-sleeved frock, in bright blue crêpe, finely checked with white; large white organdie bow. *Debenham and Freebody.*

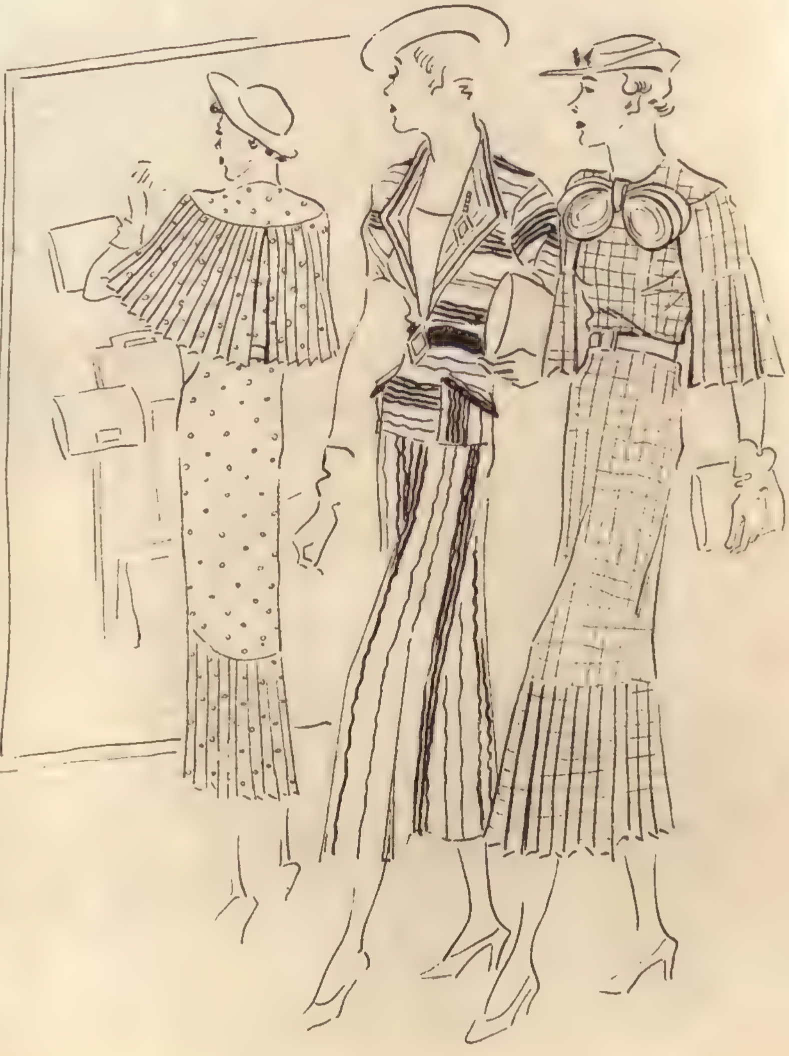
The dresses on the opposite page will also do you double service, if the need arises; this time day and night duty.

Be-hatted, be-gloved, with a daytime make-up, you can look grand for Ascot, or the dressy garden-party up at the Hall. With a different bag, a jewel or two, they will look equally good under the bright lights of restaurant or theatre.

First, a fancy open-work net, pale blue, over plain, stiffened net, and a crêpe slip. Very full skirt, fullness echoed at basque and neck. Fresh, crisp and young. *Margaret Marks.*

Next, navy taffeta, with billowing white organdie sleeves, organdie flouncing out on the skirt, which starts its fullness from cartridge pleats. *Marshall and Snelgrove.*

Biscuit-coloured lace makes the last frock, a slim sheath bursting into fullness of net, with, here and there, lace appliquéd. *Debenham and Freebody.*



and night. All your blouses that aren't organdie or printed crêpe are taffeta, plain, striped or spotted. One taffeta *robe de style* is almost a must in your wardrobe, a taffeta cape, short, quilted, as necessary as your evening bag.

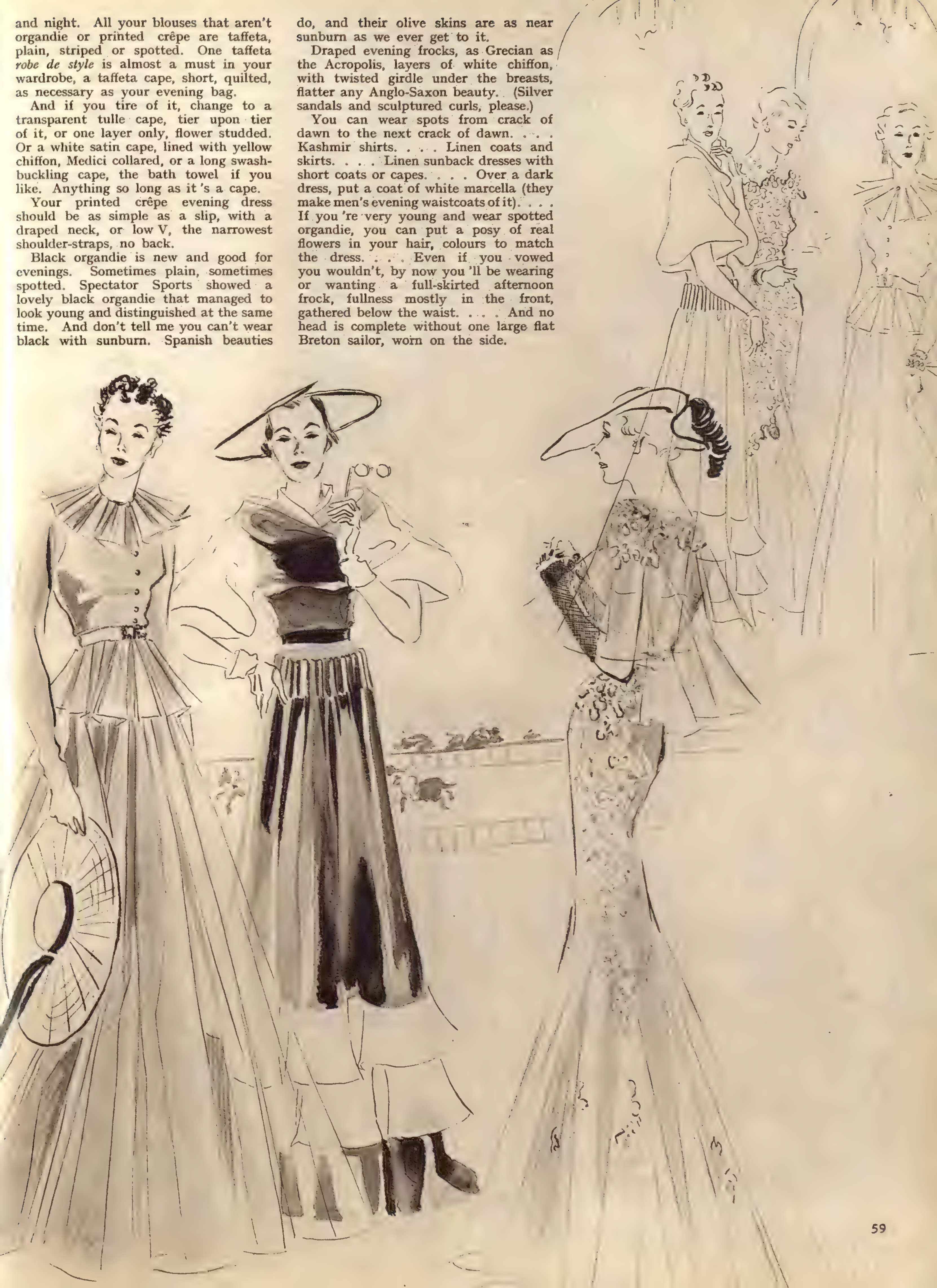
And if you tire of it, change to a transparent tulle cape, tier upon tier of it, or one layer only, flower studded. Or a white satin cape, lined with yellow chiffon, Medici collared, or a long swashbuckling cape, the bath towel if you like. Anything so long as it 's a cape.

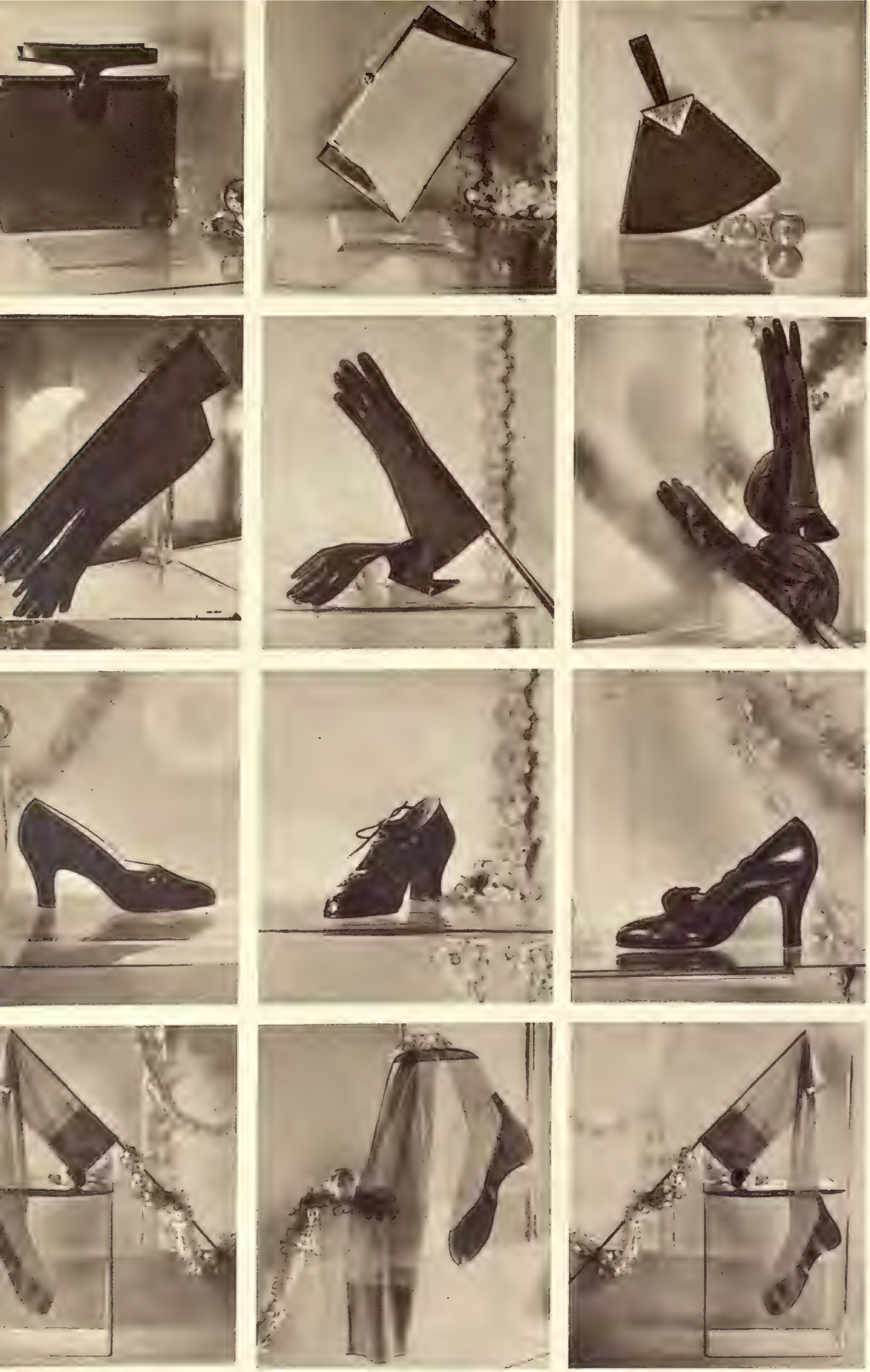
Your printed crêpe evening dress should be as simple as a slip, with a draped neck, or low V, the narrowest shoulder-straps, no back.

Black organdie is new and good for evenings. Sometimes plain, sometimes spotted. Spectator Sports showed a lovely black organdie that managed to look young and distinguished at the same time. And don't tell me you can't wear black with sunburn. Spanish beauties do, and their olive skins are as near sunburn as we ever get to it.

Draped evening frocks, as Grecian as the Acropolis, layers of white chiffon, with twisted girdle under the breasts, flatter any Anglo-Saxon beauty. (Silver sandals and sculptured curls, please.)

You can wear spots from crack of dawn to the next crack of dawn. . . . Kashmir shirts. . . . Linen coats and skirts. . . . Linen sunback dresses with short coats or capes. . . . Over a dark dress, put a coat of white marcella (they make men's evening waistcoats of it). . . . If you 're very young and wear spotted organdie, you can put a posy of real flowers in your hair, colours to match the dress. . . . Even if you vowed you wouldn't, by now you 'll be wearing or wanting a full-skirted afternoon frock, fullness mostly in the front, gathered below the waist. . . . And no head is complete without one large flat Breton sailor, worn on the side.





NEVER regard handbag, gloves, shoes, stockings as the smalls of your wardrobe. They are as important as your suits, dresses and hats; sometimes more. You get bad marks if you wear new clothes with shabby shoes, bulging bag, worn gloves. Yet you can wear a getting-on-in-months dress with confidence if you've a good-looking handbag, shoes, gloves, the right stockings. And if these accessories are the same colour as your hat, so much the better. People will almost think your dress is new.

Sometimes you can indulge a flight of fancy, and wear a red and white spotted hat, say, with red and white spotted gloves. Then see that bag and shoes match. But for day in, day out wear, you can never go wrong with the darker school, the navies, blacks, browns. All of your clothes, old or new, will fit in with one of these colour-schemes. All I ask is that you keep to the one sweep of colour throughout.

Here are a few suggestions:

First column, reading from top to bottom. Navy stitched cloth and leather handbag; smart, well-made, navy suède gloves, sac-shaped, elbow length; navy suède courts, with punched side inlets. *Harvey Nichols.* Kayser stockings, which achieve the apparently impossible by being sheer and hard-wearing at the same time. Choose pink and mauve tones to wear with navy. Called, in Kayser language, Arab, Beachskin, Duet, Oasis, Soirée, Sonnet.

Second column: Beige steer-grain and nigger calf bag (comfortable and practical inside; attractive outside); plain nigger suède gloves; nigger suède and leather thonged tie shoes. *Debenham and Freebody.* Kayser stockings. Brown tones are Bombay, Ode, Royal Tan, Suntone.

Third column: For elegant, dressy wear, here is a black stitched marocain handbag, with a glass and chromium clip; black taffeta gloves with kid hands; and soft black kid shoes, with scalloped sides and a big black bow. *Marshall and Snelgrove.* Kayser stockings. Any of the beigey, dusty tones look good with black.

Accessories —
before the fact of
being well-dressed

Living Outdoors—

Well, practically. Features of the modern home, and special garden furniture, enable you to make the most of the fine weather

By Baseden Butt

Wide, deep windows give a spacious, open-air look to this small sitting-room

French windows, style of to-day, folding at one side like the doors of a telephone booth, lead from living-room to garden in a modern house

WITH its wide windows facing south, French doors opening on to the terrace, a balcony at first-floor level, and its roof-garden commanding a splendid view of the surrounding countryside, the modern-style house is surely at its best and gayest during the summer months.

It is planned so that both inside and outside the house one enjoys abundant sunshine and sufficient shade.

Consider, for example, what an immense improvement is represented by the modern type of window alone.

The considerably wider casements now becoming popular are made possible by the fact that houses built of reinforced concrete are constructed on the "cantilever" principle, so that the outside walls do not carry any weight.

If the house is built with bricks, the windows are installed in reinforced concrete lintels or with steel joists.

Many of these windows are made to fold at one side, and when the whole window space is thus thrown open, you really have as much fresh air within the house as in the garden itself.

During the summer, the outdoor features of the house—the terrace, loggia, balcony, and roof-garden—can almost seem like extra rooms. They can be just as useful as the interior of the house. The lounge and living-room, conversely, seem like an extension to the garden.

It is fortunate from the practical standpoint that much modern-style furniture is equally suitable for use indoors and in the garden. It is quite easy for the pieces to be lifted from the sitting-room on to the terrace or the lawn.

The new bentwood furniture made of lacquered or bird's-eye birch comes within this class, and so do chairs and small tables made of tubular steel or chromium.

A swinging couch-hammock with a canvas awning is an item of outdoor furniture which should be regarded as a positive necessity.

Some of the most serviceable, brought out this season, are made with the back and canopy both adjustable, so that draughts or excessive sunshine can be kept away.

They are upholstered in showerproof canvas and have a framework of tubular steel finished with stoved enamel.

There are canvas tents which are equally suitable for afternoon tea or for sleeping out. There is a table with wheels fitted to two of the legs, so that, (*Continued on p.* 84)

Comfortable garden furniture—swinging couch-hammock in shower-proof canvas, garden mattress, stools, and deck-chair with arms and awning

Other People's Houses

Above:

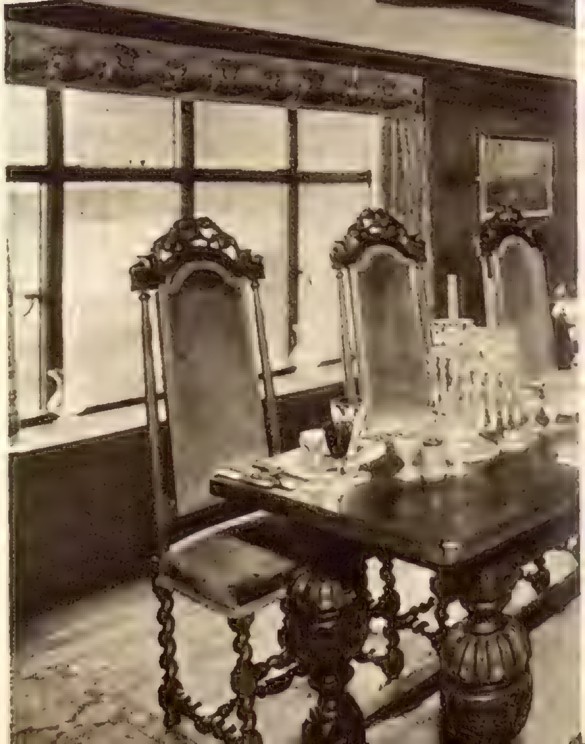
THE breakfast room in Mrs. Mosenthal's suite has particularly lovely floorboards, her appreciation of which is shown by the entire lack of floor covering. The gate leg table and ladder back chairs are admirably suited to this simple setting

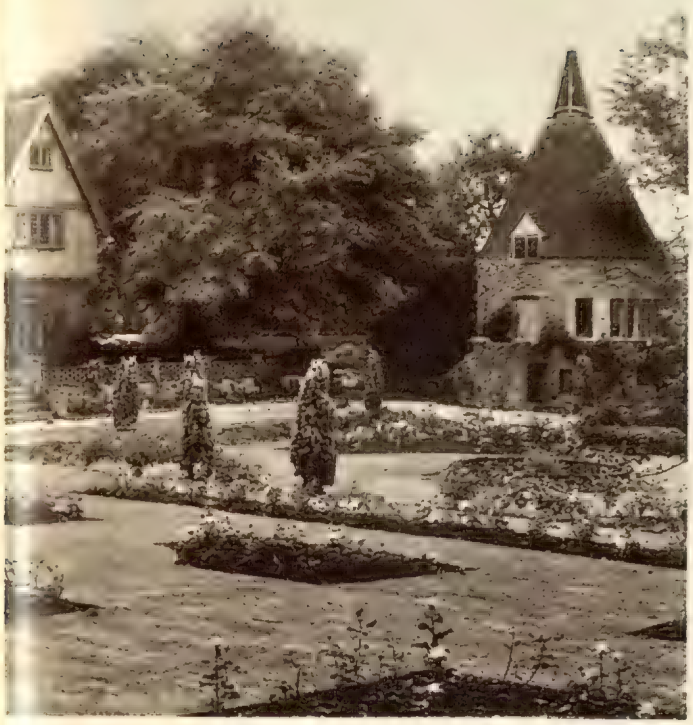
Right:

THE twin beds in this charming room have a design of white magnolias painted on a background of blue, matching the embossed chintz bedspread and padded backs. The walls are of stripped oak

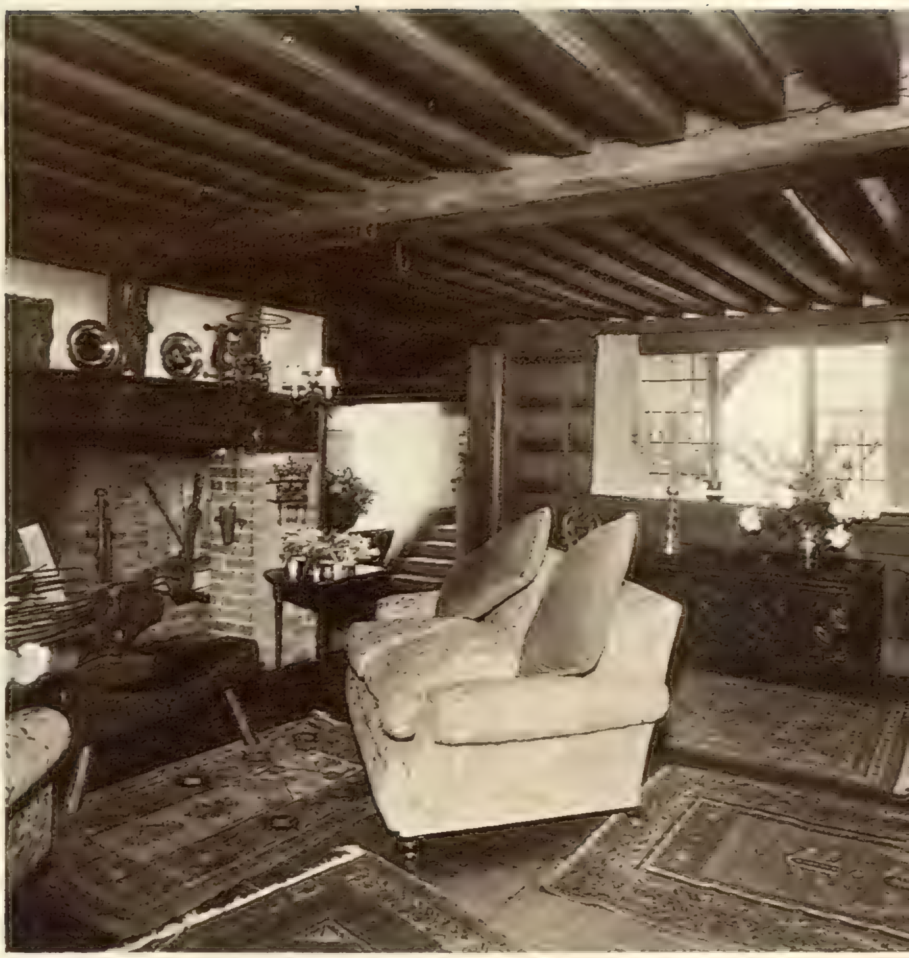
Below:

THE long, low windows of the drawing room lend themselves perfectly to the interesting treatment which Mrs. Mosenthal has achieved with hangings and upholstery of embossed chintz in delicate shades of delphinium and duck-egg blue





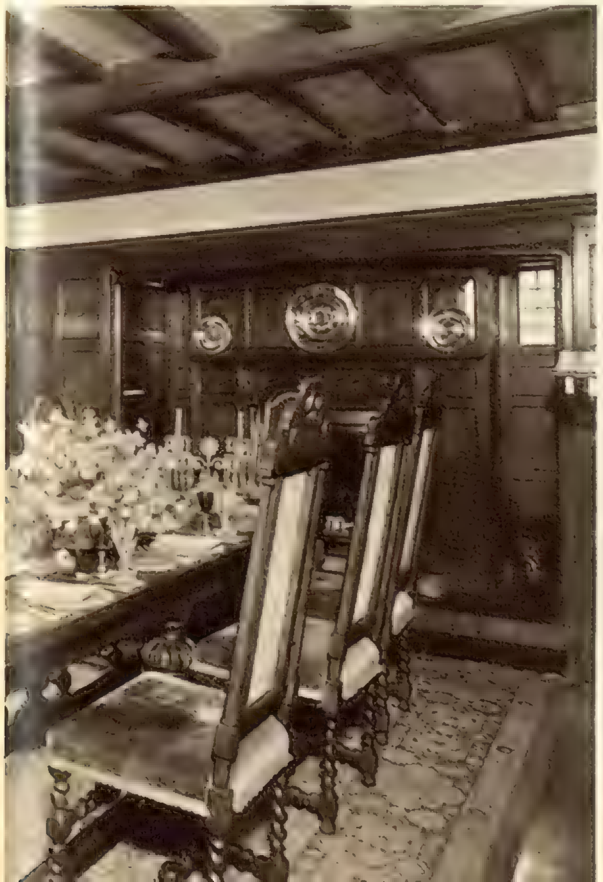
A VIEW of the farm-house from the well planned rose garden. To the right of the picture is the old oast house, which is in a perfect state of preservation

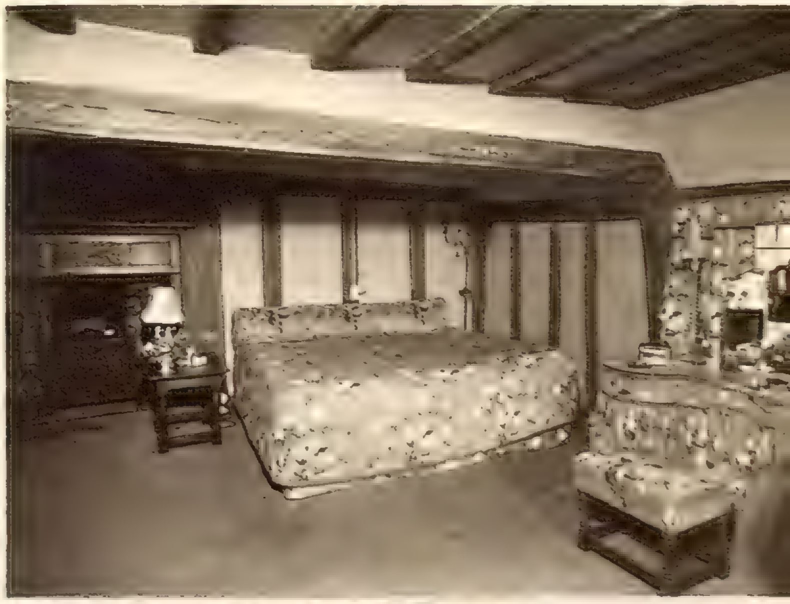


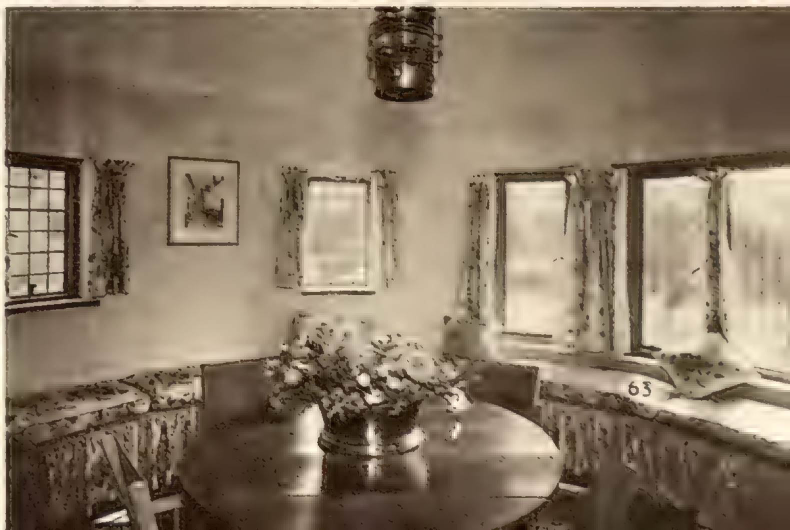
THE entrance hall, with its large, open brick fireplace, beamed ceiling, and red tiled floor, the latter liberally strewn with Persian rugs of beautiful colour and design, retains all its old-world charm seasoned with the comfort characteristic of the modern home

Tibbs Farm, Edenbridge, Kent, the lovely country home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Mosenthal, is a fifteenth century farm-house in a delightfully rural setting encompassed by fifteen acres of richly wooded land

Photographs by "Sasha"







Left:

THE dignity of the dining-room, with its oak-panelled walls and beamed ceiling, is enhanced by the massive simplicity of the fine refectory table and the graceful lines of the high-backed chairs, the latter upholstered in cardinal red chenille velvet

Above right:

THE lovely oak beams in Mrs. Mosenthal's bedroom show up to advantage against the bluish-white distemper with which the walls are treated, and a harmonious colour-scheme is completed by hangings and bed-cover of embossed chintz in a soft shade of blue, patterned with white magnolias

Right:

THE old oast house, now used as a reading and writing room, has primrose coloured walls, and the large airy windows and circular window seats have hangings and upholstery of gaily coloured chintz

Exact replica of a Victorian dining-room of the period when much furniture and heavy curtains muffled noise

One of the first blocks of flats to pay detailed attention to sound-proofing. Notice the careful arrangement of outside piping

The HUSH-HUSH Home *is* Here . . .

We cannot stop outside noises. But we can reduce those inside to a minimum

FOR a long time now we have talked about noise, and the toll it has taken of our general health and personal comfort.

It has only been talk. We have done nothing more to protect ourselves than to brace up, tautly, against the spate of ever-increasing clatter. But designers and manufacturers for the home have done more. They have begun to supply relatively inexpensive practical remedies.

The menace of noise is not only apparent in noisy machinery, motor-horns and road-drills. It is vividly apparent when you and I exclaim: " I said *shut* that door, not bang it " . . . in the patter of juvenile feet upstairs . . . the bang and scrape of kitchen work . . . the noises that come from lavatory and bathroom equipment.

These are noises inside the house or flat—structure-borne. There are also those that gate-crash—air-borne.

Air-borne noise is the din that comes through the open window. Structure-borne noise is quite another matter. I can explain it best by the example of the schoolboy tapping the radiator fitting in one class-room, knowing that his taps will be reproduced in all the other rooms connected by continuous piping throughout the building.

The modern home, unless it is designed to prevent this, is actually a system of noise transmissions. Noises travel through the support of the disturbing source to the structure of the containing building, and thence for any distance over which they can find solid material, continuous in structure, to carry them along.

If you are about to achieve a new home, the problem of noise-minimising is relatively simple.

Noise insulation in varying degrees is increasingly possible. It is achieved by intelligent lay-out (that is, by sensible planning, such as outside piping for lavatories and what is rather grandly called " structural discontinuity " wherever possible), and by the use of materials and arrangements of materials specially designed to give a high degree of insulation.

There is, for instance, a sound-proof floor. This only needs a modification of the batten construction, special isolators in rubber and concrete loading slabs. It can be laid down easily, and is installed as standard in certain modern flats, where it definitely gives oases of silence from transmitted noise.

" Phorpress " cellular bricks are twenty-five per cent. lighter than ordinary bricks. Thus they reduce the cost of steelwork in building and general costs, and their barrier of air cells makes for damp, cold and noise insulation. They are used in the King's House, among other new buildings.

Party walls can be built of such materials and in such a way as to offer a barrier to sound: wood framing with wood fibre boards offering a sort of steeplechase for sound to overcome.

The problem is more acute for the numbers of people who suffer from preventible noise, in the (*Continued on p.* 84)

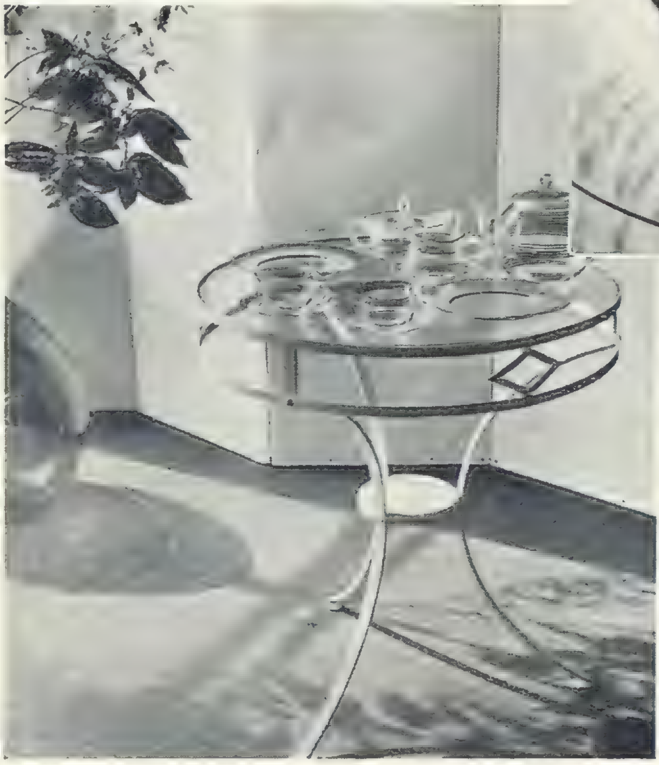
A special sound-proofing floor being installed at the Foundling Hospital School, Berkhamsted

Glass in our Houses

It makes everything from pelmets to dining-tables

By Shirley Darbyshire

THIS flat mirror-glass centrepiece for the table looks decorative with flat flowers and leaves arranged carelessly around it.
(Courtesy Fortnum and Mason)



A GLASS tea table, with a painted scrolled ironwork body. The tea service is all glass, too, adorned with green and silver bands
(Courtesy Fortnum and Mason)

GLASS, having once achieved a footing in the home, now knows no bounds to its enthusiasm.

Its latest idea is to turn itself into a dressing-table. Glass dressing tables are attractive and fit equally well into a bedroom or a bathroom. Many modern bathrooms are now furnished with dressing-tables and add the amenities of a beauty salon to their other duties.

One of the nicest glass dressing-tables I have seen was made in knee-hole style, of shining mirror glass, with several good-sized glass drawers at the side and a glass top as a most effective background for a toilet set of rose enamel.

As this dressing-table was given a place of honour in the bathroom it was kept in countenance by a low table beside the bath, where a telephone was conveniently placed for an emergency call.

The oil-silk curtains hung from a pelmet of rose glass and there was a rose glass "splasher" behind the basin.

I have seen a new form of glass decoration—fluted glass panels that can be clipped on to the wall.

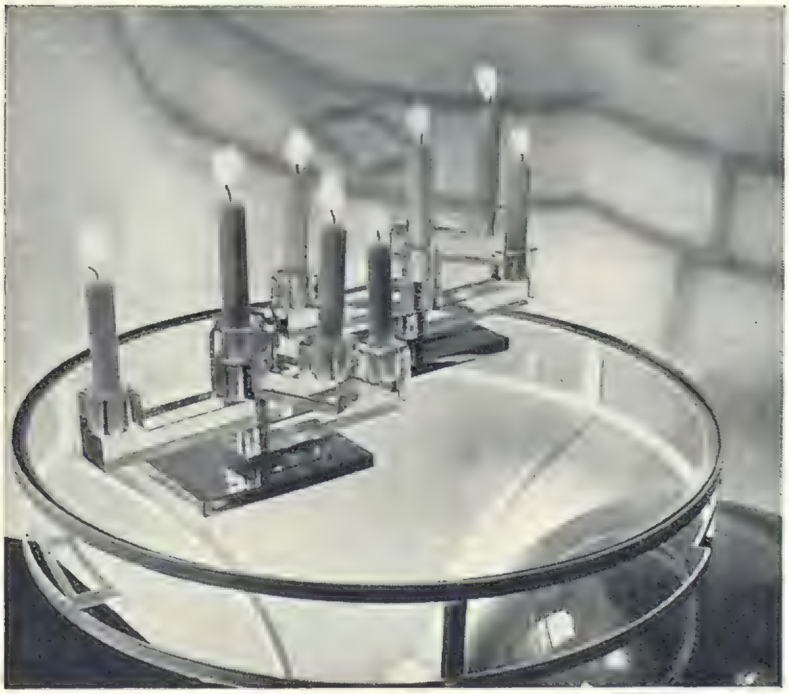
If you are tired of lighted effects, you will prefer to clip these panels over pieces of coloured silk, which can be easily changed when you want a different scheme.

Last year allied itself to chromium and was in an aggressively modern mood. Now it forgets to be aggressive and is much more decorative and agreeable. The new garden tables have glass tops resting on scrolled ironwork that can be painted in any cheerful colour you like.

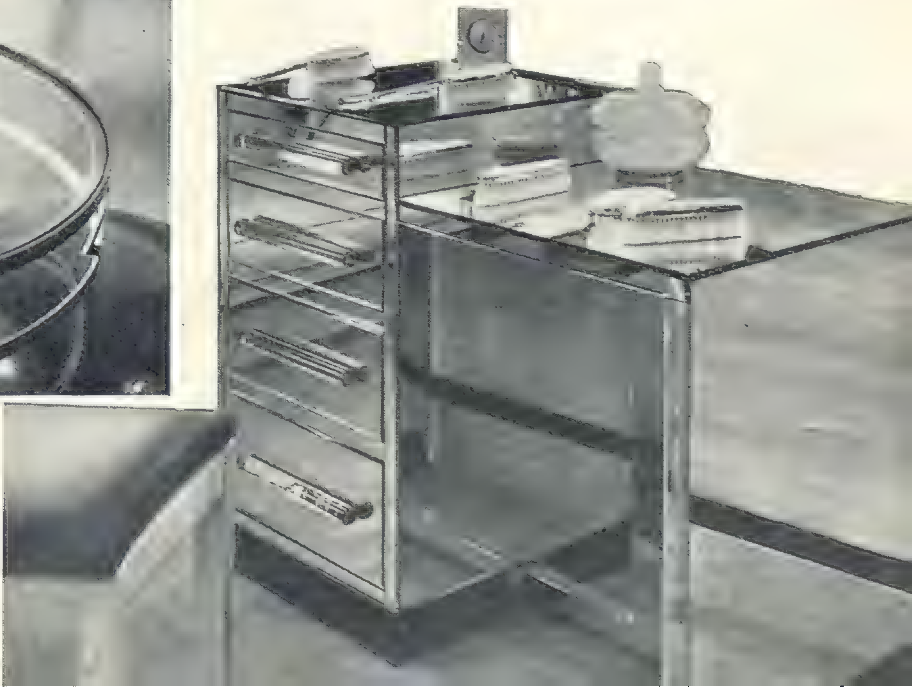
The tables vary in size, from a full-sized one for out-of-door meals to small tea tables. They are matched by ironwork chairs with white leather seats.

An all-glass dinner table has just made its appearance, a sensible, solid table, but, unlike most sensible things, very good to look at.

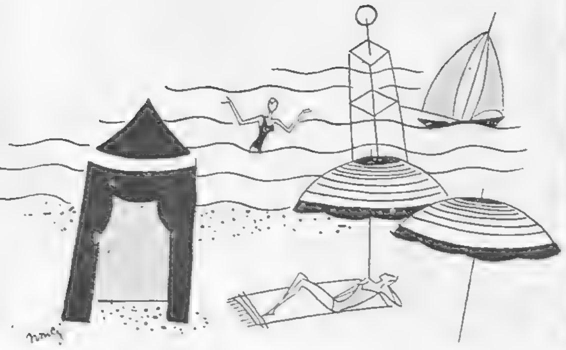
To keep it company, you could acquire a glass tea wagon bound in chromium, (*Continued on page* 96)



A MOST elegant glass candle-piece
(Courtesy Fortnum and Mason)



THE knee-hole dressing-table (right) is made entirely of mirror glass



"Sun-rays and sea air often cause rashes"

Lovely Weather . . .

But not much good to you unless you keep Summer-fit

"Stings and bites from Insects"

"Hot weather and possible—

—over-indulgence in Fruits"

Lovely weather is ahead.

All winter repressions can be forgotten. You can plunge into a week-end and holiday orgy of glorious outdoor activity and relaxation.

But you are not going to enjoy your swimming, tennis, motoring, lying-in-the-sun, and what not, unless you are feeling and keeping fit. Summer weather can be an enemy as well as a friend. It brings its own little allies along to fight your well-being, and to make life hard for you.

Nature provides a measured adaptability and habituation, so that people born and bred in hot countries have a habit of body suited to their normal conditions, and the people of colder climates have a constitutional affinity to their average temperatures.

It follows, therefore, that our comparatively short summer or hot season calls for certain bodily changes in us, especially as we are inclined to indulge in its amenities.

In early summer, certain skin troubles are apt to assert themselves, especially in adolescents. What are called heat bumps are actually the result of acidity in the blood or digestive troubles.

The corrective is what our mothers called cooling medicine—that is, antacids, citrates and salines, such as magnesia, bicarbonate or one of the approved "salts." Diet should be regulated too. Starches, fats and red meats should be replaced, as far as possible, by fresh fruits and vegetables and the more easily digestible meats, lamb and chicken and fish.

Sulphur and yeast taken medicinally, in doses prescribed by a doctor, have a beneficial effect in these conditions, also charcoal and intestinal disinfectants.

The more serious and unsightly spots that are classified as acne and boils nearly always have an internal cause and must be treated accordingly. But there are other skin affections which are definitely provoked by external conditions.

Sun rays and sea air often cause rashes to appear on sensitive skins. Sometimes these are quite temporary, but they may develop into troublesome urticarial and eczematic affections.

The first thing to do is to shield the skin from the sun and to apply calomine lotion, which can be obtained from any chemist. If the irritation does not subside, it is advisable to consult a doctor.

In cases of actual sunburn, the affected parts should be bathed with witch-hazel and lavishly anointed with calomine cold cream. If the burning is severe, dressings must be applied so as to exclude the air until the healing process is established.

If there is any rise of temperature, the patient must go to bed in a darkened room and keep on the lightest diet, with small doses of magnesia and aspirin.

Stings and bites from insects may be merely a temporary annoyance, but it is well to take precautions. To dab the bite with ammonia or a special disinfectant will relieve the irritation. The disinfectant has also strong prophylactic powers and will prevent infection.

Blue bag is the old-fashioned cure for a sting from a wasp or bee, but the application of raw onion is even more effective.

A slice of onion, freshly cut, should be bound on to the place. It will relieve the pain and inflammation in a surprisingly short time. It is also an excellent remedy for the virulent and poisonous bites of clegs or horse flies.

Hot weather and possible over-indulgence in fruits such as

(Continued on page 100)

Open Pores and Blackheads

Telling you how to fight these two enemies of women

By Chrysis

MARY ELLIS, Paramount star and heroine of Drury Lane's "Glamorous Night," is lovely enough to grace any page that deals with beauty

TOO many women to-day suffer from open pores and blackheads. These conditions arise from inactivity, chronic relaxation and undue exudation of the oily secretions of the subcutaneous glands.

It all sounds very terrible, and the result of it often looks very terrible.

Happily, with the aid of present-day scientific knowledge and a little intelligent care and application, open pores, blackheads and general coarsening, sallowness and greasiness can be counteracted and cured.

The first essential is stimulation. If the capillary circulation is good, waste products and acids are carried away in the blood stream. The minute tubes which lead up to the openings in the skin, the breathing and eliminating organs which we call pores, are free to act normally, relaxing and opening under heat, absorbing life-giving and purifying oxygen, contracting and closing protectively when subjected to cold.

That is what is going on underneath the face of the woman of whom you say, "Her skin is marvellous."

IF the pores become sluggish or tired, they must be *exercised*. This can be done by expert massage and electricity, but for home treatment a patting massage is advisable, to avoid the danger of stretching the skin until its natural elasticity has been restored.

If there is the slightest suspicion of blackheads or white secretions in the skin special treatment should be instituted immediately.

Twice or three times a week after the skin has been thoroughly cleansed (there is a valuable "tissue lotion" which can be advantageously used for this purpose), a soft towel should be steeped in hot water, wrung out and placed over the face. It should be left on until it is cold. Repeat three times.

Then a special blackhead lotion is applied. The one I have in mind is antiseptic. The pores are opened by the hot-water treatment, and the lotion has a dissolvent effect on the blackheads (which are air-hardened secretions), and on the acids and fats in the pores which may form blackheads or cause spots if not eliminated.

The lotion should be left on for five minutes and followed by another hot towel fomentation. Then a healing cream must be applied.

Any blackheads or secretions that remain can then be gently pressed out, between tissues, and wiped off. This prevents any bruising or enlarging of the pores, which causes "chronic" blackheads and permanently open pores.

Finally, the skin must be dabbed with special astringent lotion.

It will be appreciated that it is essential to eliminate all impurities before closing the pores. That is what this treatment does, as well as stimulating natural action.

Carried out regularly and conscientiously, it is really a cure for blackheads, enlarged pores and greasiness.

The length of the course naturally depends on the original condition, its duration and constitution. In some cases it is so rapidly effective as to seem almost miraculous, in others it calls for some patience and application. But it is equally suitable for young and not so young.

ICE packs are valuable in their bracing and toning-up effect if the skin is hardy enough to stand them, but should not be used by the owners of sensitive, easily flushing complexions, as they might encourage any existing tendency to broken veins or floridness.

The method is to put a piece of ice in a piece of thin muslin or gauze and smooth it over the face following the usual upward massage lines.

Another variant of the cold toning is to sluice in water to which some ice has been added and perhaps a bracing lotion.

A few drops of tincture of benzoin in a basin are found satisfactory by some people, but would not suit all skins.

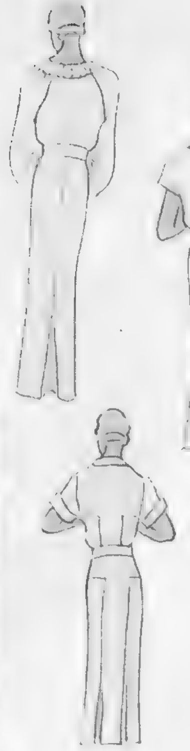
Camphor is another refreshing, refining and bracing toilet accessory.

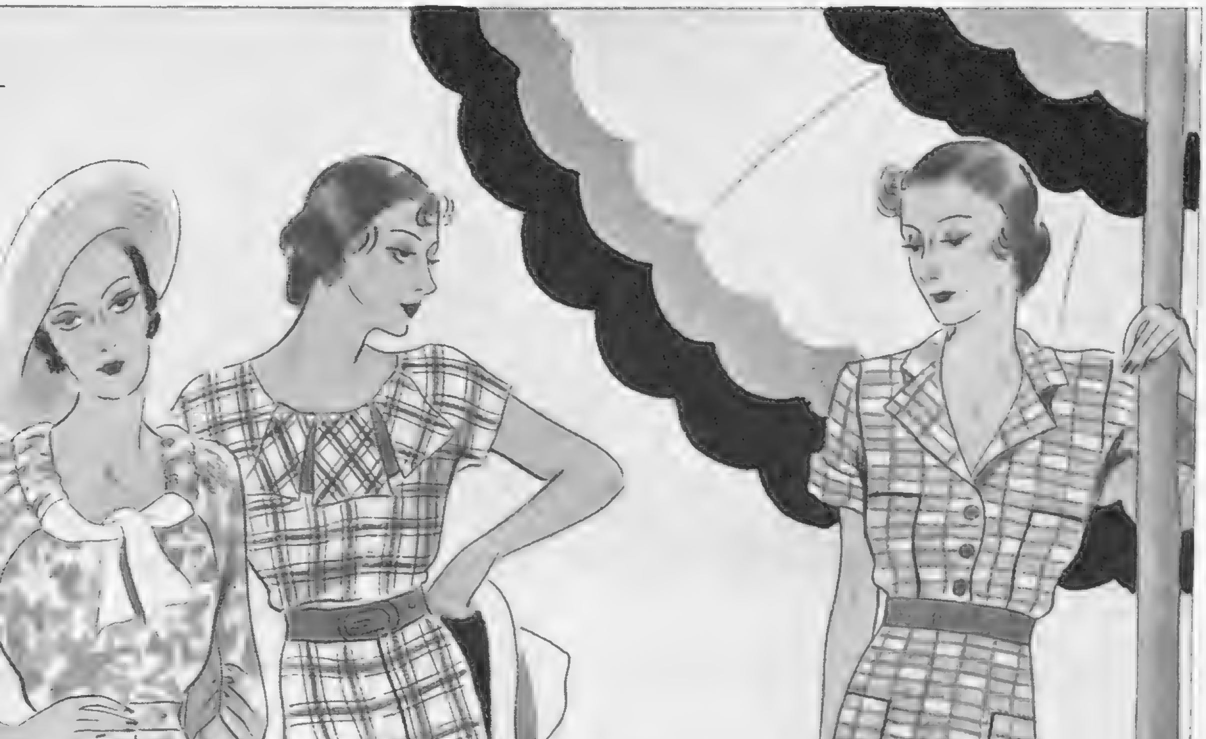
There is one bracing lotion with a pleasant scent of camphor specially designed to be added to rinsing water. As well as toning up the skin, it actually makes the water colder.

As complexions liable to relaxed and open pores are generally of the oilier and hardier type, the addition of a little eau-de-Cologne to the washing water may be found salutary.

The great thing to remember is that the skin must be kept clean and stimulated.

Have *you* Tried Britannia *and* Eve's Paper Pattern Service?





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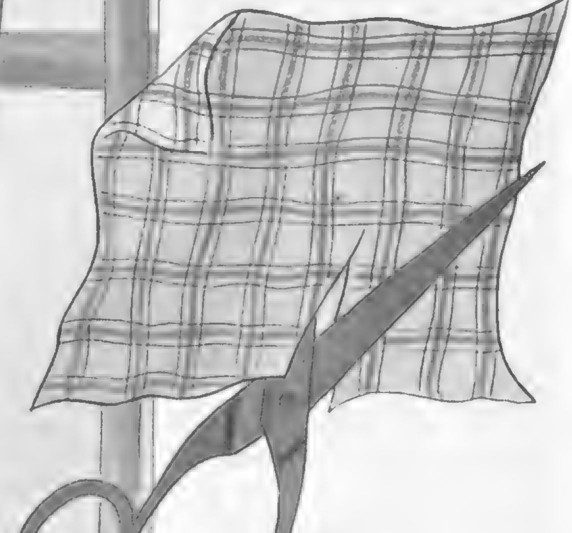


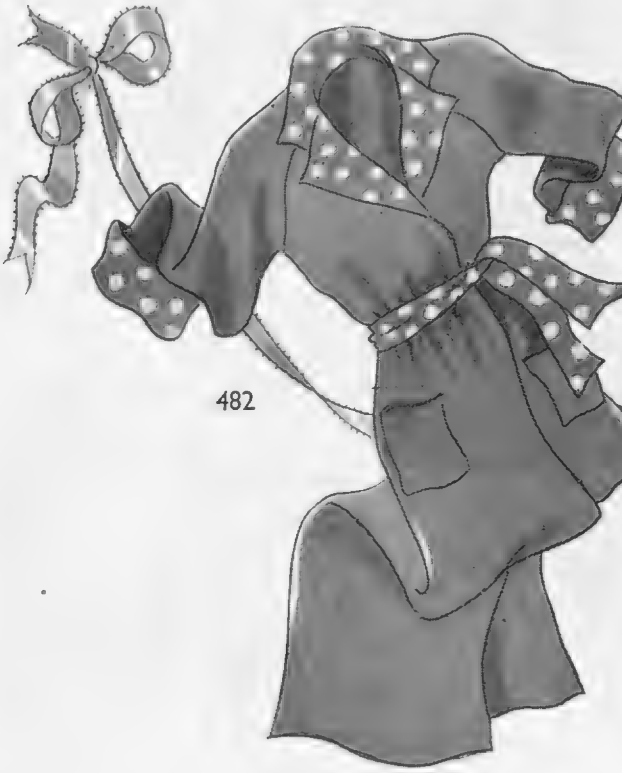
YOU won't be a woman with a pair of scissors, a work-basket, and an urge to make something simple for yourself, if you don't long to start on one of these attractive dresses.

The first (485) has a new neck and sleeve line, becoming and smart. Suggested in Courtauld's San-Toy, a printed fabric which comes to you in a grand range of lovely flower designs. It takes 4½ yards at 2/11½ a yard. Unless our arithmetic is wrong, cost to you 13/3¾. Pattern Price 1/-.

Call 486 a tub frock and picture it in Tootal's Crease-Resisting Robia, white with a blue check design. You have to work very hard to keep a crease in this material. Flat box pleats make the jabot, which alternatively might be in white piqué. In this case, please wear a white piqué belt. 3½ yards. Price 1/-.

Tootal's crease-resisting printed linen is suggested for 487. There's practically nothing so smart as a tailored linen frock this summer. 4½ yards. Price 1/-.

And now for some interesting Bedroom Clothes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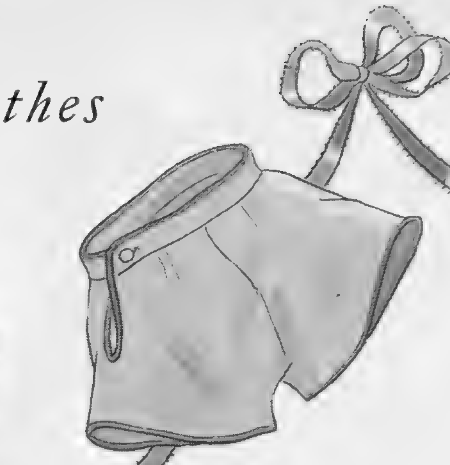
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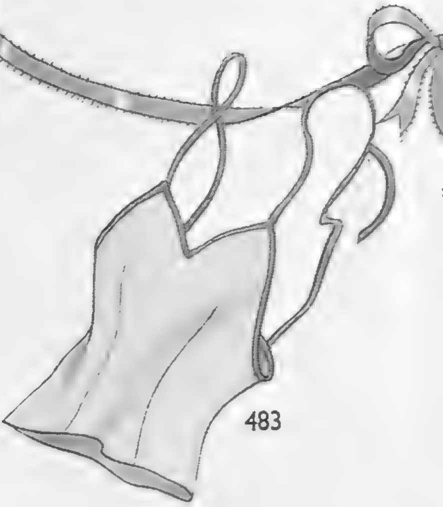
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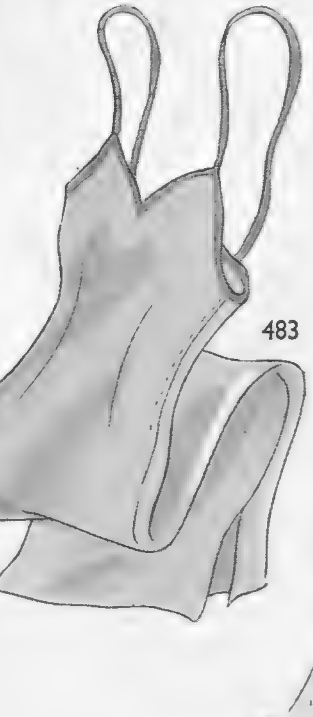
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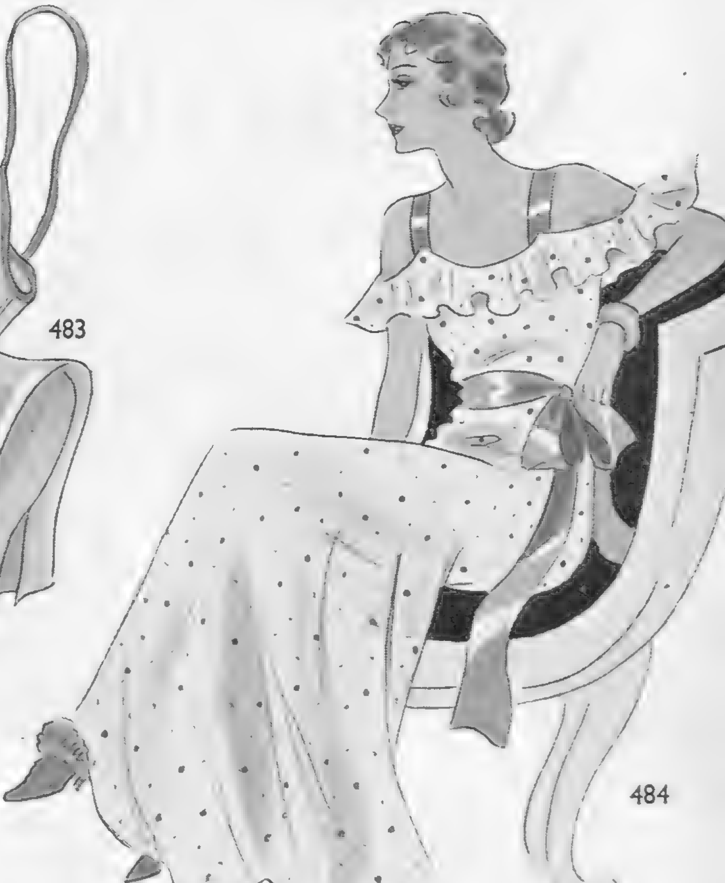

484

482. *A tailored, raglan-sleeved dressing gown, with pockets. 4¾ yards of Courtauld's crêpe (37 inches wide). Fancied in dark plum, with navy spotted foulard collar, revers, cuffs, and sash (one yard for these). Price 1/-.*

The backless slip, pantie and short chemise (483)—purposely short and fitting to avoid any bulk—can be got out of five yards of material. The chemise fastens at one side and comes a few inches below waist to ensure that it won't ride up.

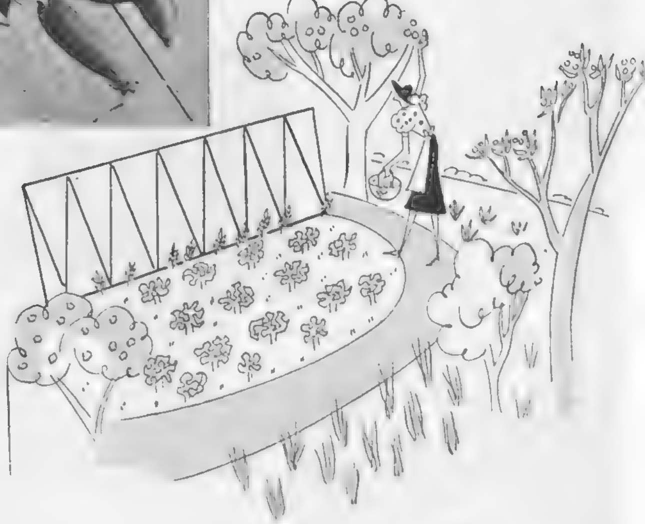
If you want to give yourself a lingerie treat, make it in Courtauld's triple ninon, obtainable from Marshall & Snelgrove. It looks delicate, but is strong as a horse, and washes, washes, washes. Pattern price 1/6, or can be sold separately at 1/- each.

Last—an Empire nightdress (484). Pretty as a picture in Tootal's spot voile, with satin shoulder straps and sash. 4 yards. Price 1/-.

How to Buy The Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia and Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post.

By A. H. Adair

Vegetables all Alone



They should not always play accompanist to a dish. Properly cooked they can be a good turn on their own

THE subject of vegetable cooking in England has been discussed so often that I feel there is very little left to say about it. But as it still seems that we English are incorrigible in the matter of this part of our daily fare, no harm can be done in pointing out again a few of the elementary rules.

The whole point is this: having "boiled" their vegetables our cooks consider they have done all that is expected of them.

To show that this is not a new complaint I can here quote from the writings of Thomas Walker, police magistrate and *gourmet* of the eighteenth century.

> "One of the greatest luxuries, to my mind, in dining is to be able to command plenty of good vegetables well served. But this is a luxury vainly hoped for at set parties. The vegetables are made to figure in a very secondary way, except indeed, whilst they are considered great delicacies, which is generally before they are at their best. . . ."

By which he means that people are snobbish enough to make a great show with expensive, forced vegetables out of season, but that when they are really "in," young, tender, at their very peak of perfection, all these lovely vegetables are merely treated as inevitable adjuncts to an already commonplace meal.

How wrong they are, especially in June, for if it is a lean month where the meats are concerned, June is the month of all for enjoying at their best peas, beans, young carrots and turnips. I hope that the few practical hints which follow will tempt you to be a little more enterprising in the matter of the vegetable course.

FIRST of all, do try, occasionally, to serve a dish of vegetables all by themselves, as a separate course, remembering that it is often disastrous to certain meat dishes to have any vegetable served indiscriminately with them.

Avoid over-cooking. The freshest of peas and beans will soon lose all flavour if left to boil fiercely in gallons of water.

A hot vegetable salad is a delicious dish, very easy to make, but requiring a certain amount of care.

Don't be lazy and throw all the ingredients into one large saucepan to cook the best way they can.

The little extra trouble of cooking them separately will reward you.

Do be careful when stringing the beans. Choose them as young and as small as you can, and of the type which can be nipped at the end with the strings pulled off, rather than the kind which have to be cut. Whenever possible cook the beans *whole ;* cutting beans into pieces destroys more than half their flavour, which is lost in the boiling.

Young carrots and turnips should only require scraping, but even really tender turnips sometimes have a stringy outside, so if you are at all in doubt shave the turnips with a very sharp knife.

Last of all, remember that the only reason why French cooks have such a reputation for vegetables is that they usually begin where we leave off.

A little batter or cream, a few chopped herbs added after the vegetables have been cooked will not cost a great deal, and will make the difference of that little something extra.

Braised Peas

Put the shelled peas in a saucepan with just enough cold water to come level with them. Add salt, pepper, a good pinch of sugar, a small onion cut in quarters and a little bunch of parsley and mint tied together. Add a few small pieces of butter, cover the pan tightly and bring to the boil.

Cook fast with the lid on all the time and shaking the pan occasionally, until the peas are soft—twenty to twenty-five minutes. If the peas become a little dry in the process add some hot water.

Savoury Beans

Take some young French beans, break off the ends and pull away the strings. Wash, and cook the beans in boiling, salted water for (*Continued on page* 118)

Veal is *Good* this Month

And here are some interesting ways of Cooking it

IF fruit and vegetables are profuse and at their best in June, the housewife finds a certain amount of difficulty in the meat line. Poultry is not very good or plentiful, with the exception of young chickens, and these are not too generously covered.

There is still lamb, though of a doubtful nature. While it is gaining in size, it inevitably loses in flavour.

Well, it is up to us once more to make the best of what we have got, and so we must turn to other things.

I am purposely refraining from giving pork recipes because I know that they are taboo to most English people in the months without an *r*. But I will say that I quite agree with French people, who consider that during hot weather pork is the most appetising meat.

Veal, then, comes into the spotlight in June menus, and when you consider the various ways in which this excellent meat can be cooked, there is no need to be dissatisfied. But you must decide to break away from tradition and try other ways of cooking it.

Stuffed roast veal is a very good dish but one of which people tire very quickly, and there is no need to consider it as the beginning and end of the veal repertory, especially as the left overs are not at all easy to dispose of, for many people have a positive dislike of cold stuffed veal.

Of the various cuts of veal, the most suitable for June wear are *escalopes*—very thin pieces cut from the fillet—chops and the fillet itself cooked whole.

The cheaper parts provide you with the main ingredient for that perfect luncheon dish, *Blanquette*. But the best of all the recipes given below is, in my opinion, the one for escalopes de veau à la Russe, which is a perfect example of well-balanced flavours, the cool freshness of the cucumber setting off the rich cream sauce. A dish grand enough to be served at any dinner party.

Fillet of Veal Provençale

Take a piece of fillet of veal about two pounds in weight, trim it well and tie it with thin string. Melt a piece of butter in a casserole, put in the meat and brown it on all sides, turning it over several times.

Add salt and pepper, a few carrots and a large onion cut in pieces, also a bunch of thyme, parsley, a bay leaf, and if possible a sprig of rosemary tied together.

Put in a good glass of Madeira, cover the casserole and cook, on a very slow fire, for about one hour and a half.

Peel one pound of tomatoes and remove the pips, put them in a small saucepan with salt, pepper and a coffeecupful of stock. Cook very slowly until the tomatoes are melted and reduced to a smooth pulp.

Remove the veal, place it on the serving dish and dispose the tomatoes all round. Pour over the gravy from the veal through a very fine strainer. This dish is equally good hot or cold.

Côtes de Veau Persillées

Have the veal chops, one for each person, well trimmed and sprinkle them on both sides with salt and pepper.

Prepare the following; Stale white breadcrumbs mixed with chopped parsley in equal proportions, salt, pepper and, if you are fortunate enough to like the flavour, a tiny piece of finely chopped garlic.

Have ready a beaten egg, dip the chops in this and then roll them in the prepared breadcrumbs. Fry in butter on both sides (eight to ten minutes each side) having the chops nicely browned.

Escalope de Veau à la Russe

There should be one large or two small escalopes for each person which you cook in butter, allowing only three or four minutes each side. The veal should be just golden brown. When cooked, remove the escalopes and keep them hot.

Throw away the butter left in the pan and add enough cream to make sufficient sauce—say a large coffeecupful for two people.

Add salt, pepper, and a pinch of paprika — Hungarian red pepper — and bring the cream to the boil. Let it boil fiercely until it begins to thicken by evaporation. Do not be afraid of it burning or curdling.

Place the escalopes of veal in a serving dish, and place around them pieces of cucumber which you have peeled, cut into pieces about three inches long and cooked until quite soft in boiling salted water, afterwards draining very thoroughly.

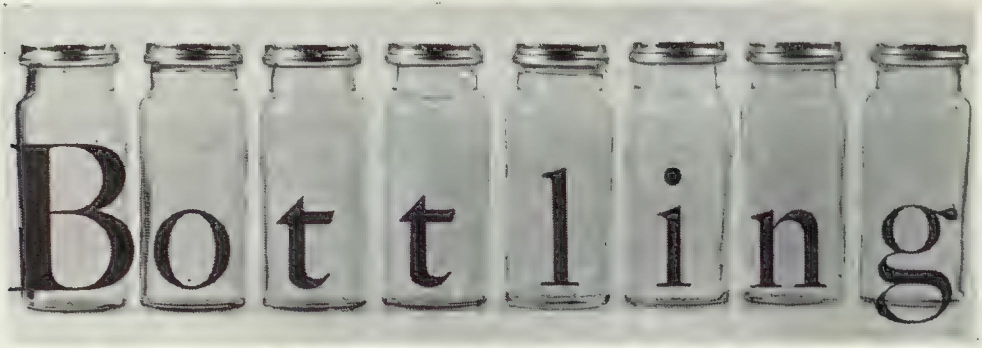
Remove the cream sauce from the fire, add one or two pieces of butter which you melt into the sauce by shaking the pan—do not stir it—and pour the sauce over the veal.

Blanquette de Veau

Take about one pound of stewing veal for three to four people, trim it well and cut it into pieces two or three inches square.

Put in a large saucepan a dozen very small button (*Continued on page* 110)

All you want to Know about Bottling FRUIT



The harvest of fruit and vegetables will soon be at its height. And housewives who look ahead will be busy preserving and storing up for winter use

By Elizabeth Hughes Hallett

BOTTLING fruit is the most popular and convenient method of preservation. The fruit for this purpose should be picked in its full season, as there is then a better chance of getting it firm and sound. The general method is to prepare it as for cooking, according to its kind, then grade it for size.

Harder fruits, like pears, may be stewed in a prepared syrup and allowed to become cold before sterilising, care being taken to keep the fruit a good shape.

Pears and apricots are apt to become discoloured when exposed to the air, so cut in halves and core before peeling. Immediately after plunge them into a salt solution, allowing one tablespoonful of salt to each quart of water. After packing into the bottles, rinse thoroughly to remove all traces of salt.

Ordinary wide-necked earthenware or glass jam jars may be used, as long as they are of equal height and free from cracks. The jars should be washed and scalded with boiling water, then rinsed before using.

The graded fruit is then packed tightly into the jam jars, or, if preferred, a mixture of equal-sized fruits, such as alternate layers of raspberries, cherries and currants may be used.

THE fruit should be covered to overflowing with cold water or a sugar syrup, then placed on the false bottom of a fishkettle or other pan. Fill up with enough cold water to reach the shoulder of the jars, and put on the lid to keep in the steam.

Bring slowly to simmering point, and allow to simmer for about fifteen minutes. Hard fruit, if not partially cooked, generally needs about half an hour.

The jars should then be removed from the water, placed on a wooden board or folded paper to prevent breakages, and sealed at once.

The sealing is most important. It can be done with a piece of ox or pig bladder, already dressed by the butcher.

The bladder should be soaked before using in several changes of boiling water until quite clean, and then cut in suitably sized pieces, sufficiently large to come well over the mouth of the jar, as the heat tends to shrink it.

Finally, tie down with damp string.

Another method is to use several pieces of parchment paper pasted together, the outside of the neck of the jar also being coated with paste or gum to ensure thorough sealing.

A prepared syrup gives the fruit a much better flavour. For hard fruits, like pears and apples, use twelve ounces of sugar to one pint of cold water. For the softer fruits like plums and greengages, use eight ounces to the pint. For gooseberries and rhubarb use four ounces to the pint. Raspberries, blackcurrants and other such fruits, can be done in a weak syrup, allowing two ounces to the pint.

Vacuum bottles of the screw-top variety are often used to-day for preserving fruit. These bottles are prepared in the same way as the jars. Test the rubber rings thoroughly and soak in cold water for about an hour.

The method of bottling is practically the same as the one I have outlined, the difference being that after filling the bottle to overflowing with cold water or syrup, the rubber ring, cap and screw band should be fixed firmly, then unscrewed about half a turn, before placing in the pan.

Cover the bottles entirely with water, bring to simmering point and sterilise as before. When this process is completed, lift the bottles on to a board and screw down the lids very tightly.

Next day remove the metal screw, when the glass cap and rubber ring should be so firm, that the bottle can be lifted by the lid.

If this is not so, or if any cracks appear, then re-sterilise. When stored, the metal screw may be oiled with salad oil, or screwed on loosely.

VEGETABLES for preservation should also be sound and fresh, with no blemishes. They are prepared as for cooking, then graded.

They should now be tied in muslin and dipped from 1 to 5 minutes in boiling salted water

(*Continued on page 100*)

Strawberry
(with Certo)

Prize-winning Strawberry Jam!

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The Strawberries keep their bright, true colour and garden-fresh flavour when you make Strawberry Jam the Certo way. It takes only 20 minutes, including 2 minutes boil, to make 10 lbs. of delicious jam that the whole family will love! Certo is absolutely pure—just the natural "setting" substance in fresh fruits, called 'pectin'. Follow the straightforward recipes in the 70-recipe book with every Certo bottle and ensure "prize-winning" jams and jellies with a minimum of time, trouble and no extra expense. By making more jam from less fruit Certo saves money. Send to the address below for your free copy of "The Home Jam Maker." It is filled with hints on jam and jelly-making, including recipes for the most popular preserves.

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TOOTAL CHIFFON

A Tootal Fabric—Crease-Resisting

Cuttings to demonstrate crease-resistance sent on request.

A frock made of Tootal Chiffon. It has the delicate bloom of costly silk chiffon, with the sturdy resistance to creasing possessed by all of the Tootal range of crease-resisting fabrics. In charming floral effects as well as the style of print shown. The width is 36", the price modest. Name always on selvedge. Ready-to-wear models available—the one shown is C.200.

TOOTAL CHIFFON & ROBIA CARRY THIS GUARANTEE: *"Should dissatisfaction arise through any defect whatsoever in the material, Tootals will replace it or refund the price and pay the cost incurred in making up."*

If you have any difficulty in obtaining frocks or fabrics write Dept. **Cd. 6.**

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The Tootal Range of Crease-resisting Fabrics includes: ROBIA, a beautiful new style of cotton; TOOTRESS, rayon and cotton; LOVA, rayon and cotton; TOOTAL LINEN; and the all-rayon prints TOOTAL GEORGETTE, TOOTAL CHIFFON, TOOTAL TAFFETA.

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Regd: TRADE MARK

Woven Fibre Furniture

This natural colour photograph enables you to realise the warmth of colour Lloyd Loom Furniture will bring to your own home. Charm and comfort were never before so gracefully combined in such inexpensive furniture.

This suite is in Rose-du-Barry, one of the 34 standard colours in which Lloyd Loom is available. The Lounge Chair No 316 with cushion at back costs 108/-; the Settee No. 302, 139/-; the large Table No. 8017, including glass top, 54/-; the glass topped Coffee Table No. 03a, 45/6; the Lamp Standard L1, 83/6; and the Arm Chair No. 300, 70/-.

Chairs from 25/-. Linen Baskets from 13/-.

Lloyd Loom furniture is obtainable in suites or single pieces from over 8,000 dealers. But be careful to look for the 'Lusty' tag on every article you buy. It guarantees the model to be genuine Lloyd Loom—perfectly constructed from frame to finish.

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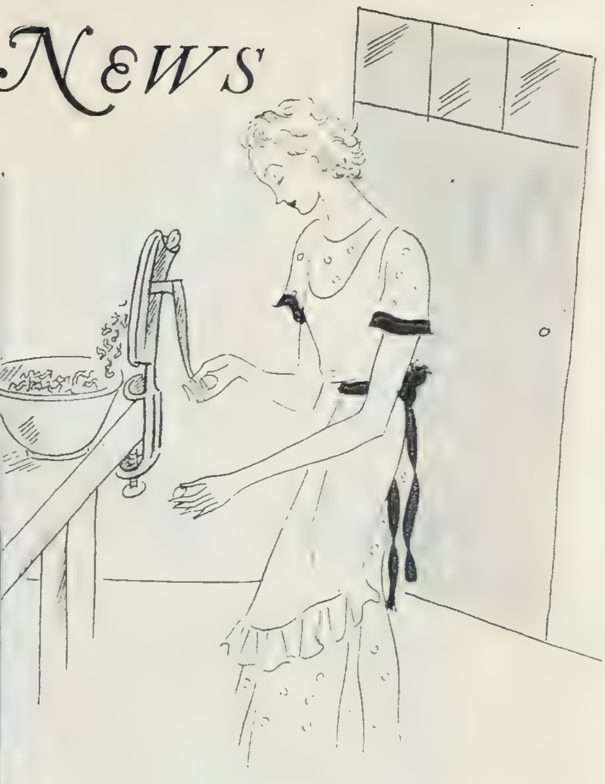
A Page of KITCHEN NEWS



PICTURED above is the " Jubilee " Cream making machine with all the ingredients and utensils necessary for making delicious cream at a cost of only 7d. a pint. To the right the Spong Bean Slicer is depicted in action.

Especially for Housewives

WITH a greed that I always trust is hereditary, and not born of my own lack of control, I always associate June with strawberries—strawberries, that is to say, *and* cream, for strawberries *without* cream are scarcely worth eating. Fresh cream, however is not always available, particularly in country districts where one cannot run round the corner to the dairy, seldom lacking in London's residential districts.

Therefore, when a kindly friend turns up unexpectedly with a surprise present of this delicious fruit, make sure that if you cannot get fresh cream you can make your own at a moment's notice.

You nearly always have butter and milk in the larder, and with these ingredients and a " Jubilee " Cream Making Machine, delicious cream can be made at a cost of only 7d. a pint.

This machine is made of bakelite and hard glass, and is fitted with a ground nickel silver piston and new type non-choke stainless steel emulsifying valve, price only 5s. Full instructions for its use are enclosed. It is the simplest operation. Both salted and unsalted butter may be used. The proportions are two to one, that is to say 2 ozs. of butter to four of milk.

One measure of milk is approximately 4 ozs. and for your convenience this measure is marked on the base of the glass cream jug into which the cream is pumped from the bakelite container.

I ALWAYS envy my sister, one of those born cooks who carelessly throw a quantity of unweighed ingredients into a basin and turn out the most delicious cakes and puddings, with never a failure.

I am a slave to the scales and have to measure everything, so I was delighted when I discovered the " Tala " Cook's Treasure Measure for wet and dry cooking ingredients. It is a neat beaker marked on the inside with various measures. For example, it will measure a gill or a half-pint of milk, also various quantities of flour, ground almonds, lentils, barley, rice, and so on. It costs ninepence.

OTHER useful measures are the Spoonful Salt Pourer (1s. 6d.) and the Spoonful Sugar Pourer (2s. 6d.), glass containers with nickel tops which, as their name implies, when inverted release only one teaspoonful at a time.

In the same series there is the Spoonful Tea Caddy (3s. 6d.), which makes it easy to follow the golden rule of " one for each person and one for the pot."

NO need to waste valuable time cutting up French beans and scarlet runners by hand. Let the Spong Bean Slicer do it for you in less than a quarter of the time that you would take.

All you need do is to top and string the beans, place them in the pockets provided for the purpose and turn a handle. They emerge beautifully, finely sliced. This machine is easily taken to pieces for washing, and just as easily reassembled. Costs 2s. 6d.

ENQUIRIES relating to anything mentioned on this page should be addressed to The Editor, Woman's Department, " Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, and a stamped envelope or postcard enclosed for a reply

SCALDED hands and that fruitless search for the elusive kettle holder are common occurrences in every household, but why, when for sixpence you can invest in a Heat-Resisting Handigrip, which can be permanently fitted to the handles of kettles, saucepans, and frying pans ?

It is made from a special compound with heat-resisting properties and moulded with a fluted surface to ensure a firm grip. It can also be fixed to the handles of perambulators to secure control and a comfortable grip.

DO you give bridge parties ? If so, you must get a set of " Tala " Card Pattern Sandwich Cutters. Made of stainless steel, the cost is 2s. 9d. for a set of four, which will cut your sandwiches into the shape of hearts, diamonds, clubs and spades.

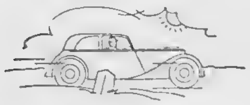
THINK of a lovely summer evening, and then think of an appetising dinner ending with a delicious ice-cream. What ? You have no refrigerator ? Unfortunate, certainly, but it need not deter you, and even if the " Stop me and buy one " man doesn't pass your door you can still have your ice-cream. For as little as 13s. 6d. you can get a " Rapid " Vacuum Ice-Cream Freezer. All you have to do is to charge the outer compartment with ice and salt, pour your ice-cream mixture into the inner container and the " Rapid " does the rest. Recipes for making a variety of delicious ice-creams are contained in the book given with every " Rapid " freezer.

ONE of the jobs I have always disliked most is cleaning the inside of my gas cooker, but even more do I hate a cooker that is not kept really clean on both inside and out. Now, I have just discovered a new and excellent preparation specially prepared for cleaning gas cookers and ovens. It is called the " Six Point Gas Cooker Cleaner " and is the outcome of years of research by a distinguished scientist. It has a pleasant smell, is non-poisonous and non-inflammable and costs only 9½d. per tin. After application all grease and dirt is easily removed by washing off with cold water only. It will also clean meat tins, frying pans and other utensils which have become coated with burnt-on grease.

M. F.

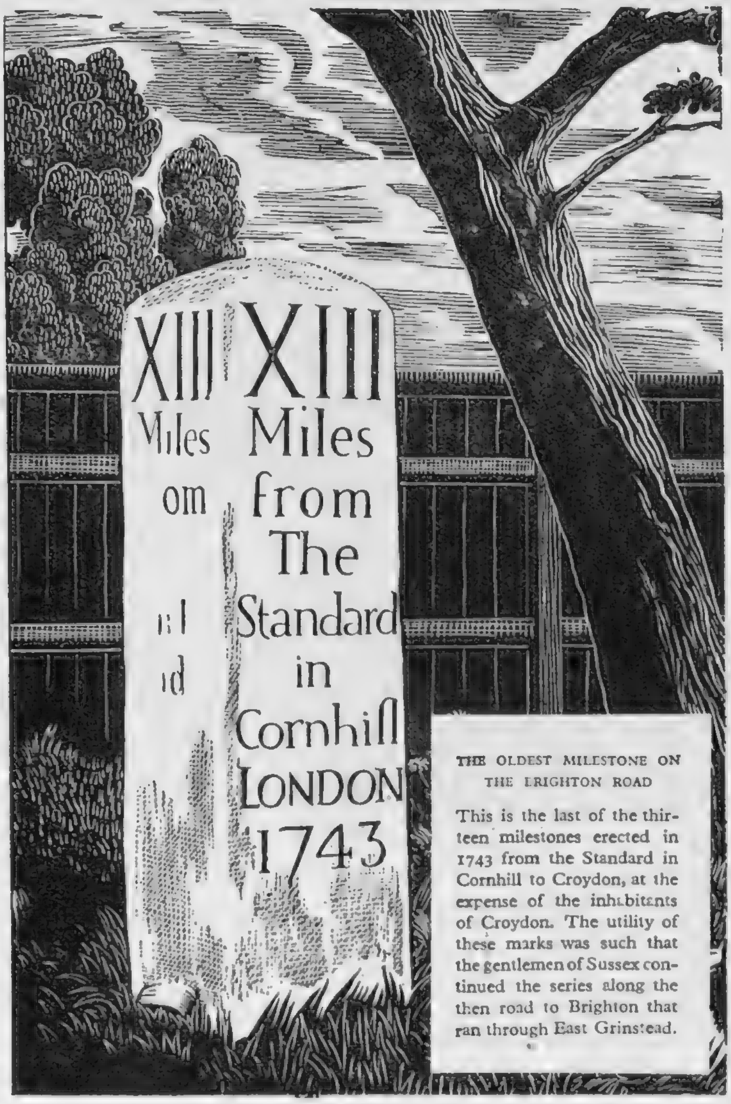
Famous
MILESTONES

As you pass
the milestones



remember that you get
MORE POWER
and therefore

more miles
per gallon



THE OLDEST MILESTONE ON THE BRIGHTON ROAD

This is the last of the thirteen milestones erected in 1743 from the Standard in Cornhill to Croydon, at the expense of the inhabitants of Croydon. The utility of these marks was such that the gentlemen of Sussex continued the series along the then road to Brighton that ran through East Grinstead.

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Off the Beaten Track

Some Holiday Motoring Problems

By The Earl of Cardigan

A HEREFORDSHIRE miniature which should remind motorists of the attractions of by-way motoring. The car is an Austin Eighteen with Hayes transmission, an automatic drive which allows the driver to sit back and steer, an important consideration on narrow, winding roads

If one was to believe everything that is written about the modern car, and also about the planning of new motor roads, one would soon be forced to the conclusion that a summer motoring tour must be one of the simplest and most uneventful of human enterprises. For those who keep strictly to the main roads, this may possibly be the case—although even here there will be exceptions to the general rule; but for the by-road motorist, following a route well off the beaten track, a very different outlook still exists.

For example, there are still roads in this country where gradients of 1 in 5 may be encountered, and a genuine 1 in 4 is not unknown. Such roads are not necessarily mere disused tracks, bearing the provocative sign "Unsuitable for Motors." Very often they are respectable highways, leading to seaside or moorland villages which perfectly staid and prudent motorists may reasonably wish to visit.

In a modern car, tackling such gradients is admittedly not such an exciting business as it used to be. I used to have a car which, unless it was in very good tune, would fail completely on a stretch of 1 in 4. Then, since the brakes were none too powerful, I would have to make a neat change from first into reverse gear prior to descending gracefully to a point where a restart could be made!

Cars do not disgrace themselves in this way nowadays—and we should, no doubt, be grateful for it. Properly handled, the modern car will very comfortably climb any gradient which it is likely to encounter. On the other hand, some skill is still required, and it is doubtful whether the average driver of to-day is as skilful and dexterous as was formerly the case.

I am thinking for the moment of the new driver who has a so-called "fool-proof" gearbox to deal with. In actual fact, this gearbox may be fool-proof only in regard to its third and top ratios. "Second" may perhaps also be an easy gear, but the bottom ratio will very likely be of the simple old-fashioned variety. Moreover, it may be a very low ratio, so that the driver, in the ordinary course of events, is not accustomed to using it at all.

If this is the case, a novice's first attempt to tackle a really stiff hill may well be such as to convince him that motoring still has its incidents and problems! For those who think of touring in hilly districts, it would be a wise precaution to do a little preliminary practice, simply to verify the ease or otherwise with which first gear can be engaged if and when it is needed. Of course, with a good modern engine, one can always come to a standstill and restart; but this imposes a big strain on the transmission, besides being very unprofessional and inartistic.

Then, there are still a few genuine "hairpin" bends to be found in remote districts, although these are certainly becoming rarer. Some modern cars, especially sports cars, have what is termed a bad steering "lock"; that is, they will not take acute turns. With such cars, one must exercise some skill to get round a hairpin bend in one movement, without having to stop and reverse.

Generally speaking, one's object should be to take the bend as wide as possible, following a course round the outside of the curve. Naturally, where a left-hand hairpin is concerned, it is not always desirable to do this, since it involves momentarily driving on the wrong side of the road. On the other hand, when the angle is acute and the car is a big one, there may be no obvious alternative.

It is seldom nowadays that one has to bother about the surface of a road and the problem of getting the back wheels to retain their grip under adverse conditions. This question arises, however, whenever a motorist ventures a few yards away from a made road and gets on to a surface of grass, sand or rubble. Many a picnicker, during the holiday season, may suddenly make his first acquaintance with the old bogy of wheel-spin.

Without wishing to adopt a superior attitude, it often astonishes me to see how many motorists, parking their cars on wet grass or some similar surface, select the most unsuitable places from which to restart. One constantly sees such cars left facing uphill, to be restarted by their drivers in first gear. Wheel-spin follows almost as a matter of course and, in bad cases, the back wheels may "dig in," thus causing endless delay and difficulty.

There are two mistakes here. In the first place, a car should obviously be left facing slightly downhill at such times. Secondly, if this is not done, it is generally possible to reverse on to a favourable slope, from which a smooth start can be made in the forward direction. This simple expedient is seldom carried out.

Another point arises here. For preference, one should always drive over soft ground in the *highest* gear which the engine will allow.

Did You Know?

For working over slippery ground, a car would be more efficient if it possessed a solid back axle. In this case, both back wheels would drive together, and it would be impossible for one to spin while the other remained stationary.

On the other hand, of course, such a car would not corner well on an ordinary road. To take a bend efficiently, the outer back wheel requires to go faster than the inner back wheel, since it has a greater distance to cover. This is only made possible by the "differential" gear which is a part of every normal back axle.

BRITAIN'S DEPENDABLE CAR

. . . *what* AUSTIN OWNERS *say about*

INVESTING

Report No. 559, *Car No. HBX* 4805

The car illustrated above is the Seven Pearl Cabriolet, price £128.

The York Saloon *with* 18 *h.p.* (*Tax* £13.10.0) *or with* 16 *h.p.* (*Tax* £12) *six-cylinder engine. Synchromesh on top, third and second gears. Wide doors for easy entrance and exit. Deep, comfortable and adjustable seats upholstered in Vaumol hide. Prices at works* £328.

CHALFONT SALOON (*with division*)	£338
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Hayes Self-Selector Transmission £40 *extra.*

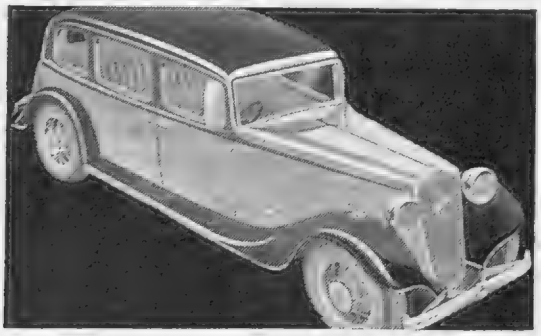
Read the Austin Magazine: 4d. every month.

"I AM NOT THE ONLY ONE SUFFERING FROM AUSTINITIS"

"To my mind the Austin is the ideal car for a Doctor where dependability and comfort night and day are essential. Their reliability, hard-wearing qualities and freedom from yearly freakish changes in design appeal to me greatly. They are bright, roomy, well ventilated, healthy, and easy to handle; and vision is not obstructed by blind spots. Not once have I had any of those petty troubles so frequent with a car of the ordinary type. First cost is exceedingly moderate for cars so well equipped. Used-car market value is so much above normal that changing is very inexpensive . . . and I am not out of pocket nearly so much as some who purchase expensive so-called new designs with their big depreciation and frequent visits to the garage. The Austin, second-hand, sells quickly and well, showing that I am not the only one suffering from Austinitis."

* * *

So writes an owner who has driven Austin cars exclusively for twelve years. In fact, the Doctor has left so little unsaid that we will simply repeat in brief what he says in detail. Here it is in ten words:



You buy a car—but you INVEST *in an*

AUSTIN

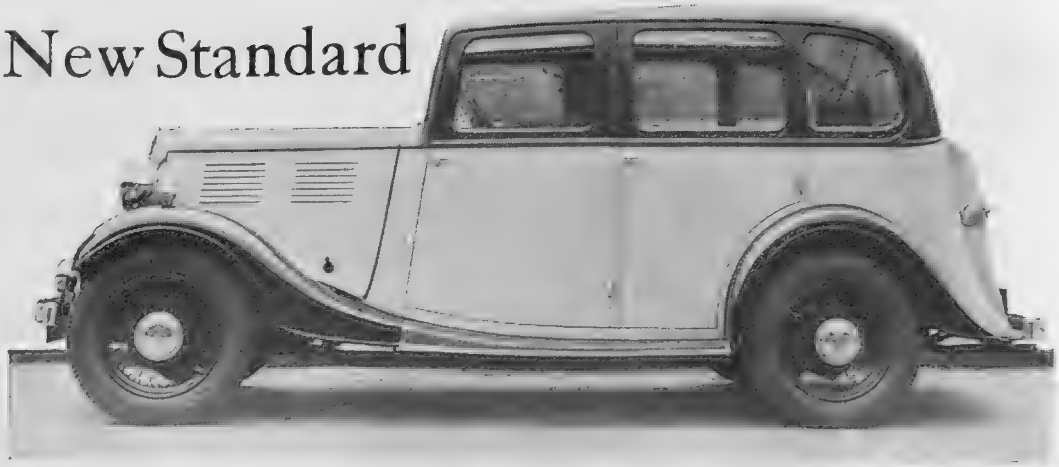
The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Birmingham and 479 Oxford Street, London. London Service Depots: 12, 16 & 20 h.p. Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p. North Row, W.1. Export Department: Birmingham.

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

An Attractive New Standard

The Twelve h.p. Saloon

By The Earl of Cardigan



The 12 h.p. Standard is a really substantial and comfortable car. It performs very well on the road and provides plenty of space both for passengers and for luggage

I AM always prepared to like a car which announces itself in the makers' catalogue by some modest and reasonable description. Conversely, when I read, in glaring lettering, the announcement of a "wonder car," incorporating some "astounding new discovery," I always automatically fear the worst. This is perhaps mere prejudice; but it is surprising how often the facts justify it.

Of Standard cars the catalogue says that they are "tested—and found good." This is a reasonable claim, and my own experience certainly confirms it. I have recently been testing the 12 h.p. model, and "good" is no exaggerated description of its manners and general performance on the road.

It is interesting to observe that this is a "Twelve/four," and therefore a type of car which has been gaining in popularity for some time past. A small "six" can be very pleasant to drive; but people are beginning to discover, or rather rediscover, the essentially sturdy virtues of the "four." The 12 h.p. Standard engine has such virtues strongly developed. It pulls very vigorously and well at all speeds; it is flexible and lively, and remains quiet even at very high "revs." One can sit behind it for a long time before realising that it is "only a 'four.'".

It gives the car an ample turn of speed. In top gear, a good 60 m.p.h. can be reached. In the useful third gear, 40 m.p.h. can definitely be exceeded. I was able to register this latter speed, or a shade more, while climbing quite a considerable gradient.

The gearbox is of the synchromesh variety, and has the advantage that three out of its four ratios are fully crash-proof. In practice, this means that gear changing difficulties are virtually non-existent. Only in changing down from second to first gear is it possible to make a mistake—and obviously this is a change that can never be required except under very exceptional conditions. Normally, so long as the car is on the move, second gear will do all that is needed.

In addition, there is a "free wheel" provided, with the usual control which enables the driver to use it or dispense with it according to his inclination. When the free-wheel is in use, positively all the gears become "fool-proof," and the car will also "coast" freely whenever the accelerator pedal is released.

The 12 h.p. Standard in brief.

Engine: *12 h.p., £9 tax, four cylinders, with side valves.*
Gearbox: *Four speeds, second third and top being synchromesh. Assisted by free-wheel.*
Performance: *Third gear, 40 m.p.h. or more; top gear, 60 m.p.h.*
Springing: *Good, semi-elliptic.*
Brakes: *Servo type, smooth and efficient.*
Steering: *Light, definite action. Instant adjustment for steering wheel position.*
Coachwork: *Thoroughly comfortable.*
Price: *With saloon body, £219; "De Luxe" model £239.*

The engine is a sturdy four-cylinder unit and runs with remarkable smoothness. When the tool kit is needed—which will not be often—it will be found conveniently placed beneath the bonnet

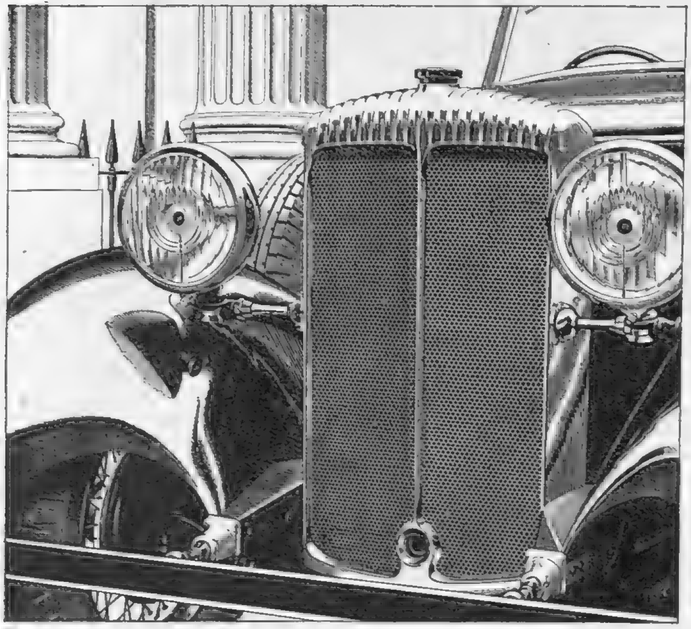
Here is a novel and interesting feature. The steering column is extensible, so that every driver can get the wheel into the most convenient position for himself. There is no loss of control while the adjustment is being made

The steering gear of this new Standard is of special interest. In operation it is perfectly normal, and gives definite control with a pleasantly light action. Its unusual feature is that the length of the steering column is instantly adjustable, so that either a tall or short driver can have the wheel just where it seems most comfortable to him. The adjustment can be made even when the car is in motion, and consists simply of releasing a clip and applying gentle pressure in the required direction. The steering column then "telescopes," without for a moment causing any loss of efficiency.

PERSONALLY, I consider this an excellent innovation. Being long in the leg I normally slide my seat well back in driving any small car, and this often results in the steering wheel being left uncomfortably far away. No doubt very short or stout drivers suffer from the opposite sort of

(*Continued on page 84*)

The back seat allows generous space and comfort to the passengers. The arm rest and the folding tables are features which will be appreciated



The new £450

Daimler '15'

is 'a comfortable car in the proper sense of the word'

'A surprising amount of room,' Mr. John Prioleau, the *Observer's* expert, continued. 'The front seat is one of the most comfortable I have sat in, both for the driver and the passenger. The interior is very well finished, and real ventilation is ensured by the hinged panels in the windows . . . . The driver's vision is wide and safe.' And in point of performance, Mr. Prioleau found this one of the best cars that Daimler★ has yet made. Ask your nearest dealer for a trial run — or write to Daimler headquarters, 123 Sandy Lane, Coventry.

DAIMLER FLUID FLYWHEEL TRANSMISSION

Ten minutes at the wheel of a car with this transmission will spoil you for any other

★ The silent overhead-valve system now incorporated in all Daimler engines produces a remarkable liveliness. This is secured without sacrifice of the famous Daimler characteristics hitherto indentified with sleeve-valve construction — smoothness, silence, and freedom from pinking.

BUY A CAR made in the UNITED KINGDOM

Improve your engine

by fitting
A NEW SET OF

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Sparking PLUGS

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Don't "arrange" your holiday— just take it

If you own an Eccles Caravan there is no need to plan a holiday in advance. Just hitch your Eccles to the car—and the holiday has begun. Go where you like, stay as long as you like when you get there, and then wander off in search of pastures new. That is *real* freedom. The Eccles Catalogue—free on request—will show you how completely luxurious can be such holidays, how easy it is to get away every week-end—and how inexpensive, too. If you have never experienced the joys of Caravanning, send for that catalogue of—

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The Lagonda "Rapide" in Brief

Engine: *Six cylinders, 29·13 h.p. Twin carburettors, overhead valves. Combines great power with flexibility.*

Gearbox: *Four speeds, top, 3·3 to 1; third, 4·2 to 1. Incorporates a free-wheel.*

Performance: *Third gear, 85 m.p.h.; top gear, 100 m.p.h.*

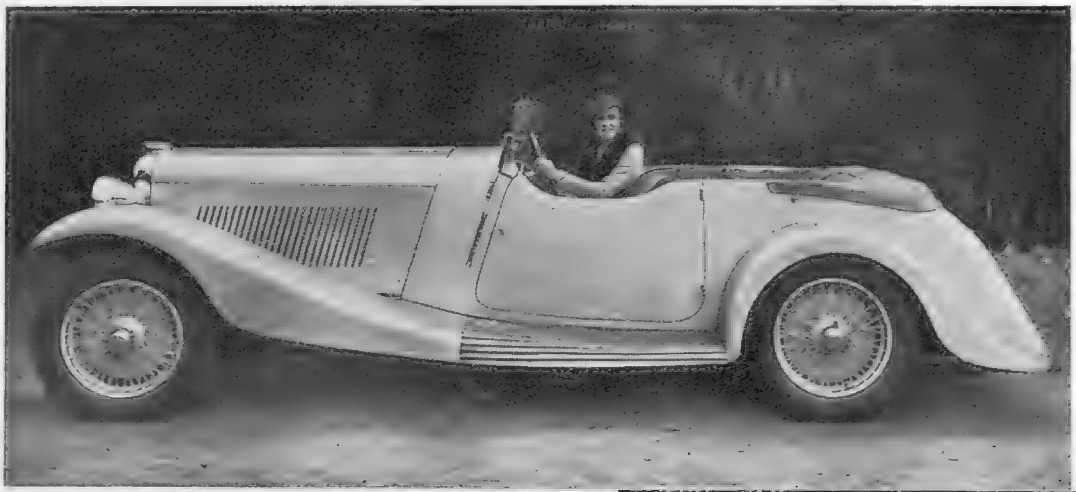
Steering: *excellent.*

Brakes: *Mechanical type, very efficient.*

Springing: *Semi-elliptic, with control for shock-absorbers. Road-holding exceptionally good.*

Coachwork: *Unusually comfortable.*

Price: *For open tourer, £1,000.*



THE Lagonda "Rapide" both looks and is one of the most impressive cars on the road. Its flowing lines are very attractive to the eye; and yet the coachwork is thoroughly well planned and practical

A *Superlative* Sports Car

The 4½ Litre Lagonda "Rapide"

By The Earl of Cardigan

THERE is an efficient set of side screens, so that the car can be made fully weather-proof. The method of housing these is unusually neat. Note the "zip" fasteners

THE 30 h.p. engine, with its twin carburettors, develops tremendous power, It is also remarkable for its smooth and flexible running at low speeds in traffic

WHAT is the ideal recipe, I wonder, for the design of a modern sports car? There are some who would demand speed first and foremost, with all other qualities made subsidiary to this one. Others would say that noise, roughness and discomfort are at all costs to be avoided, and that speed is but one of many desirable characteristics.

It is by no means easy for a sports car, however skilfully it is built, to satisfy such diverse requirements. Perhaps the highest praise that one can give to the new Lagonda is to say that it succeeds in doing so. It cannot fail to delight the enthusiast; and the lover of comfort will (unless very unreasonable), find no fault with it.

For sheer efficiency, I do not know any car which is more impressive. In the first place, it is capable of doing a genuine 100 m.p.h. This is a much more remarkable achievement than the general public may imagine. There are several cars on the market which can claim "*about* 100 m.p.h." as their maximum. There are very, very few which will actually reach this speed, in touring trim and according to the stop-watch.

That this Lagonda will do an *honest* 100 m.p.h., I have no doubt at all. It definitely reaches 85 m.p.h. in its third gear of 4·2 to 1. In the 3·3 to 1 top gear, I myself touched 90 m.p.h. on an ordinary road before being checked by traffic. Plenty of power—plenty of acceleration still remained in hand, enough to have given me at least 10 m.p.h. more, had I been able to keep the throttle open for a few seconds longer.

The 30 h.p. overhead valve engine is magnificently powerful and has extraordinary flexibility. It will accelerate well and smoothly in any gear from almost any speed. If the gearbox is intelligently used, a really grand surge of power is instantly available, no matter whether the road speed is 8 or 18 or 80 m.p.h. The driver feels no anxiety, only exhilaration, when he is overtaking other traffic.

The gearbox is a delight to use; and those who have a proper appreciation of such things will not resort often to the aid of the free-wheel, which is fitted as an accessory. All the ratios are high and close together; and one does not have to be a racing expert to discover how pleasant and profitable it is to make free use of them.

Another joy to the keen driver is the way in which this Lagonda holds the road at speed. There is a complete feeling of security, no matter how fast the pace or how awkward the bends. At a mere 60 m.p.h., one feels able to drive with just two fingers on the wheel! The steering is quite excellent, and feels very light, in spite of being geared rather high.

The springing is naturally a trifle "hard," but not unreasonably so. The shock

(*Continued on page 84*)

A VERY good point is that the back seat passengers sit low down in the car, and are thus well protected. There is plenty of leg-room, thanks to deep foot wells, and the hinged front seats make it easy to get in and out

Is it true that
PAINTED LIPS
are no longer Smart?

AT THE THEATRE WHERE THE NEWEST MODES ARE THE FIRST TO BE WORN YOU'LL SEE A MUCH MORE NATURAL MAKE-UP THIS SEASON . . .

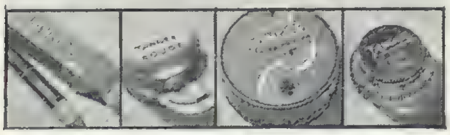
● That painted look is definitely disappearing. Less and less do you see those gaudy, bright red lips—women seem to be going over to more natural-looking make-up.

Now it may be that this year's fashions just don't call for bright red lips, but we like to think it's because more and more women are finding out about Tangee. For Tangee is the one lipstick—the only lipstick—that can give your lips colour and accent, and yet not coat them with paint. Tangee is not paint! In the stick it looks orange, but on your lips the magic colour-change principle it contains changes it to the one shade of blush-rose most becoming to you!

Try Tangee to-day! See how soft and lovely and appealing your lips become. Two sizes, 2/6 and 4/6. For those who prefer a more vivid colour there is Tangee Theatrical, specially suitable for evening use.

From all hairdressers, chemists and stores.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee colour principle



LUFT - TANGEE LTD.
88 Regent Street, W.1
Works: Johnson's Place, Pimlico, S.W.1

A Superlative Sports Car

absorbers can be controlled by the driver, and the appropriate adjustment enables the car to ride at low speeds over pot-holes, if not luxuriously, at least quite comfortably.

The braking system is thoroughly efficient, and gives plenty of power, with a pleasantly light pedal pressure. The hand brake is of "racing" type; that is, it automatically releases itself as soon as the driver removes his hand from it. This is certainly the most "handy" arrangement when one gets to know it.

With all this efficiency, it is doubly agreeable to find that the "Rapide" is as well behaved and as comfortable to drive in London as it is on the open road. In traffic, it does not seem to "strain at the leash" or display any other aggressive symptoms. On the contrary, it just potters along, in top or any other gear, as unobtrusively as any steady-going saloon. With the engine turning slowly, it is very quiet, and, as already mentioned, the degree of flexibility is quite astonishing.

To me, there is nothing more impressive than to sit behind a really big, powerful engine, and to feel it running quite slowly, yet perfectly smoothly and under absolute control. It seems to make it all the more exciting to reflect that, with a change down, a burst of acceleration and a change up again, the same engine will set the car racing down a main road at far more than the speed of an express train!

This Lagonda is exceptional also in that all four seats in it are comfortable. Not merely "comfortable," in the charitable sense in which the word is commonly applied to a sports car—but genuinely roomy and luxurious. At the back, the passengers sit much lower than is usual, and so are protected from the main force of the wind.

In a word, the "Rapide" exemplifies the sports car at its best—really fast and really efficient, but neither disagreeably noisy (the exhaust note is deep and carefully modulated) nor barbarously lacking in comfort and convenience. The price of the open touring model is £1,000. Beneath this piece of information in the catalogue before me, I see that I have jotted down the pencilled note, "and worth it."

An Attractive New Standard

(*Continued from page 81*)

inconvenience. It is therefore a real boon to find the steering wheel no longer a fixed point, but a movable one.

The springing is thoroughly good at all road speeds, and the brakes, which are of Servo type, do their job smoothly and well. The car can be brought to a standstill very quickly, but without unpleasant violence.

A most valuable chassis feature is that permanent jacks are fitted, into which it is only necessary to insert a lever in order to jack up a wheel. Fixing an ordinary jack into position was always a nuisance; but it is doubly so nowadays, when cars are built low to the ground and have "down-swept" panels at the back. With the permanent jacks there is an enormous saving of time, temper and wear and tear of clothing.

The saloon coachwork is very well planned, and provides a generous amount of space, both in front and at the back. The seating is luxurious, and there are many ingenious and convenient fitments. For example, in the "de luxe" model there are folding tables hinged to the backs of the front seats. All 12 h.p. models have the sliding roof, which one begins to appreciate at this time of year. There is also a locker at the back concealing the spare wheel, the lid of which, when lowered, forms a valuable platform for luggage.

The price is £219 or £239 "de luxe." This is distinctly reasonable and should provide yet another factor towards making this "Twelve" one of the most popular of present Standard models

The Hush Hush Home is Here

(*Continued from page 64*)

homes they already inhabit. I have already mentioned some of these noises: readers will have instantly thought of their own pet abominations, noises from outside or next door; or inside their homes.

There are many remedies, some of them inexpensive and most of them matters of common sense.

Take banging doors. There are two practical remedies for these. The first is a matter of "first aid," a kettle holder contrivance that wraps round the latch, loops over the door-handles either side and softly wedges the door shut. The second is a small compact gadget, the "Dictator" door stop. It costs about 12s. 6d. Though entirely unobtrusive in appearance, it is quite foolproof and effectively robs the irritable wife of her resounding door-banging "last word" in any argument.

Then, floors. As distinct from noise-insulation there is noise absorption. This is effectively achieved by a number of materials which take the edge off noises or actually "mop them up."

There are acoustic tiles and felt. These are easily cemented to the ceiling and are covered in cloth or muslin which stands paint and distemper. There is acoustic plaster and (for stairs and floors) cork tile flooring of the "Eldorado" type used in the servants' quarters of the King's House.

And there is rubber. Rubber for floors and walls is now a practical possibility.

There is a sponge rubber underlay for carpets. There is a harder sponge rubber that is suitable for nursery floors, flights of stairs. There are rubber shoes for pails and brooms, rubber rims for cans and utensils that clatter.

Affix small rubber pads between the cause of the noise and the floor, wherever possible. The lavatory seat can be stood on a sponge rubber mat. The offending wireless, the sewing machine, the typewriter, the kitchen cooker, and a dozen other sources of noise can be damped down in this way.

Washing-up? If you live in a small flat the echoes of breakfast, luncheon, tea and dinner reverberate. Use a rubber or a papier mâché washing bowl inside the sink and don't forget that plastic crockery for the most frequently used utensils also douses clatter (and saves breakages). J. W.

Living Outdoors

(*Continued from page 61*)

if the other two legs are lifted an inch or so, the table can be wheeled about the garden.

Don't let your garden eating stop at tea. Breakfast on a sunny porch is a grand start to the day. And dinner outside on light, warm evenings can turn an ordinary meal into an adventure.

Another useful piece of furniture is a collapsible sun-bathing couch which can be either slanted at an angle or set at the horizontal, when it becomes, in effect, a camp bed.

All these are examples of garden furniture of what one may call the "fair weather" type, which should be stored under cover when the season is over.

But there are many garden seats in oak, teak or Canadian red cedar which, in addition to showing appropriate modern character, can be left out all the year round.

If the garden is rightly planned in relation to the house, and if the house itself has plenty of wide modern windows, then suitable garden furniture enables you practically to live out of doors whenever the weather is favourable.

A joy to drive with . . .

Your car gives as good as it gets . . . Give it ESSO and enjoy your driving as you have never done before. ESSO petrols represent the biggest jump in quality ever seen since the Anglo-American Oil Company introduced Ethyl. The acceleration and climbing ESSO gives is a revelation. It costs no more than ordinary petrols.

ESSO WORLD'S MOST ADVANCED PETROLS

ESSO ETHYL PETROL :: ESSO HIGH TEST :: ESSO BENZOL MIXTURE

ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL CO. LTD., WESTMINSTER, S.W.1 *Established 1888*

COURTESSA GIVES A PARTY —

★ " Going to parties is fun but giving them is even better, I always think," says Courtessa. " My only difficulty is how to fit all my friends into one room."

If you knew Courtessa you'd appreciate this problem! Courtessa's friends run into simply dozens—she's far the most popular girl in her set. Men love to take her out, to partner her to club dances, to tuck her into their two-seaters. It's flattering to be seen with " the smartest girl in Town ! "

And Courtessa certainly knows how to dress ! Her clothes — no matter what the occasion — are always a little newer, a little smarter, a little more exciting than everybody else's. Individual. Perfect fitting.

" No, I haven't a wizard dressmaker and I don't earn lots of money," laughed Courtessa. " I've found the one and only way to dress smartly on a small salary and still have money left for parties. All my clothes are made of Courtaulds

8.15 a.m. *Thrilling letter from Joan. " Jimmie and I got engaged yesterday." " I'll give a party for them tonight," decides Courtessa. Her panties and brassière are made from Courtaulds Rayon in the new " Cloister " shade, and are trimmed with flower appliqués.*

11 a.m. *Here's Courtessa calling up her friends for the party. She's wearing a smart tunic frock in Courtaulds "San Toy" printed Crêpe. It shows the newest " feathered " check — white on black, black on white.*

and tells you the secret of her smartness

lovely Rayon. And I can buy them ready-made from practically any shop."

Dress Courtessa's way. See how sought-after *you* will be when you're wearing smarter clothes. Next time you go shopping for stockings, frocks or undies, say firmly, "Show me what you've got in Courtaulds Rayon." Goods that bear the Courtaulds Housemark will delight you with their style, their quality and their inexpensiveness. And they'll go on wearing and washing and looking smart long after ordinary clothes are done for.

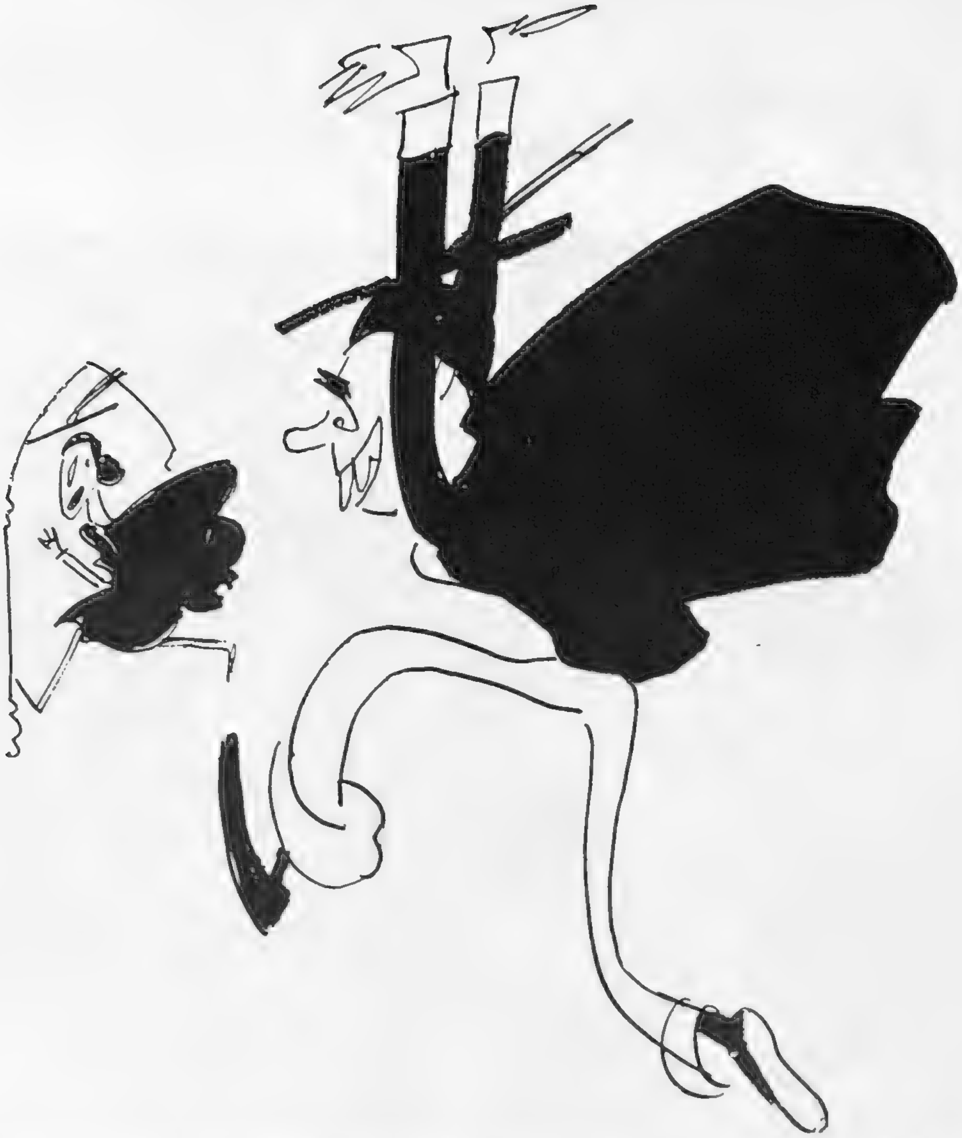
Look for the sign of the luxury yarn inside every garment you buy. Courtaulds Housemark — proof of smart economy.

COURTAULDS RAYON

COURTAULDS
Fashion Studio

8 p.m. *Party in progress—and here come Joan and Jimmie. Courtessa's frock is in a lovely turquoise-green dull crêpe, lit up by a sparkling sequin belt. Do notice that cape effect — so graceful over the shoulders. Another Courtaulds success!*

1 a.m. *A tired Courtessa has a warm drink before slipping into bed. Aren't those attractive pyjamas? The contrasting scalloped edges make them feminine but not fluffy. They're made from Courtaulds Rayon. In cream bound with rose.*



"I was sent down from Cambridge," said Merton,
"The reason for which, I am certain,
Was the day I was braced
By Schweppes Tonic and chased
A brunette from St. Catharine's to Girton."

Schweppes
TONIC WATER
-does you Good

Tough Guy

(*Continued from page* 21)

The world had turned to woods. Nothing but woods, with green grass beneath them, and here and there a flower, and under the trees between the boles of them, a little stream meandered pleasantly, clucking as it went.

"Gee!" said Peregrine. He saw himself wet and happy, playing in the stream, and none to stop him. He pulled at Ed's arm.

"I wanna go out there. . . . To play."

Ed paused in his conversation and cuffed him over the head.

"You shut it and lie low. You ain't going out anywhere. See? And if you make a fuss, I'll hit you on the head with that hammer, and you'll stay quiet for a long time. See?"

Peregrine retired under the table. Presently a lean dog with cat's ears joined him there. Later, the thin man went off in the old car.

PEREGRINE was sorry when he had gone, for he knew he hated the fat man, who couldn't see him without hitting him. When the thin man wasn't there, nobody thought about feeding him, so by-and-by Peregrine went and scavenged for himself out of the cupboard behind the door. When the fat man caught him at it he hit out at him, but Peregrine got adept at dodging him, and managed to pass the time all right, with the dog.

The fat man kept a supply of bottles in an outhouse, and from time to time he fetched one, and after he had had a pull at it he usually went to sleep. Peregrine sat and looked at him, sleeping, and thought how ugly he was, for his chins strayed. They went off wandering and got all mixed up with his chest. When he was fast asleep Peregrine looked longingly at the door. If only he could go out and play by that stream.

No sooner did he get anywhere near the door than Ed awoke. He'd open one red eye, and fix it on Peregrine in a very unpleasant fashion.

Three days passed. Then four. The thin man did not come back. Ed began to get anxious. He sat for hours, his hands between his knees, a bottle beside him, muttering to himself. Sometimes he looked at Peregrine in a fashion that made Peregrine hasten beneath the table, which he pretended was his fort. It was nice to feel you were safe there, and pretend the fat man couldn't get in.

On the fifth day, towards sunset, the thin man came back.

Ed saw him coming. Long before he was out of the car he stood in the doorway shouting to him.

"What news?"

"Bad!" said Wal laconically. "Bad. I told you you were firing too high, didn't I? I got the place all right. I bin hanging around there ever since. But nothing's been left, and you'll see from the papers how the land lies."

He dumped a wad of them inside the shack.

"You see what they say. They got a clue. It put the wind up me. I'm not going along again. I've got a feeling they was watching me."

Ed's voice was thick with disgust.

"You mean they ain't going to ransom the little——"

"Read for yourself," said Wal.

They sat down, tearing the papers apart, dropping sheets of them on to the floor when they'd finished with them. Peregrine snooped about and got what they'd finished with. He couldn't read very easily, but he recognised the pictures all right. His mother, her face tense and dramatic, getting out of a car. Himself as he had been, a fop with golden curls and a velvet suit.

"Film Star's Frantic Search for Son."

He spelt that out laboriously. It said nothing about nurse's frantic search, nor was there any picture of that well-beloved bonnet, but Peregrine knew she would be on the warpath all right in her quiet way. Interviewed, Elfrieda Hawker was heart-broken.

"He was such a little, little boy," she said. "He will be scared stiff away from me. We were never separated. I brought him over from England with me, so that he might never leave me. I haven't slept a wink, nor eaten a crumb——"

Peregrine could not read all that, so he threw it back with the other sheets on the floor.

Ed said:

"They got no clues. How can they have any clues? They put that in to set the wind up us. If the kid is back by Monday, they'll pay ten thousand. Ten thousand! God, I wonder she has the face to let on that's all the maternal instinct she has. Ten thousand! I tell you, I'll not give the kid up for ten thousand."

"If it's true they got clues, and he's found on us here?"

"He won't be found on us, here. I'll see to that."

He turned and saw Peregrine squatting over himself as pictured complete with curls, grinning a triumphant grin. He lifted him out of the way with a kick.

"Get out of it, you. Or I'll hit you on the head with that hammer!"

Peregrine went back under the table. He couldn't see from there, but he could hear. The row began quite suddenly.

"Wal, see here. You're double-crossing me."

"I swear, honest to God . . ."

"No one could have given them a clue, only you."

"Can't you see I don't want 'em around here any more than you do? I'd swing along with you if the crowd got us."

"I don't trust you, see. I don't trust you. Five days. What you bin doing all them five days?"

"I tell you, I was waiting. Hoping she'd cough up. She would have coughed up if you hadn't been a fool and asked too much. Ten thousand, perhaps twenty, she'd have coughed up. You asked too much. I told you."

"You told me? Who are you to come telling me anything? A damned soapy down-at-heel Limey, what goes all soft and sloppy over a kid. . . ."

"I ain't all soft and sloppy over nobody, so shut your trap."

"I was a fool ever to take you in with me, but if I find you've double crossed me, Wal. . If I find you have. . . ."

"Well, you won't find nothing of the sort." said Wal, in a sort of whine. . . . "It ain't that I wouldn't like to, damn you. . . . I ain't got the courage."

"Well, that's fair spoken, anyhow," said Ed, evidently mollified.

"Now we all knows what's what. You keep a civil tongue in your head and do what I say, and we'll land that hundred thousand yet. You see if we don't. . . ."

"I'm not going along there again. . . Not me. . . ."

"You don't have to. I'll go myself. . . ."

He rode away early next morning, on an old horse full of galls.

"We'll leave the old car here. . . . Then if anyone comes snooping around they'll see we aren't out looking for anything. . . . You can tell them I've ridden out after snares. . . . See?" said Ed.

It was grand without him. Wal produced a bag he had brought back with him. It had sugar buns inside, and he and Peregrine had a banquet together, frying their own eggs and lumps of the cold meat with them.

"Gee, Wal, can't I go out? I want to play in the stream. I'll come when you call me. I'm darned sick of hanging around this place."

Wal stood in the doorway, and listened. He looked this way and that. There was no sound save the singing of birds and the clucking of the water over the stones.

"Sure kid. . . . Run out and play. . . . But, if anyone comes, (*Continued on page* 90)

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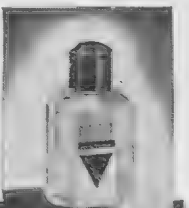

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you wanna lie low. . . . See? You wanna shin up that tree and hide in the ivy. Else you'll get me shot."

Peregrine clambered down to the bed of the stream, and concocted a fort of stones. He plastered it with mud, and himself, into the bargain. By noon his fair hair was dark with it. It is doubtful if Elfrieda Hawker would have recognised her little, little boy. . . .

Once or twice Peregrine went to the shack and took a look through the window. Wal was sitting beside the table, looking miserable, whittling a stick. Once Peregrine said to try and cheer him up:

"I'm here, Wal."

Wal said, "That's all right, kid. . . ."

They had their meals together, elbows on the table, drinking hearty and free, mouths quite full.

"You ain't not at all like a Hollywood kid. Leastways, not what I pictures them to myself," said Wal. "How did you come to be such a tough little guy, with the pap foods you must a got over there, and them curls and all. . . ."

"I never liked my curls. . . .Only I couldn't get a hold on the scissors myself My father was a soldier. . . .I want to be more like him, and not like the guys on the sets. . . .A soldier, he was. But he faded away. . . ."

"They sometimes has to. . . ." said Wal, bitterly. "I was a soldier myself once, but I 'ad to fade away, as you might say. Along of falling asleep on sentry go. . . .And one thing and another. . . .See here, kid. This mother of yours. Do you reckon she will cough up for you? Ed reckoned on her coughing up quick. If she doesn't cough up. . . ."

His eyes got a sudden haunted anxious expression. He got to his feet.

"I'd split on him, if I dared. . . . I would . . . . I hate him. . . ."

Peregrine drank with satisfying gurgles, his elbows on the table. He said, "I don't like him much myself. What fun it would be if he never came back, Wal. Then you and I could live here forever. . . ."

Wal stared at him.

"But—don't you want to go back to your loving parents?"

"Not much. . . . I'd have to wear out my velvet suits. . . . I'd like to see my nurse and my mother. They could come for week-ends. Couldn't they come for week-ends?"

"Sure, they could," said Wal, reasonably.

"Can I go back and play with water?"

"Sure you can, kid. But come if I call you."

THE fort grew and grew. Now it was a grand erection walled all round with stone battlements, and a row of spent cartridges for guns. Two days passed, then three, and no echo of what was going on in the world reached them there in the forest. On the fourth day Wal came running out in the afternoon and, seizing Peregrine by the collar, shoved him up into the thick ivy-grown branches of a tree.

"Lie still as a mouse." said Wal.

Presently the sound of a horse's hoofs hammered through the silence. A tall man dressed in khaki, with a wide hat and a leather belt all round him, full of cartridges, jumped down and hammered at the door.

Wal opened the door. He was yawning and stretching, as if he had been fast asleep.

"Good-day, trooper," said Wal.

"Where's Ed?"

"Away in the woods somewhere, trooper. Looking at snares we set last week . ."

The trooper eyed Wal for a moment. Then without a word he went round to the shed where the old car was kept. The battered lamps leered at him triumphantly.

"H'm," said the trooper. "Know anything of this Hawker kid that's been hooked?"

"Why would I know anything the like of that?"

"Mind if I take a look round?"

"Sure . . ." said Wal . . . Peregrine saw him cast an agonised look at the tree. Then he followed the trooper inside. Peregrine waited, half expecting pandemonium to break out, for when he had seen such things on the pictures pandemonium practically always broke out when a man dressed like that went inside a lonely forest shack.

Nothing, however, happened. The man and Wal came out together, and they seemed good friends. The trooper remounted. He rode off under the very tree where Peregrine was, and set his horse at the little stream.

The horse was about to jump when it suddenly shied. It shied so hard that the trooper nearly fell off . . . He swore, and kicked it, and the horse cleared the stream as if it had been a five-barred gate. The trooper pulled up, still cursing, and adjusted a stirrup leather. Then he went off at a gallop.

Not till he had been gone a long time did Wal let Peregrine come down. Then they crept indoors and sat with drawn curtains, talking in half whispers. It was all very grand and exciting.

"And did you see the horse kick off, when it saw my fort?" said Peregrine. "It kicked off till the man nearly had to let go."

Wal had been eating bread and cheese in his own individual fashion. He stopped with a large slice of bread, a big lump of cheese waiting at the doorway of his mouth.

"What?" he said.

"It saw my fort . . . I nearly laughed," said Peregrine. "It kicked right off."

"You're sure it was your fort it saw? Lemme have a look at your fort."

It looked even more splendid and imposing, with its rows of little guns glittering by the light of Wal's torch. Peregrine was pleased to see Wal was more than a little impressed. He was obviously taken aback. Then, all of a sudden, without rhyme or reason, Wal began to laugh.

"Well, I don't know. Maybe that's torn it, kid. I shan't say a thing to Ed about it, and don't you, neither. If it's meant to be, it's meant to be. But it's a queer show, the way you often get let in to do the thing you ain't got the courage for, another way . ."

All that evening Wal was immensely insistent about the fort.

"You're sure it was your fort made that horse kick off, kid?"

He asked it so often that Peregrine got quite tired of talking about it. He fell asleep.

How long he slept he did not know. In the shack, pandemonium reigned when he awoke. Ed had come back.

He was facing Wal, who stood with his back to the wall. Peregrine, looking on sleepily, realised one thing plainly enough. If Wal had been a soldier once, he certainly wasn't very brave now.

"It's a lie," said Wal, unsteadily. "I haven't got no cash and I didn't give away nothing to nobody. Honest to God, Ed . ."

"Then why do I come back and find you making tracks to quit? With your bundle all ready, not expecting me at any rate till morning? Huh? You've double crossed me, you quitter, and I'll have the money after you, if I have to search in your guts to get it. See?"

The dog with cat's ears crept shivering into Peregrine's arms. For the first time in the whole of the past fortnight Peregrine was really frightened. He would have given a lot to be safe in the nursery at home, with nurse sewing next door and Tinka under the bed.

"I'm taking no risks, with either of you. I'll finish you off first and then do for the kid, and when he's found in here, with you, folk can draw their own conclusions."

Wal said desperately, "Ed, listen to me, and I'll tell you something. Something that happened this afternoon."

Evidently Ed would not listen, for Wal gave a sharp choking cry and did not say any more. The dog with cat's ears raised her voice suddenly in an awful eerie howl, her long muzzle raised. Peregrine had great difficulty in stopping her. She sat crouched in his arms, and shivered.

Daylight crept through the shutters. Ed was moving around, *(Continued on page 92)*

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muttering to himself. He went outside and washed himself in a bucket. Whilst he was outside Peregrine took a look at Wal. There was a knife stuck into him, and he was bleeding in the good old-fashioned manner they always did on the sets. He was smiling all the same—smiling in an odd secret fashion. Smiling triumphantly, as if he knew something he hadn't told anyone.

Ed came in. He was busy, now, packing things up. He took his gun off the rack and laid it across the table. Then he turned to Peregrine, who was still under the table with the dog.

"Come here," he said.

Peregrine came.

"Fetch me my boots," said Ed.

Peregrine fetched them. Ed looked at him in a queer fixed fashion, his eyes grown very small, like pigs' eyes, in his large face.

"Fetch me that hammer," he said.

Peregrine went slowly across the shack, and picked up the hammer. It was very heavy. He had to use two hands to get it across the room. Ed was sitting on the edge of his shake-down, putting on his boots. Out in the woods the birds were beginning to sing, and he could hear, all mixed with their song, the clucking of the stream that went trickling through the tree boles. In the middle of all these things he saw nurse, in her brown frock, with her blue and silver badge that said "Love Never Faileth." She seemed to be standing, her arms folded, looking at him as she sometimes did when he fell and hurt himself.

"Now then," she would have said, when she wore that face. "Don't make a fuss, old soldier!"

And suddenly it came over Peregrine how nurse would have dealt with Ed. Surely she would have stood no nonsense from him. And as he thought that, Peregrine lifted up the hammer with both his hands, and swung it round and caught Ed on the back of the head with it, as he had often seen the funny men on the films catch their victims. Then he stood back, his teeth clenched, to see what the effect would be.

Ed behaved just as the funny men's victims always behaved. His head wobbled this way and that, and his eyes got sort of wild, and he said,

"Oh, Mister . . ." quite faintly, and then fell over on to the floor.

He never moved again until noon. He was just beginning to groan, and turn this way and that way, when the state troopers surrounded the shack.

Peregrine opened the door to them himself, and there was the state trooper whose horse had kicked off, showing everyone the fort.

"When I saw that it gave me my clue. Thank God, we're in time. . . . He was evidently packing up to clear off somewhere, when the fight began."

His mother arrived in a motor car. At first she did not know him, but then she fell on her knees beside him and sobbed,

"My little, little boy. . . ."

She held him to her scented bosom, and whispered, stroking his hair.

"Tell mother all about it."

With a flash of intuition beyond his years, Peregrine knew the last thing he could ever do was tell his mother about it. She did not want to hear anything like that. No little, little boy would ever have conked Ed one with the hammer. . . . So he stood, patiently, whilst she questioned him.

"Were they cruel to you, my darling?"

"The thin one wasn't bad. But the fat one," said Peregrine, "was lousy." He let it go at that.

Only to nurse did he unfold the whole story. When they were alone together—he in his bath.

"So I picked up the hammer, and I conked him one," said Peregrine. "But don't tell mother."

Nurse soaped his back energetically.

"You did?" said she. "That was grand, old soldier!"

Saigon Night

(*Continued from page* 33)

parked ours; I wondered if it was the car in which Gita Orlay and the purser had driven off. If it was the same car, then they might also be patronising Pi Lok's restaurant that night.

The four of us set off down the side street, René Tri leading the way. I followed with Roger Lauvan and Mademoiselle de St. Anton.

"The ground floor of Pi Lok's restaurant consists of one large room; this room was thronged with a nondescript crowd of lower-class Chinese, Cambodians and Annamites; a game of Fan Tan was being played in the centre of the room. A gallery, from which wealthier clients were watching the Fan Tan game ran round the second floor. A number of private rooms, available for dinner parties, opium-smoking or singing-girl concerts opened off the gallery. Pi Lok, an enormously fat Chinese, conducted our party personally to the upper floor; it was understood that we required two of the private rooms, which Europeans who go out to Colon to dine invariably engage.

"Pi Lok has the reputation of being the discreetest restaurant proprietor in the Far East. Nothing will drag from him the names of the clients who may be dining with him on any particular evening. In a colony where deceived and occasionally jealous husbands are in an overwhelming majority this is just as well. Pi Lok himself is said to know everything about everybody in French Indo-China. He would, of course, have known who Madame Orlay was, and also that the sister of Monsieur de St. Anton had come out on the last boat.

"As we were passing along the corridor the door of one of the private rooms suddenly opened. Madame Orlay, wearing the purser's jacket, pushed out her head and shoulders. 'Deux Portos! I have rung three times!' she screamed. Pi Lok placed his enormous person between Madame Orlay and ourselves; she may have noticed René Tri, but she certainly did not see us. 'All lite,' said Pi Lok, closing the door and standing in front of it till our party had passed.

"René Tri made one brief reference to our companions when the door closed on the room Pi Lok allotted them. 'I think they like to have their dinner without us,' he said.

"I was expecting and rather dreading a Chinese dinner; we had instead one of Pi Lok's famous fish suppers. The main dish was a kind of Chinese bouillabaisse, served piping hot, and perfectly delicious. We lingered over this, drinking several thimblefuls of samsui; then René Tri asked if I would like to hear a singing-girl or would prefer to watch the Fan Tan. He said that very high play sometimes took place at Pi Lok's.

"We decided to watch the Fan Tan, and went out on to the gallery. We were leaning over the gallery, watching the croupier counting the shining brass discs in fours, when Tri nudged me.

"'There is that actor from Paris on the opposite side of the gallery; he has with him the Director of the Opera House and Monsieur de St. Anton.'

"I looked across the gallery; there was the pallid and disreputable Alfred leaning over the rail; he had on one side of him the Director of the Opera House, on the other Monsieur de St. Anton.

"René Tri's face, never expressive at any time, gave no indication of his thoughts. He could not have been as unperturbed as he looked. Monsieur de St. Anton was not likely to thank him for bringing his sister and a young Frenchman out to a shady restaurant in the Chinese city. As for Roger Lauvan, his position, if Monsieur de St. Anton discovered him, would be infinitely worse.

(*Continued on page* 94)

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" 'You had better warn Mademoiselle de St. Anton that her brother is here,' I said.

"René Tri nodded and moved quietly away. I looked across the gallery, trying to catch Alfred's eye; for several minutes he either did not or would not see me. I attracted his attention at last, and made a sign to him to come over. He came up mopping his chalk-white face with a not very clean handkerchief. 'It is hot in here.'

" 'Why has Monsieur de St. Anton come out to this place?' I asked.

" 'He has come out with Monsieur Farliss, the Director of the Opera House.'

" 'At your suggestion?'

"Alfred grinned like an evil little gargoyle: 'The Belgian has not spoken very nicely to him about me; she said she would not play in the same theatre as I did. I thought it would interest him to see how she spends her evenings.'

"Looking at Alfred, one felt it would be hard to blame any woman for refusing to play in the same theatre with him. 'Produit de Paris,' the captain of the *Cap Varella* had called him. He looked what he was, a degenerate little drug-taker. He had a mean character, too; he had never been known to offer anybody a drink during the voyage; he had not even tipped his cabin steward; he was an actor, not a man. No wonder the officers of the Infanterie Coloniale despised him! Now he was trying to revenge himself on the plump, florid Belgian in the most underhand way a man could devise. Why shouldn't the poor girl have a few hours of happiness with her purser? However, Madame Orlay's future did not so much matter; it was Mademoiselle de St. Anton who had to be considered. I had said nothing about her to Alfred, and was wondering whether to tell him that Monsieur de St. Anton's sister was in the restaurant when René Tri came back.

"Alfred did not like the Annamite; he tried to treat him as an inferior, but was always baffled by the look in those inscrutable Oriental eyes. Tri bowed politely to Alfred; he made no reference to the matter that was perturbing us both. I wondered whether it would be better to tell Alfred the truth. He probably had no idea Mademoiselle de St. Anton was in the restaurant; he was only thinking about the 'Belgian cat.' What would he do if he knew about Mademoiselle de St. Anton? He might consider it amusing to pass on a hint to her brother. So far as we all knew, Alfred had not a single redeeming feature in his character.

"Monsieur Farliss, the Director of the Opera House, and Monsieur de St. Anton were still standing directly facing us. The latter was watching the Fan Tan, but the Director kept glancing sharply round. He had the infuriated expression on his face of a man who thinks his mistress is deceiving him. I supposed the only reason he did not start to search the premises was because he expected Madame Orlay and the purser to show themselves at any moment. Whatever Monsieur Farliss might do, it was essential something should be done to get M. de St. Anton out of the building; it seemed best to tell Alfred the truth.

" 'Mademoiselle de St. Anton is here with Roger Lauvan,' I said.

" 'She here!' The change in Alfred's demeanour was remarkable. Madame Orlay, in his opinion, was an actress—a *poule*. It meant nothing to him what happened to her. But Mademoiselle de St. Anton! A young girl of good family! A scandal was unthinkable! Apparently even Alfred had his limits.

" 'They asked if they could come out with us; it is a harmless escapade; they will leave when we do,' René Tri said.

"Alfred turned on the Annamite: 'You know very well that a young French girl cannot come out alone with a man to a native restaurant in Colon. This affair may end badly.'

" 'Can't you persuade the Director of the Opera House to leave? Say that you were mistaken about the restaurant,' I suggested.

" 'He won't leave till he has caught the Belgian,' Alfred said.

" 'How does he know Madame Orlay came out here?'

" 'I went to his house and told him I had seen her driving with a man in a car along the Colon road.'

" 'You sneaked. Now you have got everybody in a mess. You had no grudge against Mademoiselle de St. Anton.'

"Alfred lowered his head; for a full minute he appeared to be thinking deeply; he stared at the people playing Fan Tan; suddenly he turned to René Tri.

" 'Where is Pi Lok? If I speak to him perhaps I can arrange something.'

"The Annamite said he would take Alfred to Pi Lok's private room. Before he left Alfred said to me: 'You stay here, Monsieur; show no surprise at anything you see.'

"I remained where I was, pretending to watch the Fan Tan, actually keeping an eye on Monsieur de St. Anton and the Director of the Opera House. They had placed themselves so that Monsieur Farliss could watch the doors of the private rooms which were immediately behind me. Monsieur Farliss was waiting for the Belgian to come out with the purser. It would be a bad business if young Lauvan came out suddenly from one of those rooms with Mademoiselle de St. Anton. I could imagine the expression on Monsieur de St. Anton's face.

"A door did open and I turned round sharply in time to see a black-haired Chinese waiter, wearing a long blue robe, leave the room carrying a tray. I fancied he came out of the room Madame Orlay and the purser had engaged. Nothing happened for a few minutes; then the same door opened again. Looking round I saw it was the purser himself this time. He stopped in the open doorway, turned round, and called: 'Come along, darling.'

"I looked across at the Director of the Opera House; he was gripping the rail in front of him; his mouth was twisted. Monsieur de St. Anton, standing by his side, maintained a rigidly correct expression; all the same I fancied he was secretly amused.

"I turned round once more to watch what Madame Orlay would do when she saw the Director. She was just coming out; she was wearing the white dress we had seen her in that afternoon and had also a white veil tied round her hat and face. That veil might give protection against the sun or mosquitoes, but it would not help Madame Orlay now. Monsieur Farliss started to come round the gallery; he walked as a lion walks. When he was still several paces from Madame Orlay she saw him. I have never heard a woman scream more shrilly. She clutched at the purser's arm. The Director of the Opera House walked forward slowly.

" 'What are you doing in this place?' The Director caught hold of Madame Orlay's wrist.

"Her shrill scream had brought people running from all directions; doors opened along the corridors; the immensely fat Pi Lok came wheezing up the stairs; there was no sign of Alfred or René Tri.

" 'What are you doing here? Answer me. Is this what you call being tired and going to bed?'

"Monsieur Farliss shook the unfortunate Belgian artiste with all his might. The purser stood by, making no attempt to interfere.

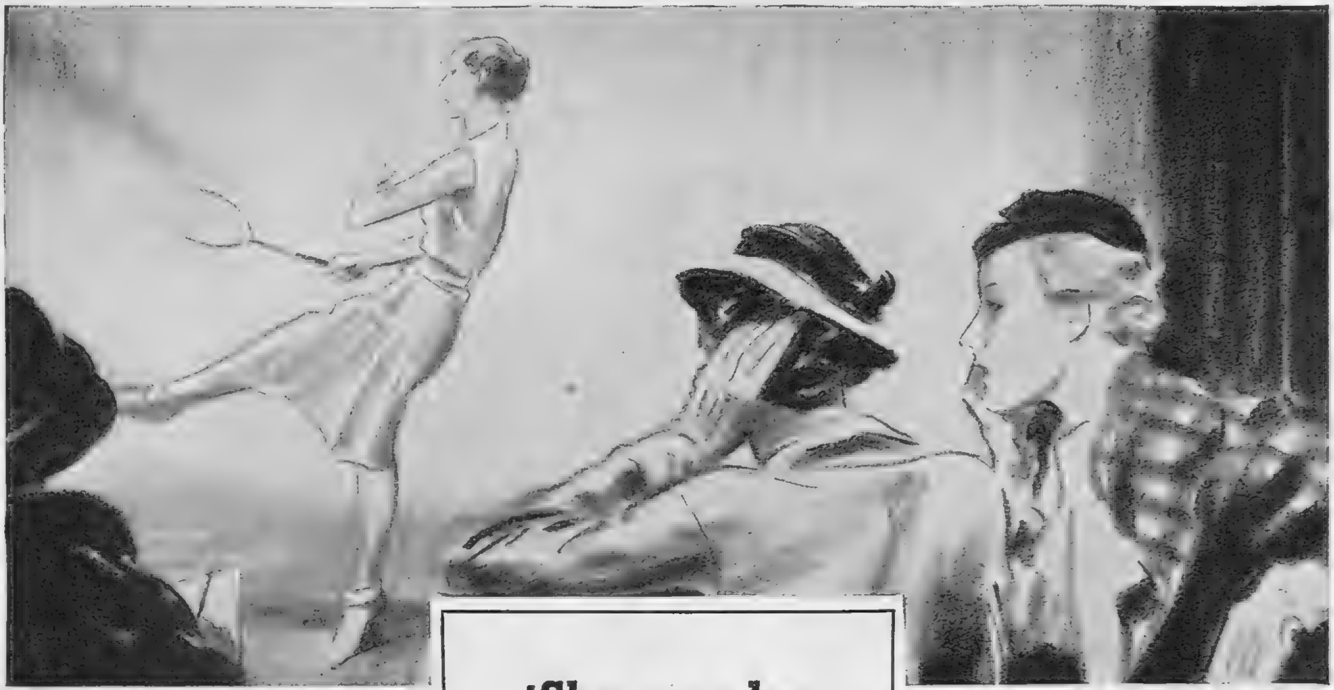
" 'You think I don't know you in a veil!' Monsieur Farliss snatched at the veil and wrenched it from the Belgian's face. 'Specimen of a ——' he began, then stopped abruptly.

"I could not see Madame Orlay from where I was standing, but I could see the expression on Monsieur Farliss's face. As the veil came away the look of fury in his eyes changed to amazement. 'You!' he exclaimed, staring at the face turned up to his. 'Imbecile!' He raised his open palm and cuffed Alfred's cheek as hard as he could.

" '*C'est une blague*,' Alfred yelled.

" 'A joke! You dare to play a joke like that on me!'

(*Continued on page 96*)



'She may be good at games, but my dear— her complexion!'

Poor Julie ! She was playing the game of her life at the Badminton Club. When suddenly, just as she reached for a brilliant shot at the back, she caught that devastating remark.

She missed the shot, lost the game and the match, and went home feeling thoroughly depressed.

" What would you do if you had a rotten skin like mine—all spots and blotches ? " she said despairingly to Rose, who shared her rooms.

" Well," said Rose, " I should do what my sister's been doing with such marvellous results—take Eno's ' Fruit Salt ' every morning. A bad complexion nearly always means that you've been neglecting yourself—that's what her doctor told her."

There was never a truer word spoken. And if women only realised how much that neglect costs them in looks, they'd fly to Eno—as Julie did.

And how Eno has improved her complexion ! Poisons have no time to get into her blood now, and make her skin ugly. Every morning Eno gently washes them all away—leaving her system vigorous and healthy. Her skin grows clearer and more radiant every day. She feels a different girl.

Go in for *real* beauty treatment. Take Eno's ' Fruit Salt ' every morning. It forms no habit—it is pleasant-tasting, refreshing, and can do nothing but the greatest good. Begin the day with a sparkling glass—and in a few weeks you'll be a different being—with a skin to make your friends green with envy !

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Have *you* any of these symptoms?

BAD COMPLEXION
OBESITY
HEADACHES
DEPRESSION
IRRITABILITY
INDIGESTION
SLEEPLESSNESS
CONSTIPATION

Saigon Night

"I saw that M. de St. Anton was laughing; I began to laugh myself. The scene was really excessively funny. I guessed what had happened. Alfred had succeeded in getting into the Belgian's room; he had told her the Director of the Opera had come down to the restaurant to catch her out and persuaded her to put on the Chinese waiter's dress that he was wearing. She had left the room carrying the tray; luckily she had short, black hair and, anyhow, Monsieur Farliss was not looking for a waiter. Alfred had then put on her clothes and walked boldly out into the corridor with the purser.

"Now, of course, he had to make some explanations. We listened to the torrent of talk he poured out to Monsieur Farliss. I gathered Alfred was saying he had invented the story about Madame Orlay coming out to Colon with the purser. Madame Orlay had never left her hotel in Saigon, Alfred said. He had thought it would be a good joke—*une blague*—to say she had gone to Colon and slip out ahead and impersonate her; he was a trained female impersonator.

"'Where did you get the dress from?' Monsieur Farliss asked, still furious.

"'It was lent to me,' Alfred answered.

"'A conspiracy to make a fool of the Director of your theatre!'

"'*Une blague, M. le Directeur,*' Alfred repeated pleadingly.

"Vowing he would close the Opera House for the season, Monsieur Farliss stamped out of the restaurant, taking M. de St. Anton with him. So far as Mademoiselle de St. Anton was concerned, the situation was saved. We were able to get her and young Roger Lauvan back to Saigon without anybody knowing anything about it."

"Did Alfred lose his job?" I asked.

"No. The Director of the Opera House did not dare say a word; he would have been the laughing-stock of Indo-China if the story had got out; I expect he had to increase Alfred's salary. Of course Madame Orlay did not raise any further objection to playing in the same theatre with him. She could not after what had happened."

"And Mademoiselle de St. Anton and Lauvan? What happened to them?"

"I had a card from her at Christmas; she said she was going back to her people in France in January. 'I have not seen Roger since you left,' she wrote; 'it is droll how people come into one's life and then pass out again.'"

END

My Friends' Homes

(*Continued from page* 41)

and the quiet efficiency and promptness with which the meals come to table says as much for their humble apparatus as for my friends' skill in avoiding the disasters that are commonly associated with meals of their kind.

Omelettes done to perfection, fragrant stews and boiled chicken, I assure you, have never tasted so good. Succulent steaks and chops, roasted in a dutch oven before a wood fire, have introduced me to perfect cooking. Say, if you like, that the country air has something to do with it. Well, perhaps a little, but I have always learnt something about cooking when I return from that country retreat.

I TAKE off my hat to all who make a success of housekeeping in a small space, or with a small purse. It's easy enough to make people happy in your home, and to shower them with comfort when you have unlimited space and money at your disposal, but just try producing these effects when you haven't. That's the test of ingenuity—and often of sincerity, too.

I have always thought the smaller modern flat one of the most difficult to assemble into the form of comfort. I know so many which, in attempting to be comfortable, are stuffy, and others which, in trying to be modern, are bizarre. But there is one—the only one that doesn't make me feel like a sardine in a tin—where comfort and convenience, a nice sense of space and quite a homely informality seem to have got together into four small rooms and a kitchen. I have given you some pictures of this flat. The dining-room (if it may be allowed the term) is quite a triumph of ingenuity. Six people can sit round the dining-table in comfort. Believe it or not. . . . But my wise friends have one inviolable rule. They fit their entertaining to their flat and, far from criticising them for this, their friends are never tired of blessing their good sense.

Some of the worst dinners I have had have come out of tiny kitchens whose resources have been overtaxed by the size of the party. And some of the best dinners have come out of even smaller kitchens whose resources have not.

I never feel so much at ease as when I am invited into the kitchen of a house. It makes no difference whether it is a model of luxurious equipment or just a kitchenette. They're always interesting and instructive. Besides, women drop most of their affectations in the kitchen and become themselves.

It is astonishing how differently women express their personalities in their homes. Some houses are cold and austere—just show houses; others are confidential from the moment you enter the door. It's not a question of furniture or effects. It's the personality of the woman who presides. I have a friend who makes her house lovely with flower arrangements. Each room has an individuality of its own from her exquisite skill in arranging flowers. She is an artist in this sense—but oh, her dinners . . .

END

Glass in Our Houses

(*Continued from page* 65)

a most useful purchase, especially if you choose the model that will turn itself into a firescreen when you would rather have this than a wagon.

If you merely have a wooden table, you can console yourself by setting it with glass. Flat mirror-glass centre-pieces are fashionable. Put a glass bowl in the middle of the mirror and fill it with glass fruit and leaves.

And you can put your china plates on square mats of engraved and coloured glass, illuminating their charm by candles fixed into glass candelabra.

These are very new, the sconces set at right angles, to give the proper geometric air that modern design demands, and fitted on a swivel so that you can move them as you like.

A tea service adorned with narrow green and silver bands is made of glass even to the teapot; glass coffee cups, banded in silver, await your after-dinner guests on a comfortable low glass table rimmed with silvery chromium, and the cups are later removed on a glass tray.

Chromium and glass again ally themselves for the newest *hors d'œuvre* dishes, the glass thickly bevelled. You tell the time by glass clocks and equip your dressing-table with an infinity of glass jars and boxes and bottles.

This is a glass age, a little unnerving for those of us who are heavy fingered, but so sparklingly gay and attractive that it is worth taking all the trouble in the world to treat our glass furniture gently and preserve its delicate loveliness.

END

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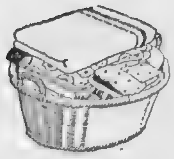

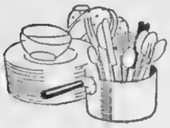

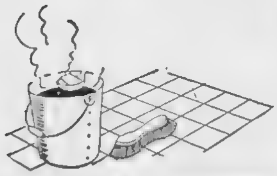

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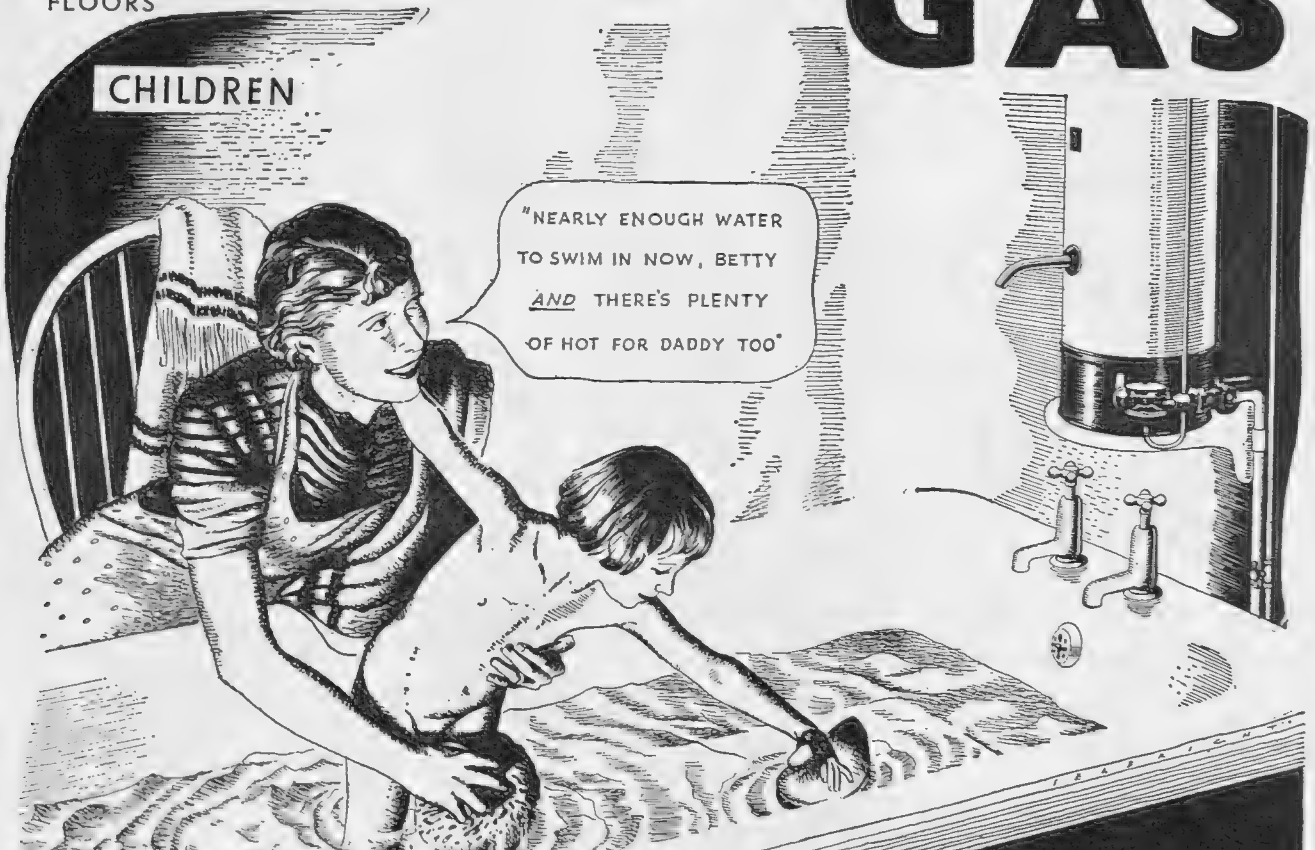
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Flying News

(Continued from page 35)

Berkshire Whites that went to the Smithfield Show.

All this was important to Mr. Perkins—important to everyone. For a mile or two, the bees would drive him into somnolence, as he walked. And then—" Oh, Mr. Perkins . . . ."

Now, every time he was stopped, Mr. Perkins would put down his box, take out his notebook and write it down. And sometimes, when he had written it down, he would take out one of the carrier pigeons, fasten the news, if he thought it mattered enough, under its wing, and throw the pigeon in the air, knowing that, in Beverton, a few miles away, the evening paper would print it before he had walked home again.

Mr. Perkins and his pigeons weren't a joke. They were an institution.

How the Flying Reporter laughed when he heard of this, not unkindly, for, to him, as to all reporters, all news was news and all ways of getting it were a source of study.

But he laughed most when Mr. Perkins told him of the one great tragedy in his life. He had talked of the villages and the village people, and how informative they were, and how they all ran after him, and then he came to an incident, the memory of which had long clouded his life.

For years, he had sent pigeons off with news of births and marriages and deaths, mere trivialities. Then, one day, in a village where nothing had happened for years, a woman had run down her path shouting out, " Oh, Mr. Perkins," and added, " Have you heard about the murder ? "

Murder ! Fancy hearing about a murder. Mr. Perkins nearly fell down with surprise—nearly, but not quite.

Mr. Perkins was self-possessed enough to put down his box and take out his notebook and write down how old Mrs. Wilmington, aged 73, had been murdered in her bed, and how the police were searching for the murderer. Then, having written it down, he took out a pigeon, the last one left that day. Now it was the first murder that Mr. Perkins had picked up during his long years of walking.

" This is great news," he said to himself.

Yes, it would reach London soon. And the crime reporters would come down—and " Scotland Yard " perhaps !

But, alas, he was so excited with the importance of the news that, instead of throwing the pigeon in his usual expert way, he caught hold of its wings and threw it so that it fell to the ground, struck the earth with its beak, and broke its neck ! And it was the last pigeon !

No wonder the Flying Reporter laughed. Mr. Perkins was not surprised. He had made many people laugh with that story. Years before, he had been rather ashamed of it. But now it did not seem to matter so much. It was merely funny.

" Well, that's the queerest way of getting news that I ever heard of," said the Flying Reporter. " I'll tell you what I'll do. You said you were doing a flower show to-morrow. I'll take you out in my aeroplane and we can fly the news back. That'll give them a thrill in Beverton. There's no news about here. I'll take a day off and give you a flight."

" Can I bring my pigeons ? " said Mr. Perkins. " They would like a fly."

" Bring anything," said the Flying Reporter.

THE Flying Reporter, with all his cleverness and with all his flying nerve, chose, of all Beverton's days of somnolence, the very last day on which he should have given someone else a lesson in journalism, however old he was.

For, scarce had he left the town, with Mr. Perkins and his pigeons in the cockpit of his plane, when Suicides' Leap provided news, not of a death, but of a resurrection !

Some days before, there had been another tragedy at Suicides' Leap. A man had thrown himself from the cliff and then been identified by a woman living in the town as her husband, who had left home suddenly some months before. She had sworn to his identity in the coroner's court. The key, found in his pocket, fitted her door.

Then, when the Flying Reporter had gone off with Mr. Perkins in his plane—yes, Mr. Perkins *and* his pigeons—a rumour reached the town that the missing husband, who was thought to have been buried, was living in a village not far away.

" But it can't be true," said the widow. " We buried him, and we had a slap-up funeral. We've all gone into mourning. Of course, my husband is dead. Why, it would *be* a nice thing if another man had a key that fitted my front door ! "

" But you can't be sure," said William Felkin, a local reporter, who called to see her. He had been getting ideas that week. . . .

" Don't wait for news to happen," he had heard the Flying Reporter say. " Make it happen."

And so, while the Flying Reporter's aeroplane was arriving at the flower show, a few miles off, he had gone round to see the " widow."

" Come over with me and have a look at the man they say is your husband," he pressed the woman. " It won't cost you anything. I've got my Ford here."

" No," persisted the woman. " I've buried one husband and that's good enough for me. You didn't have to live with him."

" Come on," urged William Felkin... Why, if he were quick, he might get the story, even in the paper for which the Flying Reporter worked.

" No, I won't," said the wife, or widow, or whatever she was. . . . " Besides, I've promised to go with someone else."

" Oh, that's the game, is it ? " replied Felkin, the light of battle coming into his eyes.

Beverton may be a sleepy place. But even there, newspaper rivalry sometimes woke up.

" Do you mean you are going with that other reporter ? " he asked excitedly.

" Yes," she confessed.

" Well, I'm sorry," he replied. " I can't make you break your word."

Then a brain-wave struck him.

" Although the other fellow may have got the wife," he thought, " if I get the husband, they can't meet without me."

So he dashed off in his car. Arriving at the village, he frightened the unfortunate man out of his wits.

" Your wife's after you ! " he shouted to him.

The man looked scared to death. Yes, he was the husband ! No single man would have looked so afraid.

" Get into my car ! " shouted the reporter, certain now. " There'll be a divorce, police court proceedings. There might be a charge of some sort."

" But I haven't got my coat on," said the husband.

" Get in my car," screamed the reporter, " or you're done ! Hide down at the back, where no one can see you."

So with the husband safely in his car, he motored back to meet, on the way, his rival's car with the wife in it. The other car passed him, ignoring his hail. Why should his rival worry about him when he had got the wife ?

" But I've got the husband ! " he shouted.

But, by this time, the other car was too far away to hear. Then followed a long dash through sleepy lanes.

" We'll turn round and follow them," the reporter shouted to the husband. " He may have the wife, but I've got you, and I'll drive you all over the county until we make terms."

Knowing it was being followed, the other car gained speed. News was news. This was an exclusive.

Soon the first car reached the cottage where the husband had been in hiding. The reporter arrived in it, and the wife soon discovered that the husband had gone.

" Here he is," they heard. " I've got him."

(Continued on page 100)

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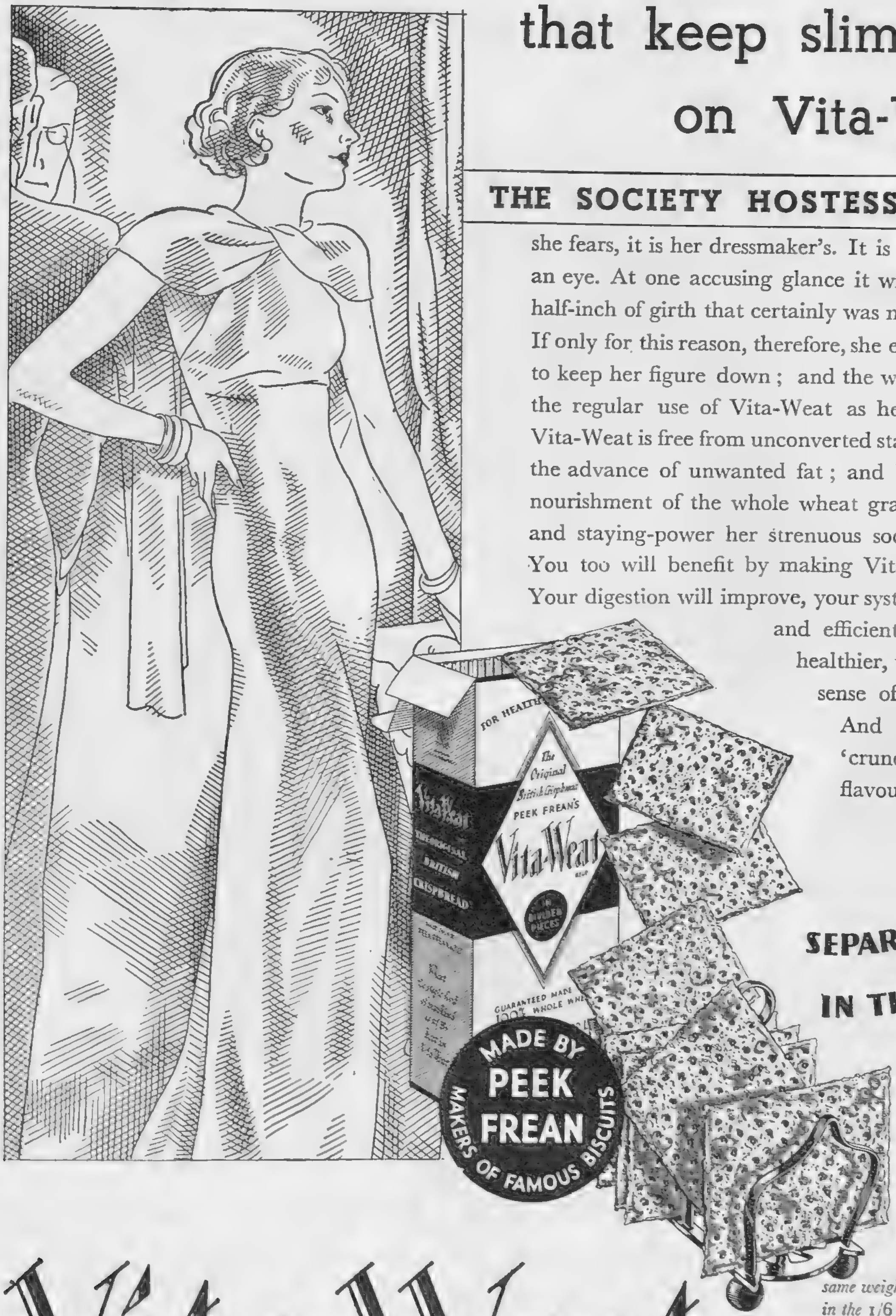
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It was the other reporter in the second car, from which, nervously, a scared man's face was peeping out.

"Now are you willing to share this story?" he said. "You may have the wife, but I've got the husband. Your wife cannot meet my husband without my permission, and my husband cannot meet your wife without yours."

The wife's reporter was being kept in the background, shepherded off. And the husband's reporter was waving his arms and dictating terms.

"Now, if you agree to share the story," he said, "I'll let my husband kiss your wife. Then we can both go back to Beverton and send the story to London."

"But this is my story," said the other reporter. "I thought of it first and I brought the wife along."

"But I stole the husband," said the other reporter. "We have got one-half each. We had better let the two halves join. Now we'll both get out of the way and let 'em kiss and then we can both get back to Beverton. . . Come on, kiss your wife," and Felkin pulled out from his car a frightened man who shrank back in terror.

"Kiss her?" said the man. "I'll kill her if I get near her. Come on! Drive me off in your car. Help me escape again. I was free of her until you fellows got nosey."

"Now, then, be matey," said Felkin. "We've got to have a reunion."

"This is all your damned doings," said the husband. "Here was I, comfortably hiding in a village. Then, unknown to me, I was buried. Then I was doubly safe. And then you stir up my past and bring my wife along. But for you I might have died in peace."

"Go on, kiss your husband," the other reporter was saying, urging the woman on.

"Kiss him?" said the wife. "I haven't kissed him for years. I merely wanted to make sure it was him, so that I could get back the money for the funeral. I'm not going to pay for burying another man. I'd bury this fellow twice, if only I could make sure I had got rid of him. You rotter!"

The "rotter" was her husband, who, afraid of her violence, was cowering behind the car in which he was hoping to escape again.

"Come on, kiss her," urged Felkin. "Kiss her, just once. It needn't be for keeps."

By this time all the village was out, watching.

"Go on," said the postman. "Kiss her."

"Kiss her," urged the publican, from his doorway. "You can wash it away, afterwards, with a drink."

"Kiss her," pleaded the postmistress, coming out from her shop.

"Gawd! can't I rest in peace?" said the husband. "Now, if I promise to kiss her just once, will you all leave me alone? I shan't mean it—but anything for a quiet life."

And he pecked his wife's face with his lips, and then wiped them, as if to take the taste away.

"Bravo!" shouted the postman. "Bravo!" shouted the publican. "Bravo!" squeaked the postmistress.

"Gawd! Can't you leave me alone?" said the husband. "Marriage? You can have it!" And he spat in the road.

* * *

"WE got a good story," said the two reporters later on, when they met Mr. Perkins. "We both wired off to London how man and wife were re-united. So it'll make a good half column. They did kiss once, it's true. But when we left them they were going at it tooth and nail."

"In fact," said one reporter, William Felkin, "his wife had her fingers in her husband's eyes. Still you couldn't very well print that. It won't look so well if there's a police court case. And how did you get on, Mr. Perkins? It must be a novel experience for you to go flying in an aeroplane to get news."

"Oh, we got smashed up," said Mr. Perkins. "As we were flying back to Beverton after the flower show we crashed miles from anywhere."

"So these aeroplanes are not so good?" commented Felkin. "Did you miss your edition?"

"No," said Mr. Perkins, "the Flying Reporter does not know. . . But, before we started back, I sent the news home by one of my carrier pigeons, in case. . . The Flying Reporter's still in a field, heaven knows where. I walked home. The pigeon's in the loft having some corn."

END

Lovely Weather

(Continued from page 66)

strawberries, cream and sugar, may cause gastric and blood disturbances with pain and dysentery (enteritis).

Once more abstinence and only the mildest medicine is indicated.

Children are particularly vulnerable to this. If the pain does not abate quickly, a doctor should be called, in case of appendicular complications.

Owing to the much more rapid deterioration of all foods, particularly fish, milk, cream and fruits, in hot weather, it is essential that nothing should be eaten that is even suspected of being tainted.

Food should be bought in small quantities, from reliable tradesmen. To-day retailers of foodstuffs nearly all have refrigerators or cold storage plants. The small refrigerator is within economical reach of most households. If an ice-making and cold storage machine is not available, ice should be bought and all dairy produce, fish and perishables should be kept at a low temperature before cooking and eating to prevent the incubation of dangerous bacilli. In emergency, ice wrapt in flannel and put in an earthenware or zinc vessel will keep for a considerable time.

Bicarbonate of soda, taken in large doses, is an antidote for fish poisoning—but it is better not to eat bivalves or fish with undated death certificates in hot weather.

Bottling Fruit

(Continued from page 72)

(1 teaspoonful to 1 quart) then in cold water.

This is called cold dipping and besides cleansing, it makes the vegetables more pliable for packing.

Practically the same method as for fruit is employed, only the vegetables are closely packed, and a brine used instead of a syrup, while the time allowed for sterilisation is longer.

The water is brought to boiling point and allowed to boil for one and a half hours.

When ready, if the brine in the bottle has reduced, fill up again with boiling brine and re-sterilise for half an hour, then seal and store in the usual way.

Acidified Brine.

One gallon of water.
Two and a half ounces of salt.
Ten to twelve tablespoonfuls lemon juice.

Dissolve the salt in the water, allow to cool, then add the lemon juice, strain and use cold.

For *Green Peas* the brine is a little different. Allow:

Three ounces sugar.
Two ounces mint leaves.
Two and a half ounces salt.
Ten tablespoonfuls lemon juice.
One gallon boiling water.

Put the dry ingredients in a large jug or basin, pour over the boiling water, cover and infuse for half an hour. Strain and use cold.

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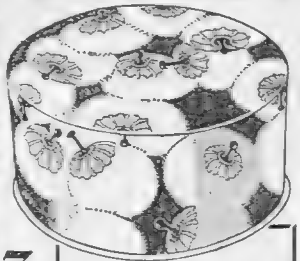

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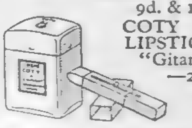

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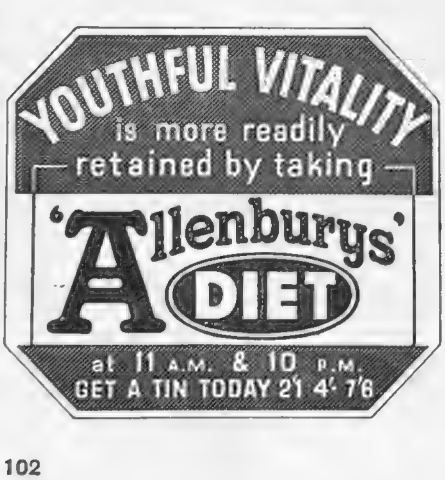

"Blonde Spy"

(Continued from page 23)

schedules, and attack and defence plans. A file of soldiers very quickly rolled his perforated corpse into the quicklime of the jail grave. A check up of recorded cases since 1931 in the countries east and south of Germany (but excluding that State and Russia, whose cases are notoriously "off the record") shows 34 Dembowskies, suborned soldiers who bent an ear to a foreign espionage agent who under-rated the efficiency of latter-day counter-espionage brains and machines.

Even less adroit was Baron George von Sosnowsky, who lost Baroness Benita Falkenhaynberg and Baroness Renate von Matzner their heads, and Fraulein Irene von Jena her liberty for life. He was as old-fashioned as a muzzle-loader. Sumptuous apartment in the Budapestrer Strasse. Katja, the almond-eyed Persian beauty, as hostess and charmer. Parties. Champagne. Invitations—from a Polish officer!—to Reichswehr Ministry stenographers. Money gifts for pretty young women to spend on clothes their parents and friends well know they cannot afford out of their pay. Talks over the telephone—as if 'phone wires are never tapped. Talks in the apartment—as though microphones had never been invented. The "social method" of espionage practised in a Reich capital crammed with secret police and counter-espionage men. . . .

A more impartial justice than that of the enraged Nazis and infuriated Reichswehr chiefs would have let the two German baronesses off with a jail sentence, and axed the Polish baron as an obsolete and incompetent blunderer. However, that Number One was quietly traded for a German Number One the Poles had caught (it is quite in the newly established order of things for two nations who have signed a pact of friendship and non-aggression to spy on one another), while the luckless women tools went the way of all cannon fodder.

"Cannon fodder" is the apt term for them. Scarcely a week passes without the chancellories having a new story, tragic, comic, romantic, or sordid, about the latest woman spy. They are a good-looking lot, the new batch of Mata Haris who suborn, bribe, corrupt, contact, procure, receive, pass on, entangle, blackmail, compromise, listen, and steal, in the phase between the First and Second Punic Wars in Europe. Some bring off a coup before they get caught—like the stunning Louise Martin, who, before she was arrested at Helsingfors last autumn, had contacted the Finnish staff officer, enslaved him, and got him over the frontier into Russia with a bundle of military documents calculated to make their mouths water in the Secret Intelligence branch of Red Army General Headquarters. Others achieve nothing but trouble.

NO photograph of the celebrated Marie Louise has been published. This is a pity, because those who knew her say she is a worthy addition to the espionage beauty parade. A slice of the £180,000 voted annually by Parliament for secret service (and certified by Ministers and checked by Sir Warren Fisher as accountancy officer) was spent in ascertaining just what this Circe wanted in 1933 with the man who is now Prisoner 186 in Maidstone jail. M.I.5, otherwise the British Military Intelligence, must have been considerably surprised when the report came to their desk that Lieutenant Baillie-Stewart, man of family, officer in the Seaforth Highlanders, one of the crack regiments, had made suspicious contacts during a visit to Berlin, and was now meeting a pretty German girl at a port on the wrong side of the Channel. They gave him just enough rope, and then gathered him in.

The traitor was stunned. How much did they know? He found that, incredibly, they knew everything. They knew he had been making memoranda on tanks and tank tactics (a conquered nation forbidden to build or own tanks would naturally be backward in technique and training in this branch). He might assert they were for his own information. They knew he had been meeting the girl. Well, he might make a plausible answer to that. They knew he had been writing and receiving suspicious letters—they had photostatic copies. He might even explain that away. But the girl had made an error. She had given him money, which he had paid into his bank account. Fool! She, a professional, should have kept him, an amateur, right. How could he explain that money away? He invented the desperate tale that Marie Louise had paid him for his favours as a man pays a courtesan. But the Court preferred to think that Marie had paid him for information. He went to jail for five years; and M.I.5 still watch his mail.

An obvious method—and the loss of a willing traitor's aid through a young woman's folly and unimaginativeness. A typically Teutonic blunder. The Germans, unsubtle and direct, lose much by under-estimating the enemy. Johannes Rathke, blind Prussian ex-army captain, and his "eye," Lieutenant Aloysius Frischmann, directed a German industrial and military espionage organisation. The French secret police played along a naturalised German girl agent named Balthe until they discovered that the agents reported verbally to the Number One at meetings outside French territory.

The French Number One took thought. Then he sent a telegram in the Balthe code to Rathke. "Extra good news. Dangerous cross frontier. Meet me at the X café at Hartgarten." Now, Hartgarten is just inside French territory. The French subordinates shrugged impatiently. Waste of time to lay the classic spy trap—the fake summons to a meeting on the wrong side of a frontier. Who would fall for such an ancient piece of cheese? However, they surrounded the café, and waited. Punctually at 10 p.m. a big Mercedes car braked, a young man helped a blind man out. "Name of a dog," said the French agents, and gathered in Rathke and Frischmann. That finished that particular organisation.

La Belle Sophie fell a victim to her frontal assault tactics. Since her arrest, romantic tales have gathered round this girl, beside whom the original Mata Hari looks like a can-can dancer from the Bal Tabarin. She was the chief link between the German spy ring in France and Berlin headquarters. She directed a network of spies working round the new French fortifications. And so on. In fact, she played a rôle at once more prosaic, limited, and practical. Somebody in General Headquarters decided he would like to have one of the new French machine-guns. The order passed from the military department to the Nachrichtendienst; and Sophie got her operation orders.

She arrived in Metz, a platinum blonde, a fashionable lady of pleasure, apparently, with plenty of money, and a nice taste in officers. The sensations of the 22-year-old machine-gun corporal can thus easily be imagined when the synthetic siren, alluring, mysterious, dazzling, turned upon him one day an eye eloquent of interest and admiration. In next to no time, she made this humble soldier her lover. The machine-gun? For her—anything? He managed to sneak one and hide it in a shed in the barracks, and the same night he passed the dismembered pieces to her through the railings. She transferred them and herself to her high-powered car, and immediately stepped on the gas, heading for the frontier.

But it was, after all, an amateurish job. In fear-ridden France, where they have a spy scare every week-day and twice on Sundays (when Ministers make their big speeches) a blonde with a foreign passport cannot arrive at an hotel in the frontier defence zone, and start raising enticing eyebrows at the garrison, without Military Intelligence hearing the news just as quickly as excited voices can complete the telephone circuit which starts at the hotel

(Continued on page 104)

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manager's office and ends in the nearest post of Deuxième Bureau de L'Etat Major. Every step of Sophie's high-heeled patents was dogged. Her bedroom was about as private, if she had only known it, as a Charing Cross waiting room. And the frontier officials were all ready for the blonde when her car roared up with blazing headlights and the gun in a box under the floorboards.

Delectable young women have been arrested by the dozen these last few years on the various frontiers of Europe on suspicion or proof of espionage activities. Often, even the authorities don't know how far some of these girls are dangerous or just a nuisance, real spies or practitioners of the world's oldest profession adopting a Mata Hari guise just to add a new and excitant touch to their make-up.

ANGLO-SAXON gentlemen in expensive hotels at pleasure resorts, and in reserved compartments on trans-continental expresses, have had their privacy invaded at the most inconvenient times by breathless beauties in costumes varying from ravishing *déshabille* to elegant travelling tweeds. "Are you American (or British)? Thank God. Quick! Don't ask questions. I am a secret agent. I am in a jam. Have you some money?—I have to get away at once. I will have it returned to you." Some of the invaded ones have immediately rung all the bells in sight and complained. But it is astonishing how many have responded sympathetically, and fallen for "the touch."

A number of these adroit practitioners, experienced judges of male character, have even had the audacity to return a day or two later, and take up a strategic position, in a restaurant or café chair or somewhere, under the victim's eye, generously allowing the latter—invariably foreign, middle-aged, opulent, and alone—the opportunity to pursue the acquaintance thus unconventionally begun. "I found it expensive, but quite pleasant, and I have no complaints," said one of these elderly romanticists, dragged reluctantly into a court case in Vienna

We find Helen Kahn talking too freely about her interest in the defence system to an attractive officer she picked up in a Strasbourg café. He played her along and informed his commanding officer. Being instructed to cultivate her while the secret police got busy, he met her five times, and then the police took her along to the examining magistrate. She said she had only posed as a spy to arouse the officer's interest. Later, there would have been a passage out of popular melodrama: "Who am I really? Ah, my dear, if I tell you, you will leave me."—"No, no, darling. Tell me. I must know."—"Well, I am a secret agent—a spy, if you like. I serve my country. I might have learnt something from you, but—well, my chief says, you know, that women make bad spies. They can only be relied upon up to a point."—"You mean?"—"I mean that I used to laugh at him and say that no man would ever make me forget my duty. But at that time I had not met you—I did not know what love was."

If all had gone according to plan—a plan not without its shrewd appreciation of male human nature—the enchanted officer, sex interest stimulated and chivalry aroused, would have been moved to regularise his position *vis-à-vis* the lady, and take her under his protection, setting her up in an apartment and making her an allowance, thus relieving for an indefinite period her ever-present problem of securing the necessaries and luxuries of life. The tale was true.

Let us now glance—it is a pleasure—at Lydia Oswald, German-Swiss, traditionally blonde and beautiful. On her arrival at Brest the French naval officers took one glance at her slim and supple figure, her delightful ankle, her clothes, curls, and beautiful, gay young face, and at once rendered as easy as possible her task, which was to become so intimately acquainted with them that they would talk indiscreetly. The police, however, were equally swift, and had her incoming and outgoing mail under steam from the first day. In one letter she received from a doctor in Leipzig they read: "Thanks for the eggs of the hen of Emile, but does he look after pipes?" They translated this as: "Thanks for the information re the officer of the cruiser Emile-Bertin, but is he a torpedo expert?"

The counter-espionage must have been much puzzled by her letters until they realised what was happening, and began to smile. For the sad truth is that the young naval officers in general, and Lieutenant-Commander Count de Forceville in particular, told her nothing but poppycock, and took all the rewards going—and they were generous ones.

But these tales are a cross-section of the lighter side of the contemporary espionage phenomena. Lydia Uspinska represents one of the tragic facets. Member of an aristocratic family in East Poland, she gambled her private fortune away, and contracted a liaison with a man she met in Danzig. This man she understood to be an international financier, who would have married her if he had not already possessed a wife in Rumania who would not divorce him. One day he sent her into Lithuania with a message to a friend. Very confidential. She registered at the hotel and waited for the friend to call for his letter.

He arrived, came to her room, locked the door, and asked her to open her suitcase. Why? Well, she didn't know it, but it contained the real message their mutual friend had sent him. Laughing, for it all seemed very amusing, she let him rummage in her grip. He took the silk coat of a new pyjama suit her lover had given her, and put it in his pocket. "That's all I wanted. A special material—we have to register the patent here."

Back in Warsaw, Lydia questioned her lover about this strange proceeding. He told her, with a brutal frankness which seems unnecessary and was perhaps a major error on his part, that she would be making further journeys with spare suits of silk pyjamas, which, chemically treated, revealed their secret writing; so she might as well realise that she was earning her keep—she was a courier in an espionage organisation, one of the best and safest he ever had.

What could she do? Denounce him? She hadn't the courage. Leave him? He threatened to have her murdered if she tried any tricks. Besides, she had made one trip. Who would believe she had not been a willing accomplice? Thus terrorised into continuing the work, she went on until at last her nerves cracked, and, in an express between Danzig and Warsaw, she opened the door and leaped out.

The authorities found her corpse and a letter in which she told her story and gave away the gang. Two of the agents working from Danzig were caught; but, as in the case of the Rashevsky affair, recently being investigated in Paris, the Number One was located in another centre, beyond the reach of police, prison warders, and executioners.

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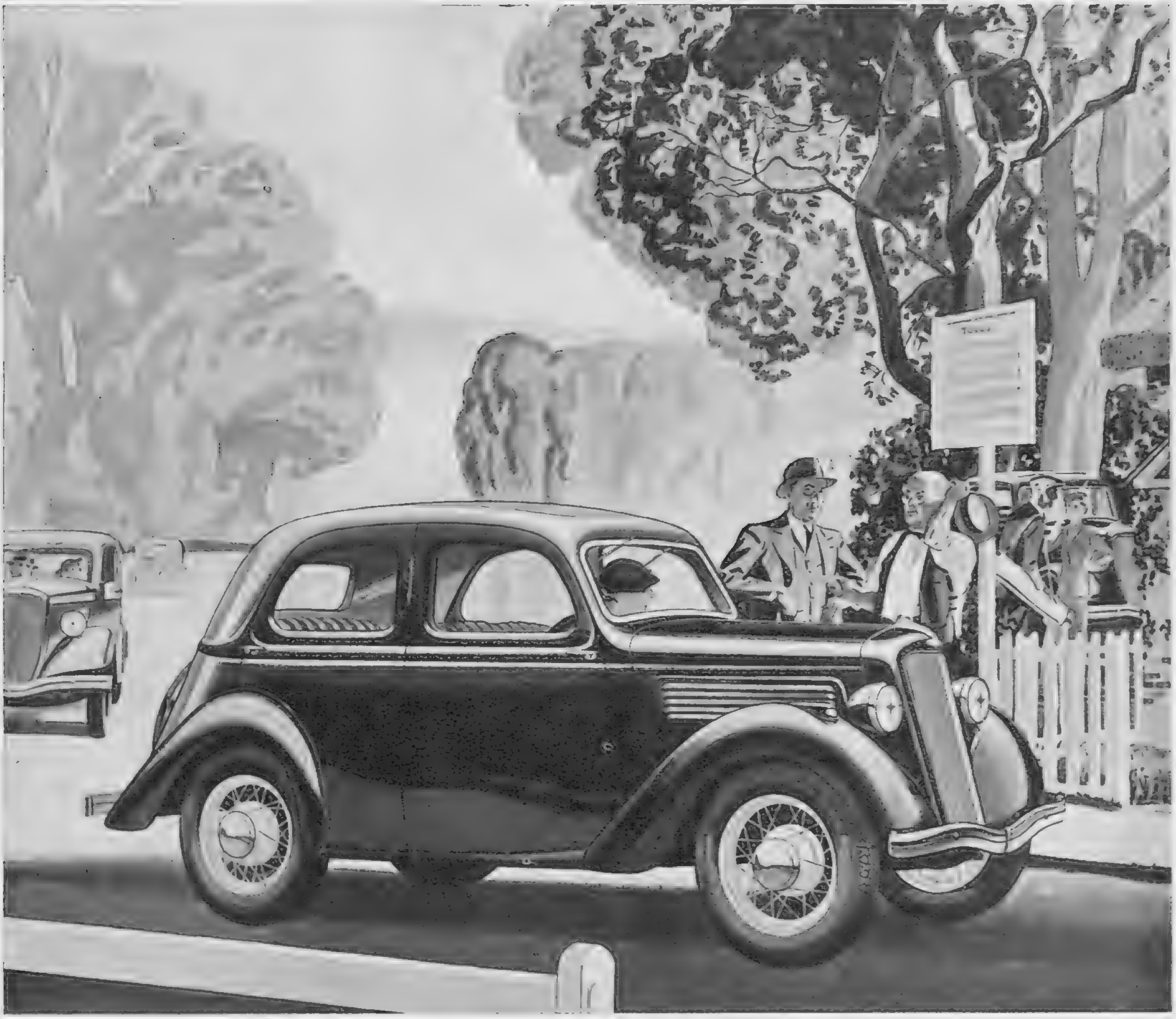

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Bidou

(Continued from page 27)

from his squared mouth issued bellows of anger and of pain. Behind him in triumph marched Bidou.

"Ma! You got to tie up this darn' dog," the boy roared. "Lookit what he done to me!"

"Whatever is the matter, son?"

"He won't let us have any fun. I was divin' an' he pulled me out. He pulled out ever' boy that dived in."

"Serves you right," Mrs. Burke declared unsympathetically. "The water's too cold for swimming."

"Aw Ma! It is not. Anyhow it's warm enough if you come right out. But you can't whip Bidou off, his hide's too thick."

"*Lutey!*" The voice belonged to Luther's sister. "Did you whip Bidou?"

"We *all* whipped him. I'm gonna whip him again. I'll learn that ole dog—" Luther stooped for a stone.

"*Lutey!*" the girl cried in a shocked, indignant tone. She shook her finger. "LUTEY!" This time she stamped her bare foot.

Bidou trotted forward and wiped her cheek lightly with his huge, wet tongue; he rooted her affectionately and his majestic black plume waved.

"Don't you ever stone that dog!" Mrs. Burke admonished sternly. "Especially when he does you a service. You've no business in that water anyway and he thought you were drowning. A body is better off out here if he doesn't know how to swim. It'll never do him any good in the ice, or on the banks, either. You leave him alone.

ALL that summer Bidou acted as the self-appointed guardian of the Bulls Cove swimming hole: he lugged dozens of protesting youngsters out of the water, frequently leaving bruises upon their tender flesh. So long as they were content to splash in the shallows he would eye them contentedly but the moment one ventured out beyond what he considered a safe depth he would launch himself after it. There was no escaping him, for he swam and dived with the ease of a seal, neither did it serve any purpose to beat him inasmuch as his thick coat was ample protection against kicks or blows.

As a matter of fact, he never resented abuse from his juvenile playmates; his good humour was unfailing.

Once the oldest Potier kid tried to teach his mongrel puppy to swim in one lesson and waded out shoulder deep with it. The puppy voiced its terror and instantly Bidou was at its side. He waded ashore with his mouth half open, ready to assist if necessary. It was merely an example of that benevolence common to his breed. With it went a gallant dignity.

Immaturity in animals and human beings alike aroused his watchfulness and his toleration; toddlers, for instance, could tug at his ears or pound him with sticks or stones and he would appear to accept it with an understanding wink. Quarrelsome dogs of respectable size he would fight upon challenge, but the smaller ones could snap and snarl at him without arousing offence. Mature cats learned to avoid him and yet he never molested a kitten.

That winter his bushy tail served as a hand hold for the youthful skaters in the village and he would tow them, singly or in tandem, as long as they chose to drive him.

There is a pastime among the larger boys of the Great Island which is peculiarly their own. When spring comes and the bays are choked with broken ice, the more agile and venturesome youngsters experiment in running across the scattered cakes. It is called "copying." They become expert at leaping from pan to pan and soon learn to tread the broken ice beneath their feet much as river drivers skip from one log to another. Doubtless it is good training for later work among the sealing crews whose members can cross dry-shod over what to the average man would amount to open leads, but it is a sport which brings grey hairs to mothers. Safety, of course, depends upon swift decision, good judgment, a sense of balance and the ability to keep moving; fortunately, too, an occasional plunge into icy waters means little to any full-blooded island boy provided he knows how to handle himself. For instance, experience has taught him never to crawl out upon a floe that is likely to up-end: instead he will lie on his back and work it under his body.

When the ice in Bulls Cove was right, it was possible to "copy" from one shore to the other. This drove Bidou nearly frantic at first but he soon learned to know which boys were capable of performing the feat. More than one of the others he towed to safety through the slush ice.

They might emerge shivering and scamper home but the dog's coat was waterproof and such an immersion meant nothing. He was, in fact, thoroughly armoured against the cold, all but his nose. This sensitive organ he could protect, even in a winter blizzard, by curling up and burying it in his ample brush. Presumably that is what his tail was designed for.

During such weather he hauled firewood on a sled, pulling nearly as much as a pony. During the summer he was hitched to a cart. This was menial work, to be sure, but he sacrificed neither dignity nor good humour in performing it: he became a sort of royal drudge and remained at heart a king.

The time came when Bidou was accepted as a regular member of the Burke household and received the respect and affection to which he was entitled.

He was no care whatever and there was a delightful doggy odour to him which little Nancy loved: she would bury her bright face in his silky coat and murmur to him in a language of her own. Then his deep-set hazel eyes would glow with a melting fire, his plume would softly thump the floor. At other times he would lie with his gaze fixed upon her in mute adoration, averting it only when it was discovered. Then he would sheepishly drop his eyes for a moment. It became a game with them and usually it ended by the little girl pouncing upon him and hugging his great head close.

THE problem of Christmas shopping in a village like Bulls Cove was vexatious for the stores carried small stocks; the residents solved it by giving their money and lists to some schooner captain bound for St. John's. These funds, the fruit of patient saving and self-denial, made a pitiful total at best for Newfoundland villages are poor: this year Jim Burke had volunteered to act as Santa Claus.

Beating eastward against heavy winds he brought his schooner into the cove one chilly December evening to find that his son Luther had been ill for several days. There was no doctor in the village and that afternoon the physician summoned from Bennetts Bay had advised that the boy be taken to a hospital without delay.

Instantly Jim decided to push on and apprise his crew of the emergency. There were six in number, all fellows from Bulls Cove or near by and although they were desperately tired and had welcomed the prospect of a night ashore in their own homes they did not in the least demur. On the contrary they were eager to be of help, quick sympathy and self-sacrifice being a part of the real Newfoundland neighbourhood spirit.

Accommodations aboard the *Queen* were poor at best, moreover the weather was dirty and it promised to be a wet run inasmuch as her hold was full and her decks were piled high with lumber, nevertheless Ellen prepared to accompany her boy and the husband made no objection.

He assumed that little Nancy could be left with some neighbour but at the suggestion the child objected.

"Daddy!" she exclaimed in her admonitory tone. "*Daddy!*"

"Let her go along," Ellen said dully.

"But mother, you'll have your hands full——"

"*Daddy!*"

"—— and she'll be in the way——"

"DADDY!"

"You promised her she could see the city. I'd rather have her with me than to worry."

"All right." Burke was too deeply concerned about the sick boy to argue: when Luther had been dressed he lifted the little fellow in his arms and bore him down to the dock, leaving Ellen to follow with the younger child.

Jim pressed the boy's hot cheek to his own and his eyes blurred, his throat ached, he swallowed a sob. For the first time in his life he was frightened: the emotion rendered him sick. His boy! His little boy! Dying, for all he knew.

In a panic he began to pray.

His family was aboard and he was about to cast off when the village postmaster came hurrying with the Christmas fund.

"Sorry to trouble you, Jim, at a time like this, but it's our only chance to get the presents back in time."

"All right, Angus!"

"We've raised ninety-four dollars and forty cents," the postmaster proudly announced. "Pretty good, considering, eh?"

Pretty good. It was more than that, thought Burke. Not many able-bodied fishermen on this coast saw that amount of real money in a year. Hastily he buttoned the treasure inside his coat. Then he ordered the lines cast off.

It was not until the *Queen* was well under way that he felt a moist muzzle thrust against his hand which lay upon the schooner's wheel and looked down to discover Bidou.

He had not given a thought to the dog. Of course, the animal had followed Nancy. Very well. Doubtless it could look out for itself.

THERE is no coast-line on the two Americas more forbidding than that of Newfoundland. It is incredibly bold, it is guarded by wicked reefs and harried by gales; currents and tide rips in places beset it; summer fogs and winter storms make navigation hazardous. Naked granite headlands, scoured clean of soil and vegetation tower above the sea, a tireless surf booms against precipitous cliffs and the entire island is bitten deep by enormous bays and indentations.

It is a trying coast for mariners and only men like Skipper Burke who are familiar with it can engage with profit in the coastwise trade. It calls for self-reliance, skill and fortitude: much, too, depends upon good judgment, intuition, luck.

Once off-shore the *Queen* began to beat eastward across the fifty mile entrance to Pacentia Bay—historic waters these inasmuch as thousands of hardy fishermen from Brittany, England, Ireland and Scotland have made their homes here, handy to the stormy Banks. They came long before the *Mayflower* sailed and it was they who established the first definite commerce between the old and the new worlds—that was in the days of Baltimore and good Queen Bess. To-day their descendants fight a battle as brave as their forefathers fought under Drake. Simple, hard-bitten, God-fearing men who live solely by the sea. Jim Burke was one of them and he knew no other kind.

A quarter gale was blowing and the schooner wallowed abominably, it was nearly daylight before her skipper sighted Cape St. Mary light and laid his course to clear Cape Race on the starboard reach.

As he descended the companion-way he found his wife beside his bunk in which Luther lay. He volunteered to relieve her but she refused.

"When will we reach St. John's?" she asked.

"Hard telling, with this load. Once we fetch the Cape we'll make better time." He touched Luther's face: it was still burning.

In the opposite berth Nancy was asleep and at her feet Bidou was curled. At home he would never have (*Continued on page* 108)

for June brides! ... Elizabeth Arden's

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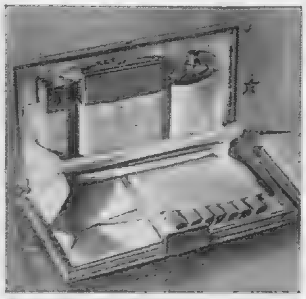

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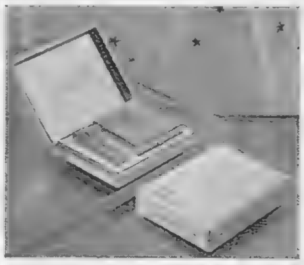

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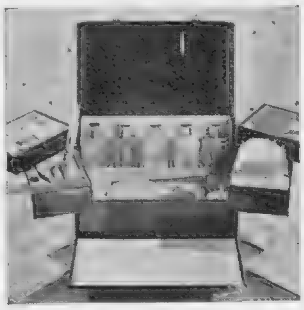

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QUICKLY and EASILY
Roll a damp lock of hair around finger and fix clip until dry. From HAIRDRESSERS' STORES, and BOOTS. 6d. per card of 2 large clips, or 3 small.
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The Ladye Jayne CURL-CLIP

assumed such a liberty, but plainly he was ill at ease. Presumably it was the motion of the ship or the apprehension of the others which worried him.

"Jim !" Ellen's white face was pinched. "If you cast off the deckload we'd make better time."

"Of course. But that lumber isn't ours."

"You could say the weather was too dirty."

"The crew would know."

"They'd lie for us."

"No doubt. But I couldn't and neither could you."

Ellen bowed her head, her hands shook. "Oh, Jim! He's so sick! And—I'm so scared !"

"Me, too," the husband agreed.

There was no breakfast that morning for the galley fire was washed out. Nancy resented this, she pronounced the ship's biscuits horrid and tried to amuse herself by playing with Bidou.

In time the *Queen* rounded the south-east tip of the ancient island and under double reefs wallowed northward through quartering seas that had the full breadth of the Atlantic behind them. Those waves were majestic, they were like hills over which the leaden schooner climbed : from Cape Race to Round Head the iron coast thundered to their blows and milky spume climbed high against its cliffs.

Gradually the wind increased, it shifted northward, too, and Skipper Burke beat his horny palms together : he cursed with that savage wrath which occasionally flames up in the most patient, the best humoured, the most God-fearing men.

A whole gale was blowing by afternoon and there was no need to jettison the deckload : the sea attended to that. Shortly before dark the mainsail carried away and Burke undertook to make land under a double reefed foresail and jib but in this he was baulked for it began to snow and soon visibility was lessened to nothing. It was almost impossible now to see the length of the schooner. Those flakes stung like shot for they were driven horizontally ; Burke and his men shivered in their wet clothes. Their stomachs had long been empty and all were thoroughly wretched.

The schooner began to leak finally and they took to the pumps, then about midnight the foremast went and now the craft was without canvas. Blindly she wallowed through a night as black as ink, almost completely at the mercy of the storm.

When Ellen notified her husband that the cabin floor was ankle deep in rising water he went down and wrapped Luther warmly in bedding over which he tied his own oilskins. It seemed cruel, heartless to bring the lad out into the storm but soon the quarters below deck would be untenable.

As he was wrapping Nancy up in a similar manner his wife asked through chalky lips, "Are we going down, Jim ?"

He shook his head. "We'll never sink with a hold full of lumber but—I'm afraid we're in for a bad time."

"I don't mind. It's only—Luther."

"You'll have to shelter him the best you can—"

There came a jar, a crash as the after spar, now insecurely stayed, snapped and fell. "We're in God's hands now," said Burke.

ABOUT daylight the next morning the village of Smith's Head was aroused by the cry of "Shipwreck !" Somebody ran down the street shouting that a schooner was coming ashore at the Head and instantly the hamlet awoke. Within a few minutes its entire population was streaming up the wagon track which crossed the ridge. Some carried blankets and supplies, for this was by no means the first catastrophe which had occurred here ; others loaded a cart with rope and tackle and lashed the horses up the hill. Unfortunately Smith's Head possessed no approved life-saving equipment such as a howitzer or breeches buoy.

Snow had ceased falling but the ground was white and although the gale had pretty well spent itself the Atlantic was still in dreadful turmoil. A heavy sea out of the north-east raced diagonally along the rocky shore and against the jutting Head enormous geysers spouted

In normal weather helpless craft had been known to drift past the Cape, being saved from the reef which guarded this shore by invisible off-shore currents or the back wash from the rocks, but the wind was now too easterly to make that probable and those who first breasted the summit of the hogback pronounced the craft doomed.

Already she was dangerously close in and they could look down upon her. She was a mastless hulk, a derelict, which rose and fell with deck awash ; how she managed to keep afloat at all was a mystery. The force of the wind drove her slowly and her skipper was evidently trying to wrest all possible advantage from her sluggish headway, but it was a hopeless task : the closer she drifted towards the outward bulge of the Head, the more inevitable became her fate.

Then some sharp-sighted housewife screamed, "Look ! Yonder's a woman !"

"Aye ! And a child. . . .*Two* children !" another shouted.

Up the road came the cartload of tackle ; behind it rushed another wagon upon which had been loaded a fishing dory. Men and horses alike were panting. Swiftly the boat was slid down the steep hillside to the beach but it was useless to launch it for the reef only served to break the first force of the seas and at each receding wave it bared its black teeth. No boat, no human being could live among those rocks.

The wreck was plunging along its outer edge so close that a line from the shore could have been shot across her decks but the Smith Headers were powerless.

It was terrible to stand helplessly by while this tragedy crept closer : it provoked a hysteria as a result of which everybody shouted orders and worked at cross purposes, all futile.

They could count the unfortunates : seven men, two children and a woman. Yes, and a dog. Plainly most of the crew were exhausted for they had abandoned the pumps. Either the cold had rendered them apathetic or the certainty of death had paralysed them for when they moved it was with visible effort.

The sea roared, the wind cut like a blade : at a snail's pace the derelict crept onward fairly grazing the outer rim of the reef.

Then the captain was seen to quit his post. He was bending over the dog, tying something to his collar. That was it ! He was making a line fast to the animal. Now he bore him to the rail and flung him overboard.

It was an action prompted by despair for no dog could swim through that welter : he'd perish among the rocks. The onlookers uttered cries of pity.

Despair indeed had impelled Jim Burke to make this experiment, but Newfoundlands have carried lines out through a surf that would drown any ordinary dog : perhaps Bidou could carry one ashore.

Ever since coming aboard the animal had remained close to his little mistress ; all night he had crouched at her side. He did not comprehend the nature of the peril which beset her but he was ready for it. As he was borne struggling to the rail he heard her scream.

"*Bidou ! . . . Bidou !*" It was a wail of protest, of despair ; the dog construed it as a summons. He rose to the surface, shook himself and swam back to the boat. He struggled to get aboard.

"*Daddy ! . . . Bad Daddy !*" came the child's agonised cry, and Bidou snarled at the blows which were rained upon him.

Burke was yelling at him and frantically waving his arms ; one of the crew had seized a pole and was pushing him off, striking at him. The dog clawed furiously at the schooner's rail but fell back, then he swam forward looking for another point of attack. It soon became evident that nothing would drive him away.

The *Queen* fetched up jarringly against some jut of the reef (*Continued on page* 110)

SIX LESSONS IN LOVELINESS

planned by Lilian Mayle of Cyclax

So that each morning's post shall bring you one day nearer to Beauty

I don't suppose you always feel quite satisfied when you look in your mirror—who does? And I am quite certain, of course, that you spend money on creams and cosmetics, and follow, as every fastidious woman will, a certain amount of home beauty routine. That you honestly and wisely spare no effort to keep the lovely skin you had when you were a little girl. And yet I feel very sure it must be true to say that sometimes when you've used your skin foods and lotions conscientiously, and applied your lipstick and rouge with immaculate care, you've perhaps thought a little wistfully: "If only I had a beauty specialist on the spot, what a lot more she could do for me, with these very same creams and lotions and rouges." And that brings me to my point. I've planned these six lessons to teach you to get quite as much out of every preparation as I could myself. So that skin foods shall really feed, as they were meant to do, so that contours shall really be moulded to lovelier lines, and the last most casual flick of your powder puff shall be really clever. I hope you will let me send you this little course, one lesson every day for a week. It's simple. It's direct. Believe me, I've put all I know into it.

LILIAN MAYLE.

INVITATION

Lilian Mayle invites you to write to her at 58 South Molton St. London, W.1 for her Beauty Course, "Six lessons in Loveliness." One lesson will come to you every day for a week—the first on a Monday—and, of course, no charge is made for this service.

☆

(Ladies who have personal maids are advised to put these lessons in their hands).

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and hung there while a wave ran waist deep over her, but she slid off and floated once more.

It was then that Jim Burke did a dreadful thing, a thing which for the moment caused his wife and the half-drowned members of his crew to think his mind had gone.

Even while the schooner was righting herself he scrambled to the stump of the mainmast, drew his knife and cut the lashings that held Nancy. His eyes were wild, his face was maniacal, his action was that of a madman indeed, for he tore off the slicker into which the child was buttoned and stripped her of the coat underneath it.

Ellen shrieked at him. "*Jim! . . . You mustn't! . . . Oh, my God! . . .* JIM!" His intention was plain and she tore with numbed fingers at the knots which held her.

In terror Nancy struggled against her father's arms; shrilly she cried, "*Daddy! . . .* DADDY!"

With a sob Burke strained her to his breast, then he kissed her frenziedly. As Mike Lynch, his mate, and Slim Carter lunged in his direction, shouting to him, he lifted the child above his head and flung her out towards the reef.

"BIDOU!" he yelled hoarsely. "SAVE HER! . . . BIDOU!"

But there was no need to command the dog. Even before the buoyancy of Nancy's clothing could bring her to the surface he had dived. He seized her by the upper arm: he rose and swam back towards the schooner holding her head high out of the water.

Burke seized the pike pole and smote the foam with it. "*Go!*" he bellowed. "Take her ashore! Swim, dog, swim!"

Above the crashing of the waves came a tumult of shouts from the shore as the men and women of Smith's Head recovered from their stupefaction.

For an agonising moment Bidou persisted in his attempt to board the schooner, but Burke held him off, flailed at him with the pole, then he turned and headed shoreward, still swimming high. The heaving line knotted to his collar cut a thin, snake line through the foam.

"Pay out! Give him slack!" the father roared. "Give him plenty but not too much." He seized the coil and let it out.

Bidou, it seemed, fully sensed the deadly peril of the churning waters that separated him from the shore for he turned his massive head from side to side appraising the situation. It appeared to daunt him for he ceased swimming, he seemed to tread water.

But Bidou's courage had not failed; his canine cunning and sagacity was at work. Waiting until he beheld a tremendous roller bearing down upon him he began suddenly to swim with all his mighty power. The wave lifted him and he rode its crest over the narrow barrier.

A score of men were breasting the surf to receive the dog and his burden, those on the hillside above swarmed down to join them, there was the clamour of many voices.

Jim Burke did not witness Bidou's arrival at the beach, for again the *Queen* had struck and this time she was fast. Her stout hull shivered and for the moment his hands were full in attending to Ellen and Luther.

But Lynch and Carter were hauling at the heaving line, to the shoreward end of which had been tied a hawser: Burke joined his frantic efforts to theirs.

He was like a man in a nightmare. He dared not think of what he had done. If Nancy was drowned—. Well, he'd drown himself. There would be nothing else to do. But with swift work there was now a chance to save these other lives.

Eventually the life-line was made fast, and a bosun's chair was rigged.

Ellen was placed in it first—fortunately, she still retained the strength to hold on—and with his sick son in his arms, Burke saw her begin her hazardous journey.

"You go next, Michael," he shouted to his mate. "You're the only one left who's able to carry Luther. God knows if the lad's still alive, but—" the speaker choked. He groped inside his sodden jacket and handed a package to the mate. "It's the Christmas money, Michael. I doubt if I'll live to spend it. You'll have to see—."

"Look!" the mate shouted. "*They've got her! . . . . She's ashore!*"

A few moments later, Mike Lynch swung himself into the life-saving device and took the unconscious boy in his arms. He, too, was hauled safely to the land. Then one by one, as the angry sea beat the schooner to pieces, the crew was taken off.

Burke was the last to go.

The good people of Newfoundland are accustomed to deeds of heroism and tales of hardship. Stories of shipwreck are too common to warrant much space in the local Press unless the loss of life is considerable. The only published account of the near-tragedy at Smith's Head appeared in a St. John's paper, and it read as follows:

"SCHOONER LOST."

The lumber schooner *Queen*, out of Bulls Cove, Jas. Burke, skipper, went ashore at Smith's Head during the recent gale.

Fortunately, there was no loss of life. The only injury was sustained by the skipper's daughter Nancy, who suffered a broken arm."

On Christmas morning, as a special treat to the convalescent children in the free ward of a hospital in St. John's, Bidou was allowed to call upon Luther Burke. Nancy, her left arm still in splints, led him from one bedside to another, where thin hands stroked his massive head and pinched faces smiled at him.

The nurse explained, "This dog is a hero. He saved the lives of ten people."

"He broke my arm, too!" Nancy said proudly. "But he didn't mean to. It doesn't hurt any more. He's awful sorry."

As proof of this statement, she moved her bandaged arm and the dog licked her hand.

"Santy Claus forgot Luther's presents and mine," Nancy told them. "That's because we're away from home. But I don't care. He brought a collar for Bidou."

Ellen Burke glanced at her husband and there were tears in her eyes. Softly she said, "Never mind, Jim. We've got our babies—and Bidou."

A while later, when it came time to leave, Burke swung his daughter up into his arms, whereupon the dog growled.

"Buddy! . . . *Buddy!* the child exclaimed, "He isn't going to throw me away."

Burke swallowed a lump in his throat. He wondered if the dog would ever learn to trust him again.

END

Veal is Good This Month

(*Continued from page 71*)

onions, a few carrots cut in pieces, a bunch of herbs—thyme, parsley, a bay leaf and a sprig of rosemary—salt and pepper. Add about a quart of water and bring to the boil when you add the meat, after which it should just simmer for one hour.

In another saucepan mix together a puddingspoonful of flour with roughly the same quantity of milk, work to a smooth paste over the fire and add, little by little, some of the stock in which the meat is cooking, making a smooth sauce which you whip occasionally.

Go on adding stock and letting the sauce simmer until you have a sufficient quantity. When the meat is ready, add it to the sauce together with the onions—not the carrots—and just before serving stir in slowly the yolk of an egg diluted in a little vinegar or lemon juice, after which, of course, the sauce must not boil or it would curdle.

Serve with mashed potatoes or plain boiled rice or spaghetti.

END

LADY SMILEY — *who before her marriage was one of the beautiful Beaton sisters — has fair wavy hair and the loveliest complexion. She is happiest in her garden near Pangbourne, just playing with her baby son, cutting flowers for the house, and generally leading a care-free, fresh-air existence. In Town you may meet her in the Park with her favourite dachshund.*

"THEY TELL ME *my skin looks sixteen*" SAYS LADY SMILEY

"I REMEMBER how thrilled I was one Christmas to receive an invitation to a very exciting party. I wasn't 'out' then (I was only sixteen) and as all the other girls were of débutante age, I just *had* to look my smartest.

At school it wasn't 'done' to use beauty aids. But for all that I knew what was good for the skin! For days before the party I anointed my face every night with Pond's Cold Cream to make it beautifully soft for the great day. And what a marvellous time I had!

Today I still use Pond's Creams. I'm sure that's why I've kept my skin free from dryness and little worry lines.

People tell me my skin still looks as young as it did at sixteen! This is my daily beauty care, which I follow at home and abroad, however late I go to bed!

Last thing at night, I spread Pond's Cold Cream all over my face and neck, working it in until my skin feels soft and relaxed. Then I gently wipe off the cream — and with it all dust and dirt and make-up.

Always before I powder — and especially if I'm spending my day out-of-doors, I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. It keeps my skin fine and supple and prevents it from coarsening through wind and sun. Pond's Vanishing Cream is a perfect powder-base, too. Why, I can dance all the evening without needing to repowder."

Trial jars or tubes of Pond's Creams are only 6d.

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Clark's of Retford

If You Became a Star

(Continued from page 29)

not be grabbed up immediately by some rival studio and turned into a star. Not at all—for he or she will be *under contract* to the studio for which they gave their vivid little piece of acting, and it will be that studio, and not a rival one, which will set to work with all the forces at its command to turn the lucky player into star material as quickly as possible.

In olden days players in the theatre learned their business by becoming members of a stock company, either in London or some big provincial city. There they were taught, in a very tough school, all it was necessary for them to know about stage craft; and if they were any use at all, if that Vital Spark existed in any form whatever, they made good in the long run. To-day, Hollywood is offering the same stock company chances to a number of fortunate young men and women. And in doing so it is lessening the chances of one-time extras, who did not really care two hoots about film acting, but merely wanted the thrill of hanging round a studio day after day, with yellow grease-paint making a mess of their skins and blazing lights ruining their eyesight.

Though I should be the last person in the world to pretend that the life of a would-be star, or an accepted one, is easy, I feel it is only fair to point out that to-day every studio is frankly admitting the need for star material. New faces are wanted. New personalities must take the place of those who have been too long before a tolerant public. Make a list of the stars of to-day, and you will be surprised to find how many of them will be ready to play mother and father characters in two or three years.

When talkies came in there was a sweeping influx of theatre talent, which arrived in such quantities that the studios were nearly drowned in the flood. That stage stream has almost ceased to flow. Where is the new talent to be found? What can be done to discover and build up the Norma Shearers, Clark Gables and Janet Gaynors of to-morrow?

At the studio where most of my own work is done, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, there are twenty-three youngsters under contract. They are coached in one-act plays, while being given small jobs in current films. When the plays are ready a performance is given which is attended by directors and producers who might be interested to employ some of these boys and girls in their films. And in that way latent talent is spotted and given its "break." Among the twenty-three possible stars at M.G.M. is a girl whose history interests me. Her name is Valerie de Lorenzo. Not very long ago she was a waitress at the Hollywood Brown Derby (one of our most popular restaurants).

There she was seen by one of the studio talent-scouts. Last year, Valerie would have considered herself lucky if she had been given one or two odd days' work as an extra. But the new code has brought her better fortune. She has a contract, which provides a living wage. She is being trained every hour of every working day. She may be one of to-morrow's stars; or she may never be heard of again. But she is being given her chance.

Other studios have similar stock companies for stars of the future. Fox has thirty-five "possibles" all drawing weekly wages; Paramount has over twenty, and they are being trained by Miss Laughton—not related to Charles, by the way—in every branch of dramatic work. I went to one of the shows given by these salaried students, last year; and in one play I watched your own little Ida Lupino give a really fine performance as an old woman of eighty. I was by no means the only member of that audience who found Ida's performance of interest. I believe it opened the eyes of a good many studio executives who did not believe this clever kid could do anything more than look pretty and act ingénue rôles with a lot of pep.

The one-time Central Casting Bureau in Hollywood has gone; it was once the be-all-and-end-all of thousands of despairing extras. Its place has been taken by the Metro Casting Corporation; and it happens that Marian Mel, who is head of the women's section of this busy enterprise, is a great friend of mine. She told me that any girl who comes to Hollywood to try her luck on the screen should have at least £200 in her possession, and should make up her mind to live in such a way that this money will last her a year, assuming that she does not earn one farthing during that time. If at the end of twelve months she has not earned anything worth talking about, and does not appear to be likely to make any sort of dent in Hollywood's studio world, she should accept the verdict of "Not suitable" and retire as gracefully as possible from the struggle.

Good clothes are essential if a girl wants to crash into films. In the files that reach to the ceiling in Miss Mel's office are the listed names and photographs of 17,000 players. Out of that enormous total 1,600 names have been gradually selected and entered in four special ledgers. Those names represent men and girls on what is known as the "Active List." They get one call a week, at least; their average earnings are under £2 a week. The remainder of the 17,000 are startlingly lucky if they get one call in a month.

The new code has altered wages for extras. If they are called for a set that necessitates evening dress (which, of course, they provide for themselves) they must receive a minimum salary of £3 for a day's work. Miss Mel told me that before very long it is hoped that the tragic list of useless names may be whittled down to those who are ranked, fairly, as members of the Active List.

Jobs for extras are allocated by means of telephone calls, which come to the Casting Corporation between five and six in the evening at the rate of 3,000 per hour. These calls are from extras who hope for work the following day. The switchboard operators call out the names of the extra players; twelve men sitting round a long table, each with a hush-hush telephone pressed against his lips, signal if they wish to speak to a certain extra. The call is plugged through; the man gives details of time, place and clothes, quotes salary, and the deal is over. No commission is paid by extras; the upkeep of this Casting Corporation is contributed to by all the studios.

But, frankly, the studios are not looking for extras. It is potential starring material that they need. Assume for a minute that some girl wants to try her luck in Hollywood. She goes to the casting office of the different studios, where she will at least be seen. The men who are responsible for the casting offices of the major studios are the most shrewd, kind, brusque, capable people in the business. They have to be. They cannot afford to make mistakes.

If a casting director goes as far as arranging for a screen test of any applicant he must be almost sure he is on a certainty. Physical requirements are obvious. One swift glance says "Possible" or "Impossible" to the man behind that office window. But personality is not quite so easy to spot; and thus tests are made. Outsiders, who talk so blithely about "having a test," and grumble so heartily if they fail to get one, have very little idea of the high cost of this branch of studio work.

A silent test costs £10, even with more than one individual being tested at the same time. A voice test, which means bringing in a second player who can speak dialogue or at least give cues to the tested subject, costs at the very least £50. If there is a special reason for making the test exhaustive, and the player is asked to speak lines or act scenes from four or five different plays, the cost of the test may mount up to £500. Casting directors are so expert at spotting talent that very often players are signed up, under the new conditions, without making a test at all.

(Continued on page 114)

PYORRHŒA?

NOT ME!

"JOAN'S SO ATTRACTIVE!" said her friends, "such beautiful teeth!" And indeed she was proud of their whiteness. She cleaned them carefully every day, her precious pearls.

WHAT HER TOOTHBRUSH REVEALED. One day, however, she noticed her toothbrush was slightly pink, and found that her gums were bleeding. She hurried to see her dentist. He told her that this was one of the earliest symptoms of Pyorrhœa, but that there was no need for alarm, yet. She had sensibly come to him at once. He explained about Pyorrhœa.

THE CAUSE OF PYORRHŒA. Modern conditions and unsuitable diet are responsible for lowering the natural resistance of the mouth tissues — thereby inviting the dread Pyorrhœa germ, which lies hidden for years. Fine white teeth are often deceptive. The simplest way to ensure healthy resistance is by regular care of the gums.

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PREVENTION IS SO SIMPLE. Yet it is so easy to guard against Pyorrhœa. Daily massage with Forhan's for the Gums keeps tissue firm and healthy. Besides being a first-rate toothpaste, Forhan's contains those astringent and antiseptic properties necessary for the prevention of Pyorrhœa. Don't risk delay — get a tube to-day!

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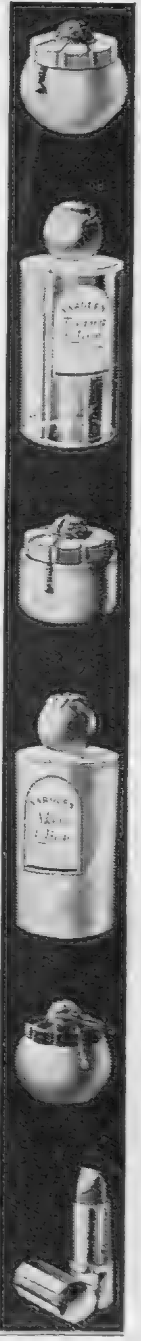

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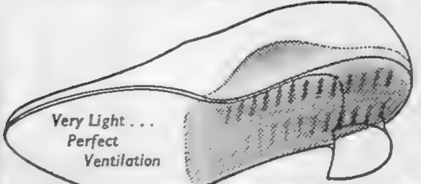

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for shoes loose at heel. Save wear on stockings and eliminate heel rubbing. Last the life of the shoes. Ready to fix.

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They are put into the "stock" school. They are allowed to play tiny "bits" in front of the camera; they rehearse plays, learn how to walk, how to make up, how to modulate their voices for the microphone, how to present themselves to the best possible advantage. Eventually, a test takes place for some small part; and the player stands a far better chance of making good if any sort of ability lies behind a pretty face or a lovely figure. Personally, I know quite well that I wish I had started my career with the same advantages that girls of to-day may expect. It sounds like a fantastic dream, to me, to think of getting a training no amount of money could buy—and being paid for taking that training into the bargain!

So much for Hollywood and the chances it offers to those with sufficient pluck and ability to grasp them. Now let us imagine the case of somebody who has arrived, and is well on the way to becoming a star. What happens to a girl while she is qualifying for the exhausting life that is to be hers, from the moment that she may be said to have "clicked" with the public. Yes; it *is* exhausting. It requires every ounce of energy, physical and mental, that human beings possess.

Stardom allows no slacking, no lounging; to relax is something no star must do—at least, not in public. Since the major part of each waking hour is spent in public, being stared at, being watched incessantly, it follows that as long as popularity lasts we must be prepared to be for ever on guard. We cannot afford to go out looking anything but our best. No casually put on clothes; no hair that is not as tidy as it might be. One hundred per cent. perfection—that is our motto. And what a nerve-breaking motto it is at times!

AT a dinner-party not long ago I sat next to Maurice Chevalier. I noticed how tired he looked, how quiet he seemed. After a little while I plucked up enough courage to ask what he had been doing that day. He told me. He had been on the set from six-thirty in the morning until eight-thirty at night. He had appeared in every shot that had been photographed during the day; which meant that only for a few precious minutes had he been out of the glare of those burning lights. He had been acting in French and English alternately—the only member of the long cast of his newest picture, "Folies Bergères," to appear in both versions, which are being made simultaneously. And he said he was due back on the set at six-thirty next morning. So it is fun to be a star? Well, I wonder how many of the public who say we are so grossly overpaid would care to work as hard as we must work if we are to hold our jobs!

A girl is on the way to stardom, and the grooming process starts at once. Teeth first, probably. No gold fillings, no metal of any sort must be permitted inside the mouths of film players. The lights catch gold or metal and produce odd effects. A very good-looking young English actor who is now making films out here told me that when he signed his contract one clause stipulated he must have his hair re-cut by a Hollywood barber, and that he must have his teeth overhauled, to the satisfaction of the studio, by a Hollywood dentist, at his own expense. His dentist's bill, before he faced a Hollywood camera even for a second, came to £75.

Girls are put in the hands of a masseuse and made to exercise systematically, besides going on a rigid diet. Dancing is part of the necessary training, and swimming. Clothes fill up hours of every day. Fittings, consultations, and fierce endeavours to find one's "type" and build it up. Men like Adrian and Travis Banton and René Hubert have done as much to create stars as a host of directors, because without the marvellous clothes they design for us the work of the directors would be so much waste of time.

There is always some public appearance or other that demands the attention of a star. Studios expect their highly-paid players to be seen about. It is good for business.

It is not easy, nor wise, for us to appear completely natural. Whether we want to or not, we find ourselves acting quite a lot of the time. We "put up a show" and only those inside the stage and studio world could explain how much our popularity depends on whether that same show is good or bad. We go shopping in the best and most exclusive places in Hollywood and Los Angeles. Bullock's Wilshire, said to be the most luxurious store in the world, finds many of us buying our lounging pyjamas, our embroidered handkerchiefs, or the sets of handbag, hat, and scarf that we have specially made to go with some new suit or other.

Beauty Parlours find us their best customers. There is Jim's, where Mary Pickford has had her nails manicured for quite a long time by a smiling girl called Peggy, and where the signed photograph of practically every famous star in Hollywood smiles from the walls of the reception room.

We shop at open-air markets; and if we are wise we do our own shopping, for two reasons: (a) because it does us good to be seen by Mrs. Jones as we choose our tomatoes and grapefruit; (b) because we can drive very necessary bargains about prices, which are apt to rise alarmingly if the fatal words "Charge it" are breathed into the telephone, or murmured to a shop assistant by our faithful Melinda or Ursula or Mamie. It is astonishing how prices vary, out in Hollywood, when a film star appears on the horizon—something to do with a fool and his money, I imagine.

There are first nights to be attended, in all the glory of orchids and ermine and immense, gleaming cars. Such nights mean an extra visit to the hairdresser and a great deal of care over one's toilette. The glare of those searchlights is terrific; a hair out of place would bring an avalanche of letters by the next fan mail, protesting that So-and-so had let herself go to bits! To me, my first experience of a big first night at the Chinese Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard was the most terrifying thing in my life. What agonies of nervousness stars must suffer, when they are asked to make imprints of hands, feet, and signature in damp cement in the forecourt of that celebrated theatre! I would not mind doing it at five in the morning, with not a soul about; but to be expected to bring off such a feat under the gaze of hundreds of eyes is the kind of nightmare that a film star must be prepared to endure with good grace.

THIS article would not be complete if I failed to mention Gag-Pictures, which come into every star's life at one time or other. The biggest stars get beyond Gag-Pictures, eventually; but all of us know what this part of our business means. A Gag-Picture is something that has nothing to do with a film, or with one's home life; it is not a portrait, and as a rule more than one player appears in a Gag-Picture. The oddest things are thought out, by a special staff; and cameramen rush round the studio grounds, grabbing players here, there, and everywhere, in order to make a Gag-Picture.

These pictures are sent out all over the world; they show us standing on our heads, if we are actors, in order to read our own names upside down (this picture was really made of a well-known comedian), or pushing each other round the studio in a wheelbarrow, or playing some weird kind of game on the beach. Some of Hollywood's best-known players have been called, inside the studios, Gag-Picture stars, because their fame has been built up, in the first place, by means of hundreds of cleverly thought out Gag-Pictures and afterwards secured through fine performances.

Having written all I can about Hollywood, our lives, and the chances the star battalions of to-morrow may stand, it remains for me to retire to my peaceful garden, with my dogs, most deeply thankful for all the kindness that has come my way from the unknown people who really pay my salary—the General Public.

END

Advice for the SPRING

In the Spring your hair gives its warning—streaky—unruly—dull—it is telling you of an organic change that is taking place within you. Your skin too . . . . signs of winter wear and tear and odd unexpected springtime blemishes demand careful treatment. The choice of preparations and their use are questions of the greatest importance at the break of the year but with Elizabeth Bock to help you, they can be quite easily answered. No longer does Beauty demand a daily bath in asses' milk and many more recent—but hardly less complicated—rigmaroles are equally out of date. Instead Elizabeth Bock, who was the first to simplify loveliness and whose methods are the final word in scientific precision, offers preparations and treatments so straightforward and logical that they can easily be followed in your own home. In the Salon or at an authorised Depot, you will receive full information and advice or, by post, the detailed brochure "The Path to Beauty."

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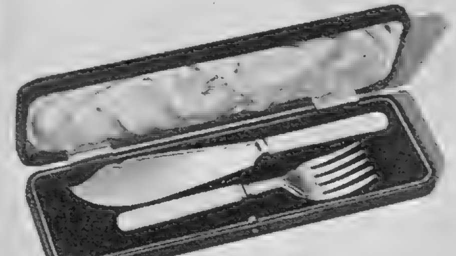

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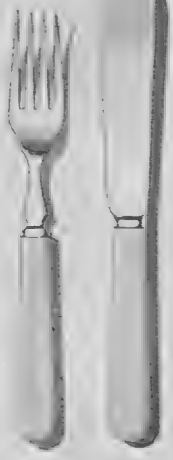

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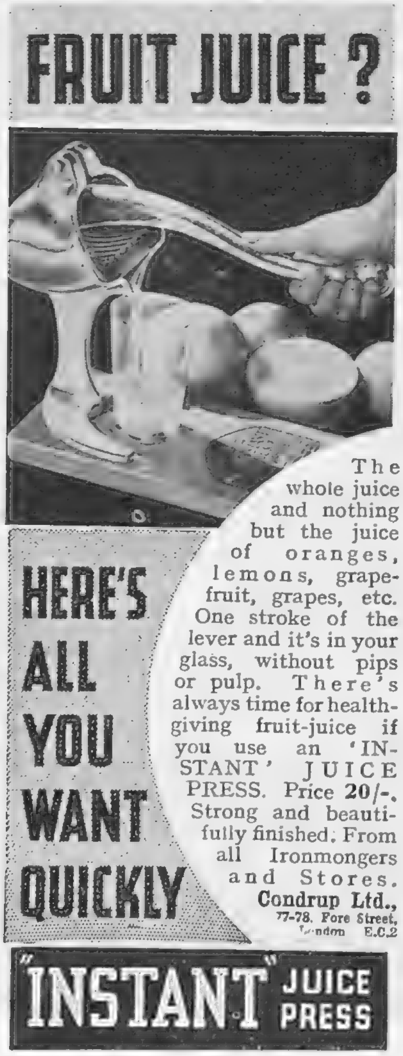
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Holidays in Norway

A REGATTA on the Oslo Fjord, with Akershus Castle and Oslo itself in the background

THE northern spring comes late, but when it does come there is no mistaking it. The snow line retreats daily higher up the mountainsides and the wild flowers follow in triumphant pursuit. There is a freshness in the air that seems to belong to the beginning of the world, and the lengthening days give promise of a summer which, if brief, is of a brilliance all its own.

Norway has a unique charm and picturesqueness in that it still retains to-day more of the characteristics that have belonged to it for the past thousand years than probably anywhere else in Europe. That does not mean to say that it is a backward country. On the contrary people who go there for the first time with vague expectations of primitive conditions are invariably impressed with the efficiency of the railway services, the excellence of the roads and the comfort of the hotels, where one is received with a welcome the warmth of which is typical of the whole attitude of the Norwegians towards visitors. That they are fully aware of the attractions their country has to offer is proved, morever, by the wide and varied selection of tours, both escorted and individual, that the Norwegian State Railways Travel Bureau has to suggest, and the moderation of the costs involved in a Norwegian holiday.

Leaving Newcastle one afternoon you can be in Bergen twenty-four hours later, and there you are at the natural starting point for all tours covering the western part of the country. Bergen itself is situated just to the north of the famous Hardanger fjord which winds inland for sixty-four miles, and reveals at different points every phase of the Norwegian landscape, from the great walls of rock, that come sheer down to the dark water from a height of two or three thousand feet, to those sparkling meadowlands and lovely orchards that slope gently towards a lakeside dotted with farmsteads.

The Sogne fjord, to the north of Bergen, is a magnificent example of the more sombre type of scenery, and it has been well described as "creeping like a grey snake" one hundred and twelve miles inland between the granite mountains. At Voss, which is the second important stopping place on the railway line from Bergen to Oslo, you are more or less midway between the head of each of these fjords, and this is an admirable centre for a quiet holiday in outstandingly beautiful surroundings, with many interesting walks and excursions to be made.

The railway journey from Bergen to Oslo takes thirteen hours, and not one of them is without its scenic thrills. Nor can Oslo itself fail to please. It is a charming capital, gay and unaffected, at the head of a fjord which, during the summer months, is a real paradise for those who are fond of bathing and sailing.

There is a regular steamship service from Newcastle to Oslo, as well as to Bergen, and Oslo itself is also a good starting point for tours.

AMONG the granite mountains: The Narodal canyon, a famous beauty spot in western Norway. The building in the foreground is an hotel

THE famous Romsdalshorn peak—a typical summer landscape in western Norway

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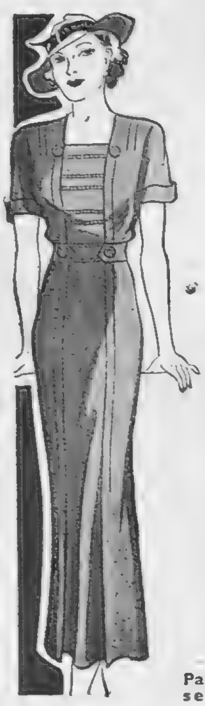

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EAU DIXOR

Vegetables All Alone

(continued from page 70)

about twenty minutes. Remove, drain well and put them in a battered fireproof dish.

Prepare a white sauce to which you add the yolk of an egg, grated nutmeg, salt, pepper and grated cheese. Pour the sauce over the beans, add a few tiny pieces of butter and brown quickly in a hot oven or under the grill. *Regulo setting, mark 8.*

RAGOUT OF TURNIPS

Choose very small and evenly shaped young turnips, scrape or shave them, wash and dry in a cloth. Melt in a frying-pan half bacon fat and half butter. Put in the turnips, sprinkle with castor sugar and fry them until golden brown.

Now put the turnips into a casserole and sprinkle them with flour. Add salt and pepper and a good cupful of stock.

Cover the casserole tightly and bring to the boil. Simmer for about one hour, or until the turnips are quite tender.

CAROTTES A LA BOURGIGNONNE

Scrape and wash the young carrots and cook them in boiling, salted water until almost done. Remove and drain them well and put them in a casserole with salt, pepper and a sprinkling of flour.

Now add a mixture of red wine and stock in equal proportions—any cheap claret or Burgundy will do, not of course port—enough to come level with the carrots. Bring to the boil, cover the casserole and simmer for half an hour.

SALADE CHAUDE

Cook separately peas, beans, carrots and turnips, remove and drain them thoroughly. Cut the beans, carrots and turnips into very small dice to match the peas and mix them quickly in the salad bowl.

Have ready a good piece of butter worked with salt, pepper, lemon juice and a great deal of chopped parsley. Add this to the vegetables and shake until the butter has melted and is mixed evenly in.

Old Tales Re-told

(Continued from page 49)

Forth from its gloomy womb poured a cataract of monsters: humans clad in shaggy skins and hides and pelts, topped with the heads of horned beasts—bulls, cows, deer—a flutter with horses' manes. It was the ambush—favourite device of the Germans in war.

As this fantastic flood surged forward, panic seized not the Romans but their horses: the cavalry broke into chaos. The horses bolted—bit between their teeth, heedless of the rein. In that rush of blind animal panic, they took no cognisance of their riders.

To make confusion more confounded, they rushed back upon the cohorts sent to their support.

But Germanicus was not dismayed. Promptly he straightened the front and checked the aggression of the Barbarians. Arminius retired, but his revenge was only postponed. At the end of the day honours were easy.

The struggle continued for days. The Germans faced the division of General Caecina who had been ordered to reach a certain spot, called the Long Bridges. In order to do so, he had to cover country which was one endless expanse of wet clay and sticky mud. Far away, an amphitheatre of green woods surrounded the morass.

Caecina dreaded the terrain but his orders were definite. He thought it wiser to pitch camp and protect his baggage while his main body defended the position and the engineers worked to repair the bridge that, years before, Lucius Domitius had built.

Arminius took full advantage of the position. By forced marches he occupied the surrounding wood. From that as a base he launched attack after attack, wheeling, circling, retreating only to charge again. Their knowledge of their own country, their familiarity with manœuvres in a quagmire offset at once the Latin discipline and the Roman arms.

Men who, on firm ground, would have stood like rocks fell plunging and sprawling in the slimy mud at the impact of the heavy lances on their shields.

Conditions went from bad to worse. At one moment Caecina himself was surrounded by the Barbarians, leaping round him to the kill. Standing near his slain horse, he prepared to sell his life dearly, when rescue came.

For the heroism of that wavering field you must read Tacitus, supreme among historians. Discipline and the confidence born of discipline began to prevail and grew with each stride the Romans took towards solid earth.

As the French chivalry lost Crécy and Agincourt by trafficking for ransom, so the German tribes lost this forest fight by the lust for plunder. They paused to loot the fallen instead of driving their advantage home.

Arminius, apprehensive of defeat, dreaded still more the impetuosity of his uncle, who wanted to attack against his wish. He was overruled. Inguiomer launched his assault and, as Arminius had foreseen, with disastrous loss.

But for all their momentary success, the Romans were in perilous straits. The ground still neutralised both their valour and their manœuvres. They lacked the engines of war.

In the darkest moment of the battle, Agrippina, wife of Germanicus, appeared, a vision of salvation, upon that dubious field. Speaking with the voice of her husband, she heartened the wavering legions. With her were stores, new weapons, new armour and—she was Florence Nightingale as well as Boadicea—medical supplies.

The end of the season saw the Roman armies established again on the farther side of the Rhine, and the Germans, defeated but unsubdued, still prepared to fight with high hopes for their freedom.

For Germanicus, the realist, the winter had elapsed in preparation, rearmament, reorganisation. For Arminius, the romantic, the icy winter had only fed the flames of his hate.

He tried to picture his own son, the little boy who had never seen his father, brought up in a strange country, speaking a strange language, worshipping strange gods. He thought of his beloved Thusnelda exposed to the desecration of lewd Latin eyes: no Northern man can stomach the unveiled appraisement of the Latin glance. His imagination ran riot picturing the imperial orgies of Rome.

When the day of battle dawned, he was a volcano of seething emotion.

The two great armies came on the field, the splendour of the Romans—geometrical in precision, ablaze with gold and silver, each corps blazoned with a different tincture—in vivid contrast to the wild, uncouth confusion of the Germans.

The clash was terrific. For a whole day, the German forests, where for centuries silence had reigned unchallenged, resounded with the clash of blaspheming steel. Gradually the tide of battle turned in favour of the Romans. The barbaric hordes died in thousands. Even their strongest ranks broke; even where they seemed to hold the advantage they gave way.

Their ardour, their personal heroism was proved of no avail against the mechanical perfection of the classical conquerors.

Arminius was seen performing miracles of valour, fighting as though possessed by an infernal—or divine—power. Sustained by the twin hopes of recapture and revenge be fought on until he realised that to strike another blow was suicide.

He smeared his face with the blood that was streaming from

(Continued on page 120)

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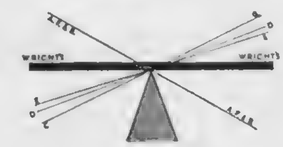
Protection is assured by the better balance of Wright's



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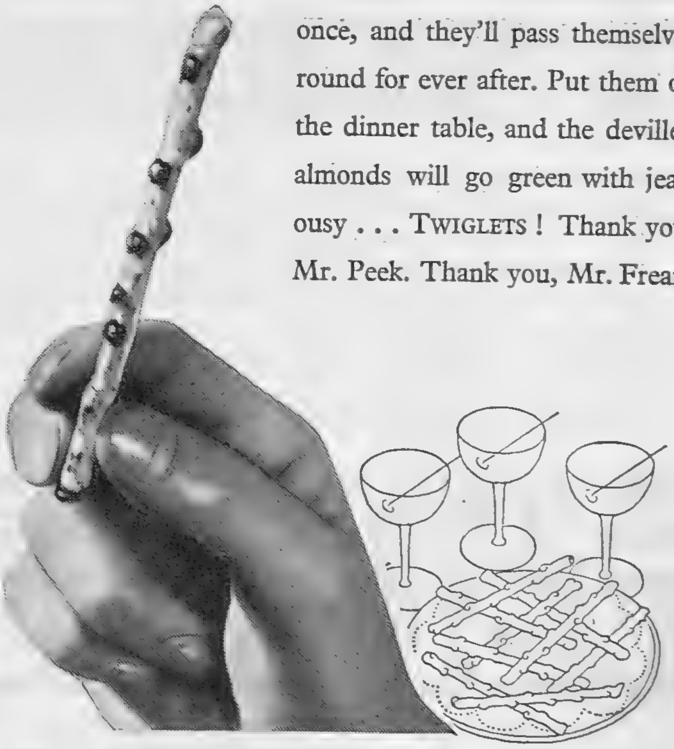

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10 PIQUANT KINDS (and 2 Assortments). *After trying an Assortment some strong-minded folk are able to say which individual biscuit they like best ; others are left in a state of beatific bewilderment. The two Assortments are called Peek Frean's 'Savoury Assorted' and 'Cocktail Varieties' — the latter including Twiglets.*

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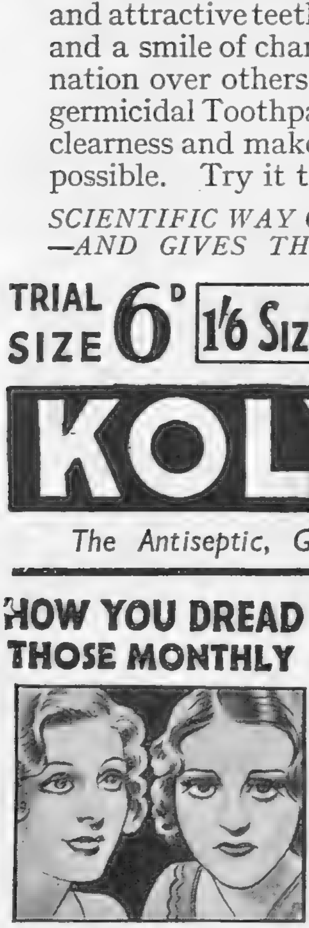

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his wounds, spurred his steed through the iron ring that surrounded him and vanished, a phantom of mad despair, to make another—vain—effort in the future.

For ten miles round the field was strewn with dead and mangled bodies. Germany lay again at the mercy of the Romans.

Tacitus closes the story of this hero with the following words :

" He did not, like the kings and generals of a former day, have but the infancy of Rome to cope with : he had to struggle with a great and flourishing empire ; he attacked the Romans in the meridian of their glory.

He stood at bay for a number of years with equivocal success ; sometimes victorious, often defeated, but in the issue of the war still unconquered.

He died at the age of thirty-seven, after twelve years of fame and power."

In the rude poetry of the barbarians, his name is celebrated to this hour. . . .

" Even among the Romans, the character of this illustrious chief has met with little justice."

To Germanicus went all the honour—and the honours—of the struggle. The Roman Senate decreed his triumph.

In the procession, besides the hundreds of prisoners, the booty, the plaques of victory, the laurel-crowned legions, walked a beautiful woman, fair, tall, stately, severe as a goddess. Holding her hand walked a little boy whose father had never seen him. Though he had fought for him until, betrayed by the jealousy of the chiefs, he had striven to unite, death took the blond hero to his Valhalla.

For Thusnelda there is but one epitaph and, though I am myself a Latin, and believe that the gifts of Rome to the world were greater than the gifts of the ravening Teuton tribes, yet though I hold her ideal was false, yet the splendour of her constancy sets me aflame.

For Thusnelda—of whom we get our final glimpse in the triumph of Germanicus—held strongly to her ancient, soulless gods, her Northern blood, her lord's pledge—and she held it " faithful unto death."

END

The Prodigal Mother

(*Continued from page* 39)

Monsieur Bobinot, the manager, sees to that. Only peers and guardsmen belong . . . and a few actors, of course . . . and one or two niggers."

" I understand, darling," Mrs. Peabody patted her daughter's hand. " And these peers, these niggers," she went on " they made love to you ? "

Cora's voice assumed a note of agony.

" Don't remind me of it, mother ! " she cried. " Strong, silent men, they were, and as we danced together they seemed to sweep me off my feet."

" The sweeps ! " said her mother scornfully.

" I can still feel their hot breath on my neck," continued Cora with a shiver of disgust. " I can feel their hot hands pressed against the small of my back, as they poured words of passion, like molten lava, into my ears ! "

" What was the lava about, darling ? " enquired Mrs. Peabody with growing interest.

" Don't ask me, mother ! I couldn't repeat it ! You see, " she added, " they were offering me their all—yachts, motors, diamonds, opera-boxes—all that the heart of woman may desire—just for one brief moment of ecstasy ! "

" The price of shame," said Mrs. Peabody. " I see. And you refused ? My little girl refused ? "

" No," replied Cora.

" No ? "

Cora rose to her feet and shook herself like a dog.

" What does it matter now ? " she said. " It's all over. There's nothing to remind me of the hideous past—except this fur coat and a small annuity. And I'm home again at last ! Home ! " She looked round the familiar drawing-room which had changed so little in the last two years, and yet from which at the moment there seemed to be something unaccountably missing.

"But where's papa?" she asked, and there was a note of apprehension in her voice as she spoke.

"Your father was rather tired," explained Mrs. Peabody, "after preaching at a special service for Men Only. He went to bed early."

"Will he ever forgive me, do you think?" Cora enquired nervously.

"I hope so, my dear. I pray so. But you know what the Peabodys are. The best thing you can do is to go upstairs and tap at his bedroom door. If he isn't there you might try the bathroom."

"Will you come with me, mother. I'm frightened."

"No, dear. It's better you should go alone."

"Very well," Cora reluctantly agreed, and then, as she hesitatingly crossed the room. "Oh, I forgot!" she added and stopped at the door.

"What? Not your baby?" her mother enquired anxiously.

"No, mother. My taxi. It's still ticking away outside."

"Never mind, dear. I'll attend to that."

"God bless you, mother!"

Cora slowly left the room and closed the door behind her.

NO sooner had her daughter gone than Mrs. Peabody crossed to the fireplace and, picking up the six-hundred-guinea ermine cloak, proceeded womanlike to examine it with admiring and not altogether unenvious eyes. It was indeed a thing of beauty, and to one who never in her life had possessed such a luxurious garment it seemed irresistibly attractive. Almost mechanically Mrs. Peabody slipped it over her shoulders and stood on tiptoe, the better to see herself in the long mirror over the mantelpiece. Cora's cossack hat still lay on the table where she had dropped it, and, before she knew what she was doing, Mrs. Peabody had placed it on her head and was thrusting her hands into her daughter's long green gloves. She was immensely pleased with the result. As a girl she had been decidedly good-looking, and even now, attired in borrowed finery, presented a strikingly handsome appearance. Her complexion, however, so it seemed to her, was somewhat faded, her nose a trifle shiny. Luckily Cora's vanity-bag still lay on the Vicar's armchair, and, with the help of its contents, Mrs. Peabody added a touch of warmth to her own cheeks, of carmine to her colourless lips, and powdered away her natural nasal gloss.

As once again she saw herself reflected in the looking-glass she could hardly keep from laughing aloud. It was at least thirty years since she had looked so comely, so gay and happy. She felt like the eagle renewing her youth, her whole being was flooded with a sudden wave of irresponsibility, she became inspired by a delightfully preposterous idea and, hastily crossing to the telephone table in the window, began a feverish search in the telephone directory.

IN the manager's office of the Fatted Calf, that very exclusive night club in Soho, Monsieur Bobinot was pacing up and down, looking anxiously at his watch, when the telephone at his elbow shrilled loudly. He picked up the receiver.

"Ah, oui, Madame," he said. "Ze Fatted Calf? Yes. Monsieur Bobinot speaking. Pardon? What name did you say? Peabody? Ah, bon! Mais certainement! I was afraid you were not coming. What? Oysters? Des huîtres, et du caviare, mais oui, n'est-ce-pas? Et le Bollinger, 1914, naturellement. Au revoir, Mademoiselle! A bientôt!"

Monsieur Bobinot hung up the receiver with a sigh of relief and turned to the head waiter at his side.

"Reserve the table near the band for Mademoiselle Cora as usual. And tell the Duc de Salaud when he comes that Mademoiselle will be here after all."

(Continued on page 122)

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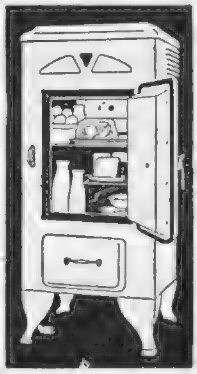

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P.N.3B

The Prodigal Mother

"Bien, monsieur," said the head waiter and hurried away into the restaurant.

In the snow outside the Vicarage Cora's waiting taxi was still indignantly purring away. The driver, blue with cold, had already examined his meter twenty times, and noted with a mixture of delight and apprehension that no less a sum than fifteen shillings and ninepence was marked thereon. He was just wondering whether he ought to do something about it when the front door opened, and a stately figure, arrayed in a rich ermine cloak, wearing a cossack hat, green gloves, a diamond dog-collar and six heavily jewelled bracelets, and carrying a gold bag, emerged rather guiltily into the snow.

Mrs. Peabody closed the front door behind her as quietly as possible, climbed hurriedly into the taxi and sank comfortably back on to the seat.

"Drive to the Fatted Calf in Soho," she said to the taxi-man. "I'm rather late," she added, "so step on it!"

In another moment the cab had started and was making its way eastwards at a good pace through the snowbound streets, while its solitary occupant, who had unearthed a cigarette in a long amber holder from her daughter's bag, was enjoying her first smoke for thirty years.

Meanwhile, on the first floor landing of the vicarage, a shy figure, dressed in a very smart evening gown and diamanté scarlet shoes, was standing irresolute, trying to summon up sufficient courage to knock at the bathroom door.

An Odyssey of Sport

(Continued from page 51)

his forced surrender. With leather lungs, and as one man, we shouted his gallantry.

Triumph was for Driscoll, not for Ledoux; and the Frenchman himself would have it so.

"Tell your wonderful Jim," he begged, "that I did not beat him. It was his age—40. And I am 28, in my prime. Yet I was a clown. How far below Driscoll you yourself have seen. I was made to feel that I was no boxer. I could not believe. Knocks I have taken in plenty; there have been times when I feared I would be butchered, but never have I been so hurt; my pride has been stolen and by an old man. You laughed at me. I deserved worse, only ridicule. I was outclassed. Not once in fourteen rounds was it possible for me to land a punch of serious account. And how I tried! There was no escape from his left hand—it was always in my face, on my nose; it would jar my chin, set singing my ears, and, look, it has made the biggest bump that has ever decorated my eye. It was terrible; I felt and saw it coming. There was no dodging it; and not until I pounded his ribs so that he sagged, could I pin him to a given spot, though he required only inches in which to move.

"'The straight left'—I decided that it was nothing, just a pretty thing. As Driscoll used it it is the greatest of all weapons, magnificent; with it he hypnotised me and would have surely won but for his forty years. If I scored a point, that was all; and if I had gone down, my tribute to him would be no less generous. Why did he come back? Perhaps it is that he is no longer rich. I do not know. I am afraid to ask. But before I return to France to tell my countrymen of the poverty of my victory I would have you give him this small token of my admiration of his wondrous skill. He beat me, though he lost."

And enclosed in a letter addressed to "The greatest fighter I have ever met, my master," was a five-pound note.

I gulped a considerable lump that shot into my throat; but words would not come, and I hurried away so that his hurts might be mended by a strangely subdued Descamps, his manager.

I found the old champion half-dressed in his room, "Badger" and others of his entourage holding back bobbers of tears, and as silent as the grave.

"Jim," I asked, "don't run away; you are wanted."

"*Who* wants me?"

"Everybody," I assured him.

"To tell me that I am a damned old fool, I suppose. Not on your life. Jim Driscoll finished long ago, and he should have known it. I've let the Club down, and I'm sorry. But it couldn't be helped. It had to be."

But Driscoll was not allowed to hide himself, for Mr. "Peggy" Bettinson dragooned him into the smoke room, crowded by famous sportsmen.

"Gentlemen," rapped Peggy as he took the arm of Driscoll, "you have seen the greatest fight ever."

"But Guvnor!" excused Driscoll.

"To hell, Jim!" snapped Bettinson.

And in a twinkling more than £2,000 was given to the grand old fellow, so that for the rest of his days he would know only peace and plenty.

The fight is of my treasured memories. I saw no tragedy in it as did others, only a something that seemed impossible—an exposition of the science of boxing never before or since excelled by any British pugilist, if indeed by any fighter in the world, and by a man who, by all the rules, should never have dared put on a glove, a man full forty years of age.

And of how it came about I would tell.

"Guvnor," begged Driscoll of Mr. Bettinson, who made and *was* the National Sporting Club, "don't laugh, but I'm going to have just one more fight, no one barred."

"No," hissed Bettinson. "I have no liking to see you killed. Besides, you've had your fling. Take my advice, don't."

"But," pleaded Driscoll, "say the word."

"No."

And Driscoll, with a prodigiously eloquent wink, took his leave and returned to his home in a little mean Cardiff street.

"What do you think? 'Peggy,'" I asked. "It cannot be that Driscoll has gone crazy. Take a shot?"

"That is what I propose, but I did not want to let the old scoundrel know what was at the back of my mind. Which is this: If Driscoll says he has another fight left in him, it must be so. There is no blather in Driscoll. But first he had better be packed off to Harrogate, and then I'll run the rule over him."

Which was no sooner said than done, and Harrogate having worked wonders, Bettinson was a ready and enthusiastic party to Driscoll starting serious training.

Ledoux, through Descamps, promptly accepted an invitation to provide the opposition, but with this very definite stipulation—that the fight would be over twenty rounds. "For," urged the wily François, "at a shorter distance it's possible that your still very clever Driscoll would outbox my Charlot. The capacity of Ledoux is not skill—but splendid youth, strength, courage, blood and fire, so twenty rounds it must be."

And Descamps drove what was a hard, unconscionable bargain.

Daily assurances came from Driscoll that he was thriving; and midway of the week before the fight I journeyed to Cardiff with Bettinson to take stock for myself. Driscoll awaited our arrival at Ninian Park, and at once proceeded to play ducks and drakes with Bat McCarthy and other well-known native scrappers by way of demonstrating that "the old hand ain't lost its cunning." He did his sparring under the grand stand of the football club. There was no ring. Driscoll just took this and that man, one down t'other come up; and for more than an hour and without scarce a breather made live again the days when he was unsurpassed by any featherweight in all the countries; he meant to kill whatever doubts there might be that he was a back number. Nevertheless, I was haunted by a fear that he was but a shell of the real Driscoll. "He surely cannot be otherwise," I insisted.

And Driscoll, conscious, I was sure, of my misgivings, was at great pains to dispense largess in the parlour of his humble home.

"Tell me, Jim,"

(*Continued on page* 124)

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MANUFACTORY THE ROYAL WORKS SHEFFIELD

An Odyssey of Sport

I asked, "how you figure things out. What are you really like inside?"

"Champion!"

He lied, as in after days he confessed. He had so starved to win a battle against gastritis that he was without an inside. "But you understand," he explained, "the Club had given me the chance for which I asked and I could not let them down. Only the Missus knew that the while I was training and telling you that all was Sir Garnet I suffered the pangs of hell. And, worse, in tuning up a car, almost on the eve of the fight, I knocked up my right hand badly. Old, sick and sorry I was when I got into the ring, but the lights, the roar of the best sportsmen in the world, cured my aches and pains. I was on my toes—the clock had been pushed back 20 years. It was as if I had found everything I had lost. But. . . ."

And Driscoll sought refuge in his pince-nez. Only a pug Driscoll, according to popular rating, but at heart no finer gentleman. And when, numbered by years still a young man, he passed on, there followed him to his last resting place thousands of his townsfolk to bespeak aloud their admiration of "Peerless Jim," a man of frailties, but a *man;* without a single enemy except his own astonishing, contradictory self.

And Ledoux. He, too, will ever be pleasantly remembered as a character rich and rare. With Carpentier he blazed the trail of the ring in France, though not as a courtier as did the elegant Georges. Arts and graces were not for Ledoux, neither the limelight. And yet there was about him, despite his physical littleness, something that towered high above commonplace, a pocket Hercules, terrific, merciless, abroad in Paris a modern Beau Brummell; at his home at Pougues-les-Eaux a peasant, ever providing for a rainy day. These times he is more than passably rich, and an Alderman of his town.

And in his home may be found a speaking portrait of Driscoll, "the greatest fighter of them all." So Charles Ledoux will have it to the end of his days.

Put On the Clock

(*Continued from page* 13)

the British Government doesn't take over; they're always afraid of that."

"Why?"

"Fanagi's fearfully in debt; and you know how it was with Fiji—King Thakombau had to pawn the place first to America, and then let England take it over. So I dare say——"

Don broke through what seemed to him to be a mass of irrelevant cobwebs. "It wouldn't matter if England did, I should say. Good thing for the country; teach them to behave themselves. You can't go and do a thing like that because of their damned politics."

"Isua's—kind," she said. "He's educated—been to mission schools. I was at school in Auckland till father died; that's different. . . . But you see, my father married Bathsheba—and her father——"

"I don't care if they did; you've no business to——is she your real guardian?"

"Yes, till I'm twenty-one."

"That," he said, "will be a good while yet." She did not look more than eighteen he thought.

But she told him, to his astonishment, "No, not long; I'll be twenty-one on Friday this week—the twenty-seventh."

"Why are they in such a hurry to get you married before you're of age?"

"I—I don't know. I suppose, maybe, they think that I might go and marry just anyone, after that." She shot a side glance at him. She was not all Polar ice, this girl, he thought. Or if she was, she'd melt, at the right time.

But Isua—but any one of these Fanagian gigolos!—that was all they were, dancing and feasting and kissing their lives away! No, thought Don, this baby of the North, this snowbird astray, deserves the best. If nothing better available, why not me?

There was no time. There was no time.

He'd never felt so hurried in his life. But keep your head, Don; this is Romance, with a big R.

He said: "Have I got this right? They've coaxed you, and persuaded you, and they're hell-bent—sorry!—they're determined to get you turned off before the twenty-seventh. You're Copeland Smith's daughter; you ought to be brave. Will you cheat them all and run off with me till it's too late and you're free? I could run a cutter up to the Fijis with you in no time; there's British government there, thanks to old Thakombau and his debts, and by that time you'd be your own mistress, and could marry whom you liked." ("And I reckon I know who that will be," he thought.)

"Then," she repeated, "I'd be my own mistress, and could marry whom I——"

"Do you think you could?"

There was a moment's pause. The wind, tearing down the beach, sent the torn frangipanni flowers flying; a parrot in the palm-trees screamed once and was silent.

Blanche rose to her feet; the sand half covered them as she stood, pretty feet, shapely as hands, and bare as the white corals of the beach. She's poor, thought Don. We shall be bitter-poor, the two of us; but I'll get something to do, in the Fijis or elsewhere, settle down, stop this rot of dreaming about being an explorer——

"If you'll take me," she said, "I'll go."

Both knew that she was promising more than her company on a boat trip to Fiji, but neither dared, as yet, to realise what had been asked and answered. It was all too hurried, too improbable.

"Then," he told her, "you be here to-night, any time after dark, and I'll have the boat ready."

She was going to answer, and he had just made up his mind to ask for, or maybe take without asking, the kiss that he felt was honestly his due, when Blanche suddenly pushed him back into the scrub. "Hide!" she whispered. It was more than ever like a book or a play, he thought, as he crouched among the leaves; it was romantic, unreal. But it wasn't either unreal or romantic that someone had tried to poison him that afternoon.

Onions, the barman-hotelkeeper, walking quickly, came into view. "Here," he called to Blanche, "what've y' been doin'. They want y', up at the palace. Come along with me, girlie, and bring y'r flowers with y'. Where's that ——— ——— of a tourist? Have y' seen him anywhere?"

"There was somebody who looked like him on the beach a while ago. Do you want him?"

"Want him be hanged. Nobody wants him. Come on, Bathsheba's fair shriekin' for y', and Isua's off his bloomin' nut. They've got your dress, and are goin' to try it on. The Queen says it's bonzer, and me, I say it'll do for your coronation by and by, but I didn't say that to her. Hurry, girlie."

DON waited till they were out of sight, and then came out again. The money in his belt would do, he thought; it wouldn't leave him a bean afterwards, but, as Lord Nelson had said, something always must be left to chance. He could hire a cutter from one of the chiefs, and say it was for a fishing trip. He'd get provisions from the store and a compass, and a chart or two, and a general map of the Central Pacific; that was important, for reasons that probably would not occur to anyone on Fanagi save himself. Might not have occurred to himself, either, had he not belonged, for years, to the frustrated band of map-readers who pore upon blue paper with delight and aching desire. He had always loved maps; and his love was returning dividends now.

Isua, he knew, had a small schooner, but her engine was out of use; there was no benzine left in Fanagi, owing to the depleted state of the Treasury. With a fair start, he could get to the Fijis first; it would not take him more than three or four days, with the south-east (*Continued on page* 126)

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roaring behind him. It could be done. It should be done.

He waited long that night, when the south-east wind had failed, and the sea, beyond the reef, was lifting and booming in breathless intervals, and along the shore everything was so quiet that you could hear the ghost-crabs scuttling among the weeds, and the shellfish popping among the low-tide pools. There'd be a bit of a land breeze with the rising of the moon ; he hoped she would not be too late.

She was not. Noiseless as a flying gull, she came along the beach, running fast on those small bare feet of hers, as if she feared pursuit. . . . "I'll buy her shoes," he mused, "and silk stockings, too, in Suva, if it takes my last bean."

There was no time to talk. "The moon's nearly up," she gasped. "Let's go. They think I'm asleep. I got out of the window and climbed the wall. They won't find out till sun-up ; but we might be seen."

He swung her into the boat. "Lie on the bottom," he said, throwing a spare sail over her. It caught in the chain of pearl beads, and she gave a little cry. "Take care !"

"No harm done," he said, tugging at the halyards, "and anyhow, if I break them, I'll buy you a new string in Fiji."

"Why," she said, "you couldn't do that ; they're real !"

Almost he let go the halyard before the mainsail was up.

"My hat, you don't mean it !" he cried. "How could they be ?"

"They are. Dad left them to me. Sometimes Bathsheba wears them, and sometimes I do. I took care I had them to-night. They're mine, and no one can touch them."

Don knew very little about the value of pearls, but he was conscious of a certain shock, a feeling of perplexity that he had no time to analyse, with the sails just taking the breeze.

Casually he put the thought aside. "Are you warm there ?" he asked. "We'll get it a bit outside. Are you afraid ?"

She laughed. "Afraid ! With you ? But —what will you do when they catch us up ?"

The cutter was lying down to it now, water chattering along her keel, passage clear ahead, colour of sapphire in the moonlight, between the bone-white horns of the reef. "Why should you think they will ?" Don asked, swinging the tiller.

She said : "This is the twenty-third, Monday. It's four days to my birthday ; that's three, you might say, because it's nearly midnight. Don't you think they'll catch us up in three days, before we get to Fiji ? Of course, they'll know we're going there ; there's nowhere else to go."

"What if they do ?" But he knew what. The person, man or woman, who had sent him a poisoned meal, would have other resources ; would not scruple to use them, in the safe isolation of the high seas—or even in the outer, little inhabited isles of the Fiji group, which was as far as they could go before being overtaken.

Nevertheless he was not downcast. He knew what he knew. He knew—or thought he did—exactly how long it would take to reach his goal ; he had the course plotted out, and trusted to the steady south-east wind and to his secret for the rest.

"I'll rig you up a screen when we get clear of the Fanagis," he said, "and you can sleep behind it as snug as a—as a bee in its cell. Weather couldn't be better. Leave me alone to do the best, girlie, and you'll have a pair of new shoes from Fiji for your birthday." He had already forgotten about the absurd pearl beads.

The passage and the grumbling reef were past ; the wind, with the approach of morning, began to rise again ; and, like the captain of the Hesperus and his little daughter, they steered for the open sea.

TUESDAY was the first day of the journey. On Thursday morning, the twenty-sixth, they were two days and three nights out, and the Fijis were not yet in sight. The cutter had done splendidly running day and night before the unfailing south-east trade, she had flung the sea miles behind her like a launch. Almost as well as if he had already traversed it, Don knew his way from the Fanagis to Fiji; it is one of the recognised ocean routes for sailing craft, and from March to December safer than a street—for a man who has learned a bit of navigation on the yachts of friends, and knows, on occasion, how to make use of a compass and a chart.

If they had met steamers he would have been surprised; but it was an odd chance that no sailing canoes came their way; and, as the days flew on, a chance that Morrison regretted. He would have liked to check their position.

Already he felt as if he and Blanche had known each other for a year. She was, he told himself, the finest little sport in the South Seas; she hadn't a whimper in her; she could steer like a witch and handle sails like an A.B. He reverenced her, he wondered at her, he was crazily in love with her.

He was very proud of what he had done—carrying off a poor beauty, a lovely beggar without a shoe to her foot, saving her from the dark machinations of the villain and bringing her safe to a good British colony where he could, he hoped, get a job to keep his wife. About that he felt uneasy at times; he was not too young to know that the time when a man most badly wants a job is the very time when one is least likely to be landed.

However, they had the Pacific Ocean to themselves, and it was glorious weather, and the food and water were holding out well; so, he thought, he would not trouble trouble till trouble troubled him.

It would be the South Seas for life—well, a man might do worse. If only he hadn't had that longing for the North in his blood. If he hadn't wanted, above all things, to carry on the work laid down by others. . . . But Polar exploring nowadays wasn't what it had been in Copeland Smith's time; you had to seek publicity, go hat in hand, make a sturdy beggar of yourself, smile and smile and give advertisements for toothpaste and somebody's soaps and beef juice. Copeland Smith had done nothing of that kind; he had stood on his own feet, paid for everything himself . . .

Paid for everything himself! Paid for everything—

" My God," cried Don, almost letting go the tiller, " what a bat I've been."

" Yes ? " said Blanche agreeably, from her nest in the stern. Don didn't even know she was speaking. He said again, " Bat! " Through his mind rushed a whole Niagara of facts and proofs, unnoticed before. The cost of exploring—who should know that better than he, who had pored despairingly over outfitters' catalogues, made himself miserable studying the tantalising pamphlets of Messrs. Cook, listened—for he dared not ask—to people who discussed the cost of charters. The cost—and Copeland Smith had paid it. Paid for everything. Copeland Smith who was rich. Captured in the isles of Circe at last, kept in sweet durance by Circe herself. Left his daughter and his daughter's fortune in her charge.

And if Blanche the daughter married before she was of age, while Bathsheba's consent was necessary, Bathsheba could keep her from marrying outside of Fanagi. Needy Fanagi, with the royalties in debt everywhere, as Thakombau had been, before he lost his kingdom to Great Britain.

But if Blanche the daughter managed to wait till she was twenty-one, and if she met some man of her own kind, she could smash all their plans with one gesture of one finger of her left hand.

No wonder they were prepared to go to any length in order to put the marriage through in time! That is, if he was right.

" Blanche," he asked suddenly, " Why do you go barefoot ? "

Blanche, playing with her necklace, answered carelessly, " Of course, because all the roads of Fanagi are grass."

They were. He remembered. And all the chiefs, and the

(Continued on page 128)

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princes and princesses, went barefoot. The pleasantest thing to do in that warm climate. On those perfect pathways.

What a bat he had been! Running off with a beautiful beggar, indeed! He was running off with an heiress, just like the people in early Victorian novels. And if he did not mistake, the parallel went still further. For now, on the verge of the horizon, he could just perceive a pearl-white triangle of sail; and even though he had no proof, he was very sure that the sail was bringing up as swiftly as possible the heiress's guardian and her frustrated bridegroom. In fact, the coach with the angry parents pursuing to Gretna Green . . .

"Who was going to marry you?" he asked, with sudden hope. He had heard no talk of any missionary, and the consul was away.

Blanche dashed his hopes at once. "Onions," she said. "He mayn't look like it, but he's the only magistrate they have."

"Then," said Don, "if that's their boat, they'll bring the beast with them."

"They will, of course. Can you see anything ahead? I can."

Don strained his eyes. "You're right. I see a sort of blue shadow. Girlie, I think we've done it. That will be Taviuni, and with this wind——"

"We haven't done it," she objected. Her wind-tanned cheeks looked curiously sallow; colour had died out of them, out of her heart-shaped mouth—the mouth that Don had never ventured to kiss since they left Fanagi. "I daren't," he had thought . . .

"I know as well as you," she went on, "that it's only the twenty-sixth to-day. Even if you get there—and with this wind I think we might—I'm in her power till to-morrow. And what she wouldn't do—and he wouldn't do—to get things their own way—isn't worth mentioning."

Don understood the threat. The coast of Taviuni, where they would land, was empty, uninhabited. Further on there were coconut plantations, residences of white planters. But if Bathsheba and Isua—and Onions—caught them up on the empty beaches, without witnesses, why then there would be trouble. If he were out of the way, if Isua and Bathsheba had the girl at their mercy——

No, he wouldn't follow that thought. He had a card up his sleeve, yet.

The pale-blue coast of Taviuni came up clearer. Lesser isles began to show themselves, some on the right, others on the left, but Don shook his head when Blanche suggested that they might steer for one or other of these. Taviuni, and Taviuni only, seemed to be his goal.

Behind him, now, the schooner of Prince Isua was coming up fast. Don had the advantage of her with his cutter, in that the latter could sail more closely to the wind; but the size of the prince's boat gave her the higher speed. While Taviuni was changing from blue to violet, from violet to silvery green, the schooner was, still more rapidly, growing from a pin-point to a pyramid, to a hull and two tall wings, to a deck, plainly visible, with a native crew standing ready, and three passengers sitting on the hatch. One was white, one was brown, and the third, unmistakable by reason of her height and carriage, was Bathsheba, the half-caste princess.

"Take the tiller," Don ordered, handing it to the girl. He studied his chart; told Blanche to let her up into the wind a bit. "We'll be ashore in ten minutes," he said, breathing hard. He was like a man in the last hundred yards of a race.

If there was a race in progress, it became clear, within five minutes more, that Don was winning; more, that he was in a remarkable hurry to land on Taviuni. He ran the cutter right up on the nearest sandy beach, leaped off her bow, and pulled the ready Blanche after him. There wasn't a house or a living creature near; only the ivory beach, blue-shadowed like snow, the inevitable coco palms behind it, and, away at the back of all, a shred of purple hill.

"Now," said Morrison, "leave it to me."

Isua had put out his dinghy; he, Bathsheba, and Onions landed together. Even in that moment, Don could not but admire the appearance, the poise of this Fanagian prince and his cousin. Tall, splendid, self-possessed, they stood beside the grinning, uneasy Onions, who seemed, in their company, to reek of all the slums of all the world. "The master race," thought Don; "well, it's a good thing we're not all built on Onions's pattern; and a good thing, too, that Bathshebas are scarce."

"I want to ask," Bathsheba said, speaking in English, rather slowly, "what you mean by ab—by abducting my ward. Do you know you have broken the English laws, they could put you in gaol here in Fiji? You will give her back into my charge at once."

"Blanche," Morrison replied, with all the coolness he could muster, "is her own mistress, and can do as she likes. "She is going to marry me as soon as we can walk to the other side of the island, where there's a missionary, I believe. It's about two hours from here."

Bathsheba retained her self-command, but Prince Isua blew up. "You dog," he said, "you low beachcomber, this lady can't marry without her guardian's consent, and you know it."

"Not till to-morrow," Bathsheba put in very sweetly, "and till then she must stay with us on the schooner; I cannot allow my ward to be ab—abducted."

There was a moment's silence. Blanche, as white as her own name, faced the pair in silence. "She can hold her tongue; what a woman!" thought Morrison gratefully, "I'd marry you for that alone."

Then he unloosed his own tongue. "What," he said, to the Prince and to Bathsheba, "did they teach you in your mission school over there, besides the misdoings of the patriarchs and the multiplication table?"

Isua stared blankly. Bathsheba, quicker at the uptake, saw that something was wrong. She temporised.

"You are excited, you Mr. Morrison. You are saying you don't know what."

"I know extremely well. It's you who don't know. Did no one ever explain to you how time is reckoned? Haven't you heard of the hundred and eightieth parallel of longitude?"

Now it was Isua, the man, who felt the approach of dismay. This might be Greek to Bathsheba, but it was not altogether to him. From that moment he knew the cause was lost.

"Well, since you don't I must explain—and you can ask anyone in the first settlement you come to. Crossing that parallel from west to east, you lose a day. Crossing it, as we did a few minutes ago—it runs through this part of Taviuni—from east to west, a day is gained. This isn't the twenty-sixth. It's the twenty-seventh, Blanche's birthday, and she's of age, and you can all go and hang yourselves."

There was a moment of peril, and Don knew it. They could still have got hold of Blanche—if he were not there. Without him, they could still have worried her—or worse—into the marriage with Isua. But she was of age; she could marry him, that very day; and he saw, to his delight, that this fact, so crucial, so unexpected, had for the moment, as he put it, "knocked 'em clean off their perches. . . ."

"Come on," he told Blanche, drawing his arm through hers. "It's no sort of a walk, if the sailing directions are right; we'll be Mr. and Mrs. before sundown."

Quietly, slowly, he led her through the palms, and when he judged they were out of sight of the beach he loosed her arm and said—"Now, kid, show me how you do some of that running of yours!" The sound of their feet, low on the sand, and crackling-loud among the fallen palm leaves, died away.

(*Continued on page* 130)

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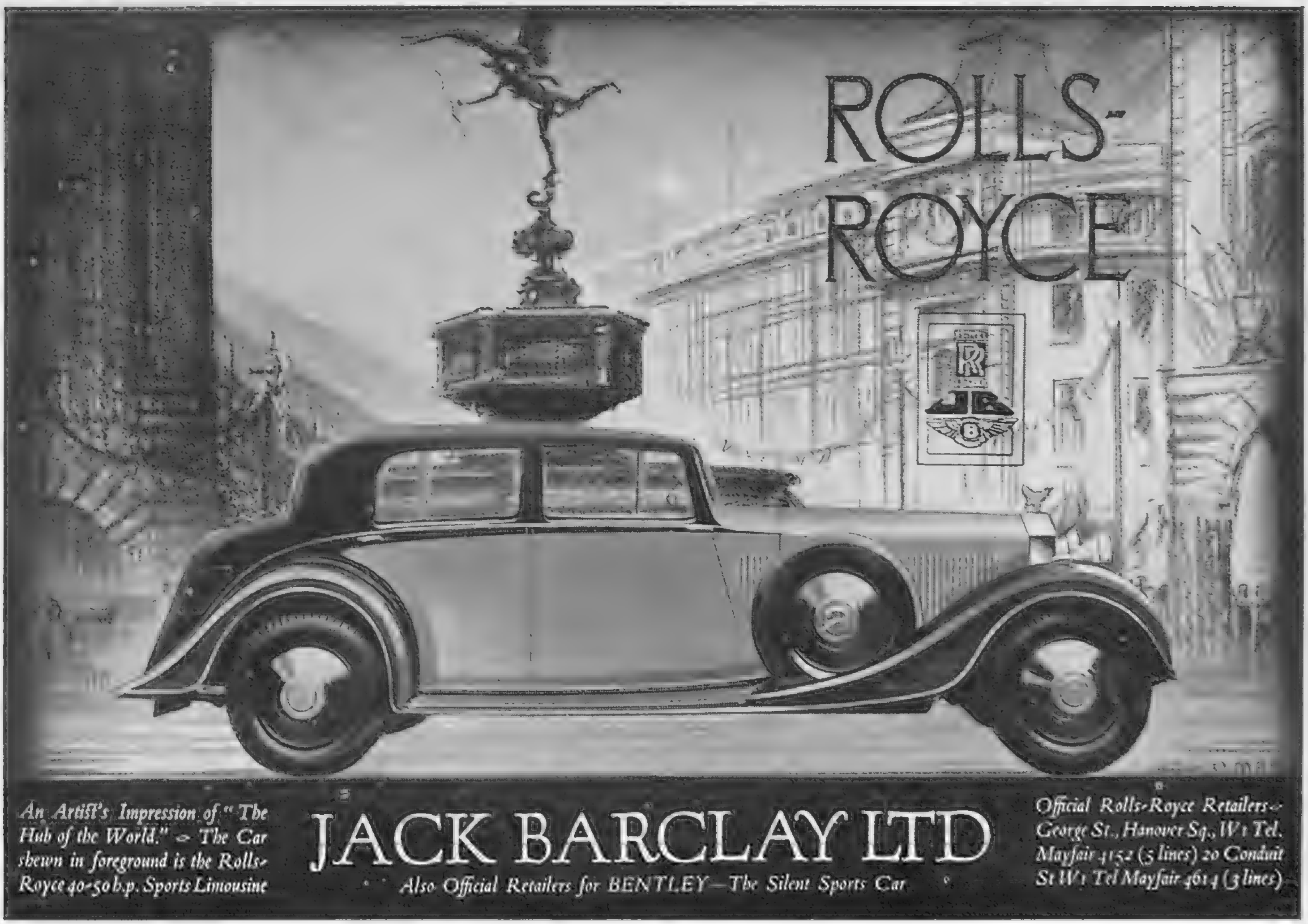

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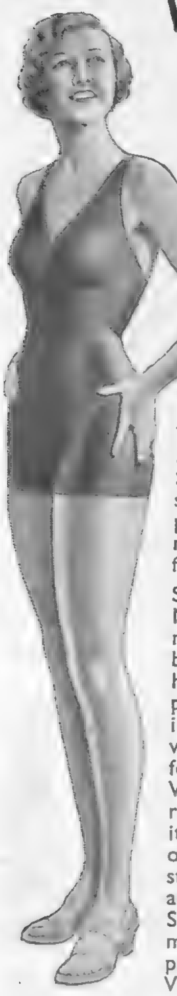

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Later, as they came in sight of the Mission House, Don found breath to say two things —"They'll tow the cutter back, I reckon." And afterwards—"When a man doesn't really need a job—when he's going to marry a—marry an—" the word stuck in his throat, but he bravely brought it out—"marry an heiress, he can always find a job. They go looking for him."

Blanche said only—"Where can I go and tidy my hair?" She had a good deal to say about Arctic and Antarctic worlds and female explorers but she thought, wisely, that it could wait. It seemed to her that there were several things in the science of geography she ought to learn. . . .

END

Chairs *and the* Choosing

If all easy chairs were "easy" there would be many more comfortable rooms about. It is not a simple thing to choose a chair unless you are expert in the matter, and few of us are that.

It's no use to say "That's a nice chair" because we like the cute flowers on the covering, any more than it is to select one because the shape pleases the eye. There's far more than the eye to be pleased when it comes to actually sitting in a chair, though, naturally, appearances count as well.

Think of the comfortable rooms you've known. It's a safe bet that in each case the chairs were comfortable. I mean in the sense of relaxing as well as in the other uses to which they were put.

One type of easy chair in a room, however excellent in its way, is not enough. There should be chairs for relaxing and for just simply doing nothing in, and there should be chairs for sitting up and taking notice whilst also taking your ease.

A deep, low-backed reclining chair may be comfortable for one purpose but not for another. Reading or sewing, for instance, requires a chair with a straight back, and yet it must still be comfortable.

Sizes are important. Small people who find small chairs adequate for their own use too often forget that there are larger people than themselves. There is nothing so humiliating to a large person than to find himself in a small chair.

The ideal sitting-room takes thought of all these points. It is not necessary to give one's sitting-room the appearance of an exhibition assortment of easy chairs, but the idea is good in its outline.

Apart from size, chairs are sure to be comfortable if they're good. It's quality that counts, and wise people choose chairs sold under the protection of a reputable maker's name. This is the only way to be sure of the quality you're getting.

Buying a chair without this safeguard is a decided risk. Only the trained expert can know what materials are lurking beneath attractive coverings. Springs, frames and stuffings are all important to the comfort and life of an easy chair, and these are just the things which the inexperienced purchaser finds it difficult to judge.

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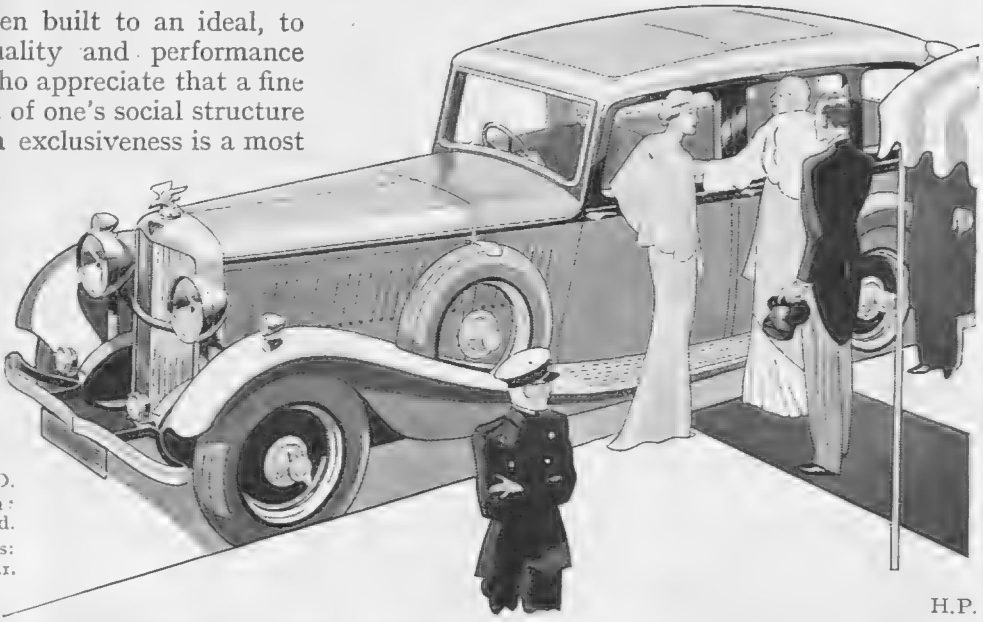

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The Man Who May Kill War

(Continued from page 15)

experiments with novel controlling and destroying rays. On Penn Pond, Richmond Park, he manœuvred a boat without any crew on board, turned it this way and that, and fired a gun from its deck, without himself moving from the bank.

His feats created a sensation. Stories flew round Britain of an inventor who, by the discovery of new electrical beams and rays, might be able to stop the war.

He has already carried out submarine tests in connection with the French Government. Now he has effected further experiments improving a device with which he hopes once again to make Britain impregnable from attack by underwater craft. The war first gave him the idea of a submarine detector. He started work in 1916, and now it seems he has a device capable of giving away the presence of a submarine up to a distance of twenty miles.

Grindell Matthews was one of the leading figures in the "talkie" drama that swept silent films into the limbo of oblivion. Warner Bros. gave him £9,000 for his efforts, making it possible to transfer the human voice from Hollywood or anywhere else into a thousand cinemas.

SO much is established fact. What of the wonders this inventor is producing for the future? Some of them are still secrets. Some of them I will endeavour to describe in honour of this man who is labouring ceaselessly in the interests of Britain in particular, and the world in general. Scientists are lonely men; unlike authors, artists, or even adventurers, they seldom get the credit for their own work.

Science is a hard and exacting taskmaster; its only standard is truth; its devotees have all to graduate in the school of self-sacrifice, neglect and often misunderstanding. Then one day the world wakes up and finds it has been blessed with the telephone, electric light, or some new rays for destroying the crippling ravages of disease.

Matthews has devoted his life to the study of electricity. Gradually, thrillingly, he has been gaining mastery of the hidden powers of the air. Conducting, contriving, inventing, he has at last turned what appeared to be the wildest fiction into scientific fact. Men told him that it was impossible to create an invisible ray capable of controlling or killing at a distance; they laughed at him for his perseverance; they said he was another student turned madman. Now they besiege him with demands to show them, to let them see, the very things they swore could never be conjured out of the air or anywhere.

Meantime, like Galileo, caring for none of these things, he carries on with his work, experimenting with new inventions more marvellous than any he has yet produced.

Grindell Matthews, as I found him, is a tall powerfully built man of middle age. He has a striking and magnetic presence and is the sort of figure who would make a mark in any sphere of life. Cheerful, widely travelled, with charming manners, he can talk on any subject besides that of his own scientific ones.

I went through the steel gate, and past the barbed-wire fence that can be dazzled into daylight at an instant's notice on the darkest night by touching a switch. I walked into the enclosure within which no unauthorised foot may tread.

"I am afraid I have become a bit of a hermit these days," Grindell Matthews said to me. "My work takes all my time. These precautions"—and he waved his hands towards the wire—" are a little bit theatrical perhaps, but they have become necessary. I want to have my own aeroplane here."

"The sky is everywhere nowadays," I remarked. "Much more than in the past."

"I landed on this tableland," he said. "The spot is ideal for me, for though it is so

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lonely and secluded, electricity and water-power are close at hand. My experiments have reached a stage where they are of vital interest to the country. I should like to see Britain an invulnerable island again, and the only thing that can accomplish this is the discovery of safeguards against under-water and aerial dangers."

My host, I soon discovered, besides being a famous inventor, is a lover of nature. He loves the fields, the flowers, and spends most of his spare time "listening in" to nature. He studies wind and weather, trying to wrest from them their secrets.

He reminded me of a modern Leonardo Da Vinci, artist as well as inventor, tuning-in to nature for his inspiration. With such men the whole world is their garden.

Yet certainly the plants Grindell Matthews likes best are mechanical ones. He has a specially constructed shed where some of them develop and grow; other experiments he carries out in a long hall and laboratories.

Machinery is being installed; there are switches, wires and paraphernalia that one would expect to see in the retreat of a Martian or in the study of a man in the moon.

For years the owner of these has been working on the transmission of powerful electric currents without intercommunicating wires. These rays may have an enormous effect in different spheres of action. It may be possible, I was told, to set up electrical charges with the speed of lightning, to stop men and aeroplanes in flight, "lay out" artillery, and paralyse transport, but it is early days to say anything definite herein.

But though experiments in this sphere have been successful over a short distance, anything in the nature of a long-distance death-ray would necessitate an installation of great cost, at present.

Grindell Matthews has killed a rat sixty feet away with his mystery beam. He can also stop the engine of a motor-car at the same distance, and explode a dish of gun-powder. An electric lamp can be suspended in mid-air and he can instill light into it as brilliantly from afar as though it had wires connecting it with a switch on a wall.

Carrying these experiments to their logical conclusion, there seems no reason why, in the future, invention may not be able to put a curtain of death round any particular city or place, bringing down all unwelcome visitors as a fly is brushed off the wall.

This remarkable ray is, I understand, composed of two parts, the carrier ray and the power ray. A beam of special vibration provides a secret path along which power can be swiftly transmitted. This carrier beam is, in some special way, like a wire, a conductor of electricity. Ordinary air is not a conductor of electricity, so that the beam has to effect this by a process of ionization, effecting the necessary changes to the electrons it meets. The beam makes the conductivity of the air for electricity more possible and paves the way for the power beam.

After the carrier beam has left the apparatus, the power-carrying electric current is added. Where engines and magnetos are concerned the carrier beam alone is sufficient to paralyse them, since it short-circuits the electrical objects in its path. To destroy men the high-power ray would be necessary.

The carrier beam can be visible or invisible to order, throwing, when apparent, a mysterious lavender tint into the air.

The possibilities of these scientific beams may never reach alarming proportions where war is concerned, since defensive measures could, no doubt, be adopted, but they will undoubtedly prove of great value in the paths of peace. New wonderlands may be lit up by their means.

Electricity harnessed to the world without wires, invisibly, is a strange thought.

My host told me he hopes that when these rays are still further investigated and perfected they will aid in the conquest of cancer. He is confident they will prove as potent an ally in the battle against disease as does radium.

I was fascinated

(*Continued on page* 134)

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at all I saw and heard. I seemed to have strayed into some book by H. G. Wells, and to be seeing the Martians come down upon the earth with their invisible rays to slay and to shrivel.

There is something colossal in the spirit of this place. The hum of machinery is the hidden voice of the universe talking to the ear of a genius. The rays and beams and currents that could be created hint not so much at any death-dealing devices for a puny war on this earth so much as for a war of the worlds. And all this invention is vibrating on the side of peace.

"Come and have a cigar," said my host, "and I will tell you my ideas for the defence of London or any other big city. Nowadays defending measures have to have the speed of rockets if they are to be of much use. Land speed is trebled in the sky."

I sat down and listened to his plans for helping Londoners to sleep safely in their beds, and to prevent aeroplane squadrons becoming gangsters of destruction.

Grindell Matthews proposes to do this by using rockets. These rockets, exploding in the air, will throw out a network of steel aprons, thin as gossamer, but quite capable of destroying enemy aeroplanes.

Experiments to put metal aprons in the sky, as mines are laid in the sea, have been carried on by different governments for some years, but hitherto have always been dependent on aeroplanes for laying them. This method takes a long time and effects little more than driving the attacker to higher altitudes. The sea has only one surface, but the air has many layers of travel.

The new spider-web curtain, operating the Grindell Matthews way, would rise into the air at the rate of one mile a second—sixty miles a minute. A wire web could be shot into the sky, to a height of 30,000 feet in about five seconds. This is more than the height of Everest. To operate in this sphere men and material need to be electrically warmed, and sustained by oxygen, or else they would soon freeze to death.

The rockets are about six feet long, but their size will, of course, vary according to circumstances. Their construction is a long and difficult job. Instead of fireworks, they are to explode into a framework of aerial defence for London. They will combine the serviceable with the spectacular. What a romance of invention!

Tests will probably be carried out in the near future with a view to putting the rockets through their paces and seeing exactly what this new form of aerial defence can do. Then we shall see.

The rocket, as a means of power and propulsion, has caught the imagination of moderns. Germany, in particular, has been experimenting for some years with the rocket aeroplane. The propeller-driven plane may soon be doomed, since it will never reach a speed of more than about 500 miles an hour.

Grindell Matthews told me something of what he believes the rocket will be able to do in the future. I listened enthralled. All that he told me I cannot repeat here; but I can reveal that a new fuel has been invented, liquid hydrogen, giving a temperature of 3,200 degrees and a propulsion of lightning.

"The new rocket transport," he said, "that lies round the corner of to-morrow or the next day should be able to move at the almost incredible speed of three miles a second."

I asked him how it would be possible for men to live in such machines.

"They will have to be specially slung," he replied, "in sealed oxygen chambers, so that they cannot hit the side. They ought to be all right."

"What about a trip to the moon?" I asked him. "In such machines the stratosphere will soon be conquered and we shall be going out into space. Even the world only revolves at a thousand miles an hour."

It might be possible to reach the moon in a specially constructed rocket plane, carrying a fuel of immense power and capacity. Its

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CHARLES LAMB

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speed would be about 5,000 m.p.h. The whole journey would be a gasp lasting about sixty-four hours. Once away from the pull of the earth, gravitation would cease and the rocket would enter the neutral zone of space, later feeling the effects of the pull from the moon. It might or might not be possible to land on the moon. There would be appalling dangers in the No Man's Land of meteorites. Probably nothing would survive them; Matthews is sceptical of anyone reaching the moon through the barrage of meteors and shooting stars.

It is men like Grindell Matthews, working away at the silent desk of discovery, who make dreams possible. Man may one day wake up to find himself if not in the moon, at any rate being transported through the air faster than the earth itself.

END

Pleasure Parade

(*Continued from page* 17)

owners, sobered by losses or winnings, decide to go home.

A suitable background to meet Felix Ferry, tired but active and restless and voluble. Ferry, Roumanian and possessed of an unfair share of good looks, happened in upon Monte Carlo just as that amazing place, under the direction of its presiding autocrat of the Casino, Rene Leon, was weathering the slump. Ferry got his chance to demonstrate his belief in the box-office value of ladies' legs, in the Edwardian appreciation of a perfectly selected and trained team of beautiful girls. Ferry created his Monte Carlo Follies and Paris and London agreed with Monte Carlo. International Cabaret became girl-conscious, and the seeds of the present controversy as to the relative merits of the American and British teams were sown.

Exploring this phenomenon, meet Ferry again; flitting across Europe in search of him and finding him this time against the grey London pre-spring in his suite at Grosvenor House, mid-morning. Here you learn that his friends, rather unsuitably, call him Fifi; that he is interviewed in the most sober pyjamas; that he was himself an actor till he got fed up with bolting his evening meal, and, later, became a racing driver. Here you also learn that he has a formula for selecting his famous girls . . . that he finds them in New York, tries them out in the Gilbert Miller Theatre, and rejects far more than ever he selects. That he pays them some £15 a week while they work for him . . . but that, all the same, it is extremely difficult to persuade them to renounce Hollywood and come east.

All this you hear as the slim, restless Roumanian paces the room in his decorous pyjamas; while his telephone rings incessantly and people with messages and demands queue up outside. Ninety thousand francs a week it cost him to stage his present show . . . "Exclusive of orchestra," adds someone in awed tones. But Ferry is not really listening . . . he will prefer to tell you that one day he will have a theatre of his own for his girls, will stage his shows there . . . will have theatres in London, Paris, and New York, as well as Monte Carlo.

AMERICAN versus British Beauties? Meet Clifford Whitley, who produced "Stop Press"—who, while Ferry was attending to Grosvenor House nights, was galvanising the evenings of the Dorchester—Whitley, stocky, essentially English to look at, against his carefully decorated "Period" room behind the scenes at the Adelphi. Apparently it is a whole-time job this, giving the British and American public an "eye-ful" of selected beauties, for he has travelled 53,000 miles in the last year in search of girls and talent; four trips to New York in one year and two

(*Continued on page* 136)

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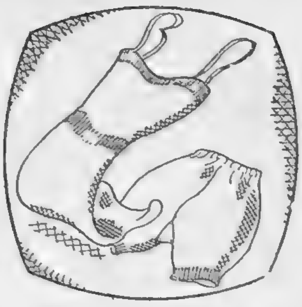

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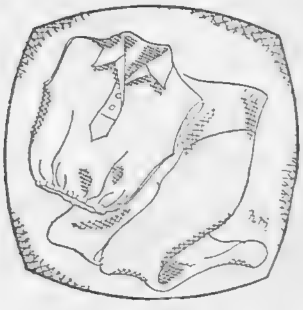

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trips to Hollywood in three months. He may not select according to a rigid formula, as does Ferry; but he plumps for personality, sense of rhythm, good hands and a lot besides looks. *You don't judge a racehorse by its head.* Whitley started importing the American style in beauty in 1933 . . . but, though he gives the palm for personality and verve to the girls from the States, he stresses the fact in no uncertain tones that London is the pleasure capital of the world. Here is another of the men who, with his dancing ladies, has put Park Lane on the map.

BRITISH "Pleasure Parader" Charles B. Cochran needs no introduction; but he has some interesting things to say about the raw material of the fashion: chooses his girls with infinite care. . . . "I do not give an intelligence test . . . but there are ways in which one detects the right kind of girl . . . they have appearance, they are at home in any setting . . . they dance and sing, if required they can speak lines or understudy parts in the production." It is with some feeling that the Englishman adds "Perhaps now you begin to understand why, in view of the utter inadequacy of the term 'chorus girl,' I have chosen to describe the girls in my productions as . . . *Young Ladies.*"

Anyhow, "Girls" or "Young Ladies"—it is a return to the late Victorian and Edwardian taste for feminine beauty and England and the States are scoured to make Park Lane burn more brightly. . . .

AS a background, always, to "Shows" there is food and drink. Here come close-ups of those men and women with the flair for "creating an atmosphere" without which no restaurant background can survive. Meet Umberto Possenti, cosmopolitan Venetian and bar-genius known to New Yorkers, and the man who tackled the rejuvenation of the Café de Paris at Monte Carlo by clearing out every one of the old staff down to the floor washers, and starting afresh with his selected corps of workers! Possenti, working in London, had a dream; that dream was intimately concerned with Venice. One day some one told him of a vacant restaurant premises overlaid by the huge gentility of Devonshire House. Other restaurateurs had failed there and the place stood empty. Possenti went and looked at it and saw his dream coming true; and his dream *came* true some months back with a capital of just £5,000 and the San Marco Restaurant was born.

He has a very accurate idea of the reasons for success. . . Oliver Messel gave him the materialisation, brilliantly, of Venice in London and Gordon Halsey, his fellow director, brought his tremendous following of the "right people." The place is crowded: Possenti's hand-picked staff deals tirelessly with the "right people" in the right way; and (adds Signor Possenti, with a wide grin) "in five months we have paid off the five thousand pounds and we make money, too!"

Go down below one of those mausoleums of offices that surround Trafalgar Square: in a whirl of activity you may find a stout, dark-eyed Italian woman who confesses to a delight in saving lost causes. "I take them and make them successful . . ." seems to be her reason for spending her genius in the way she does. Madame Coletta comes from Italy, —but some time ago; since she descended upon London she has been amazingly successful—as a proof of her power to galvanise the dead, remember that Maria Coletta took Queen's Hotel in Leicester Square on the down-grade, built it up and sold her success for some two hundred thousand pounds. Back of this success is the story of the Roman girl who came to London at fourteen and worked as a buttonhole stitcher. . . .

She has the showman's instincts—she will make the basement, where you find her to-day, just

(Continued on page 138)

Mmm . . !

Marmalade made from limes!*

Something new and something delicious to go with butter and toast! The spiciest, fruitiest, juiciest marmalade you have ever been able to buy. The most tempting marmalade that has ever gone into a jar! Putting it on the table for breakfast is like inviting somebody to be late for school. But *you* won't be able to talk! You will be as bad yourself.

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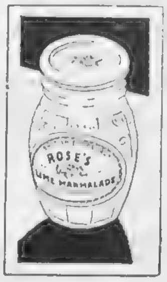

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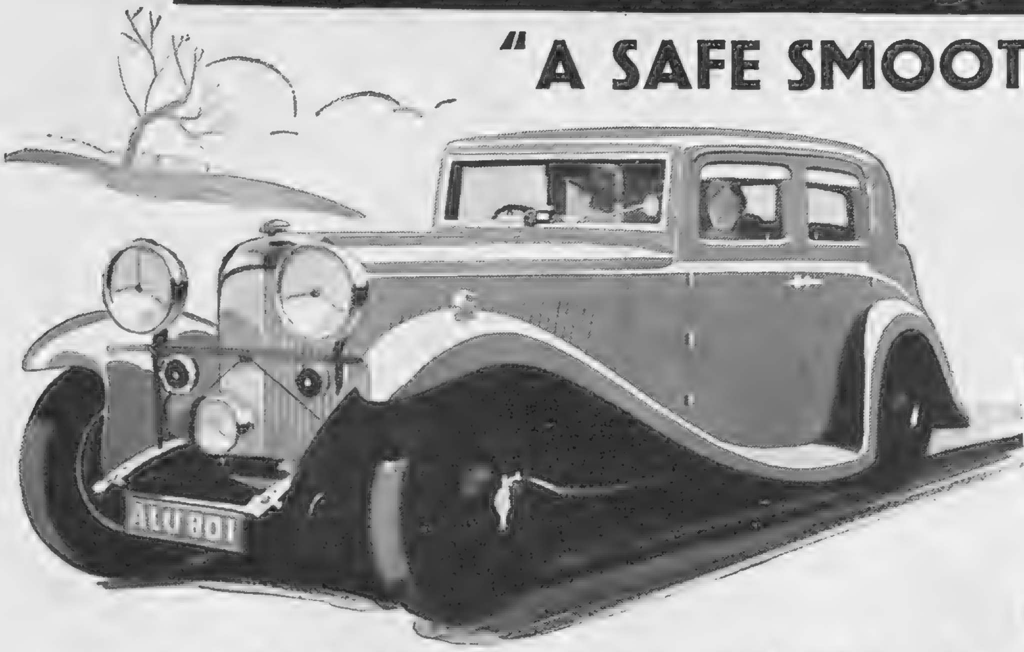

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hum with success before she has finished with it—and us. Meet her down there, doing a dozen things at once with her decorator, Kashnor, painters and all the paraphernalia of the birth of a restaurant. And the birth of a grotto in Roman style in Trafalgar Square needs atmosphere to sustain the illusion . . . it gets it, as Madame galvanises it and the workers to life and activity. Grottos with their little iron gates, plaques of Roman Emperors, verisimilitude of Carrara marble.

The place will justify its name "Nero" when finally with a bread-and-circuses spectacle this ex-buttonhole stitcher throws her *chef-d'œuvre* open to the public and (as I think she has planned) Madame Coletta provides an amazing show in the person of the Marchesa Casati *plus live lions. . . .*

AND then, as the theme grows more involved and more interesting, not mere outposts, but whole settlements given entirely to pleasure-paraders . . . Deauville (with its story, and an amazing one), Sestrieres, Italy's synthetic resort!—Brioni, Biarritz, St. Moritz, Kitzbuhl, Gleneagles . . . and Riviera coast studded with budding Casinos.

First, gambling. Believe me, it is not you, the visitors, who gamble most recklessly: it is the astounding experts who gamble on your taste. You may lose your thousand francs, or you may, as did Ann Roth, Felix Ferry's star, win a thousand pounds at the tables, in one sitting: but, come behind the scenes and see the extent of the stake the authorities have laid out!

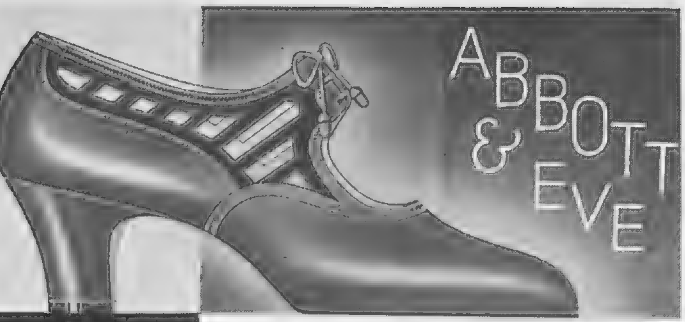
It is the brittle sunshine of a Riviera spring morning: brilliant golden coast . . the automobile mounts steadily, crossing the level of the three Corniches, forging ahead round hairpin bends with the English official of the Société des Bains de Mer (the virtual owners of Monte Carlo) at the wheel. Finally, we have mounted some 2,000 feet and suddenly, as we turn a corner, we come upon a breath-taking view of snow-capped mountains.

The mountain-top plateau that we have reached belongs to the real gamblers—the Casino syndicate: it is one of the highest golf courses in Europe—it cost some £320,000 to buy and they had to spend another £40,000 to make the course. At that height they lavish some ten thousand gallons of water every summer's day to keep the course in condition. "The air," says the Englishman, "is like champagne." And, like champagne, it has its price. Here—with the ski-ing slopes within sight on the one side and the sun-soaked pleasure principality basking below them on the other, the rich and the notable come in the mornings to play that quaint Anglo-Saxon game.

Below it is possible clearly to discern the Casino, the goose that laid the golden eggs. The new Bathing Plage and the Country Club with its tennis courts—the cluster of hotels and the yachts in the harbour. The Englishman explains—with the lesser gambler's money (yours and mine) those infinitely greater gamblers, the Société des Bains de Mer have bought and bought again—mountain top, this golf course of Mont Agel—bathing beach, hotels, restaurants and the new Sporting Club that gleams below like a small Palais des Nations and is actually and grandiloquently designed by the same architect. Here, more than in any other such acreage in Europe, pleasure is made—*and made to pay.*

They are—and can afford to be—autocrats, these Bains de Mer authorities. That evening, down below in the town itself, I talked to an independent and famous restaurateur; and he wrung his shapely hands as he exclaimed: "I will not have a 'cello to make my patrons sad . . ." Begged to explain, he told how he was being pressed by the powers that be to introduce music and so employ an unemployed musician in his exceedingly chic and discreet restaurant. He did not want music—and above all he did not want a 'cellist. But what can a man do when nearly all of the 300 acres from which he gets his

(*Continued on page* 140)



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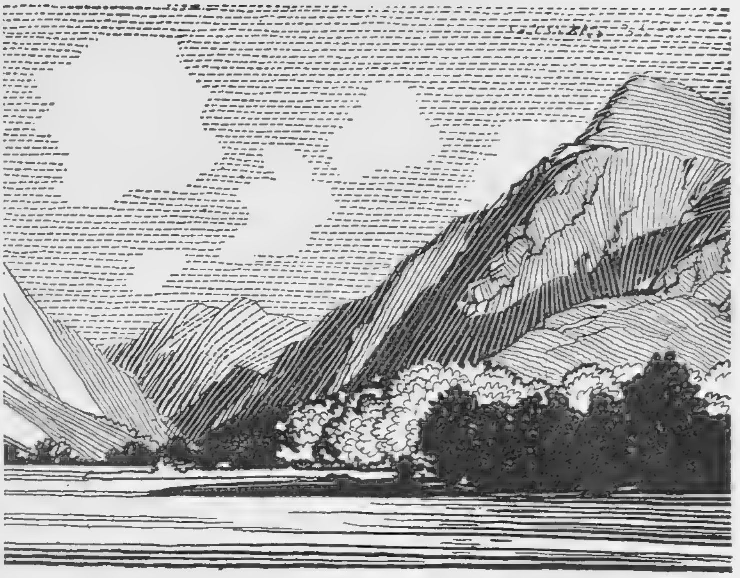

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IT'S QUICKER
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living is in the hands of those who think that a 'cello is suitable and will not believe it to be melancholy?

It is bygone gamblers whom we have to thank for all this revenue that has purchased the potential pleasures of the present. Those not entirely mythical millionaires of pre-crisis days (Zarahoff still lingers, carefully guarded, at the Hotel de Paris), those Grand Dukes and those lovely rich ladies who played with the "pieces of soap" plaques and were obliging enough to lose so many of them that the Casino authorities can afford to buy their golf course mountains for £340,000 and still feel rich enough to spend money like water, and water (that costs money at 2,000 feet) on its upkeep. These patrons are no more—now the bank depends upon you and me and the rest for our 100 franc plaques and our losses proportionately less.

However, like the Monagesques, the French and Italians seem to think golf a good risk—talk to the French about their golf investments at their famous resorts. One expert, talking to me, says, "Only 12,000 golfers in France and you in England have nearly 750,000 people playing golf." (Which, if it be true, is a most solemn thought, as I assure him.)

Touquet, Dieppe, Deauville, Cannes, Biarritz—among many others; and, behind the glory of each, personalities. If, back of Monte we find Rene Leon—then behind Biarritz there was not only Edward VII and King Alfonso, but the Lowenstein money and the peerless Hossegor golf course as well as Chiberta and Chantaco. Behind Deauville and Cannes, M. Andre. He inherits the réclame left the first by Napoleon III and his half-brother, the Duc de Morny—Morny transported his mistress and her entourage from the last of the great "Hotels" of the Champs Élysées to holiday at Deauville; time passed, and after 1910 it was the original "Chasseur de Chez Maxims" the famous Cornuchè, who added to the place another spice of character.

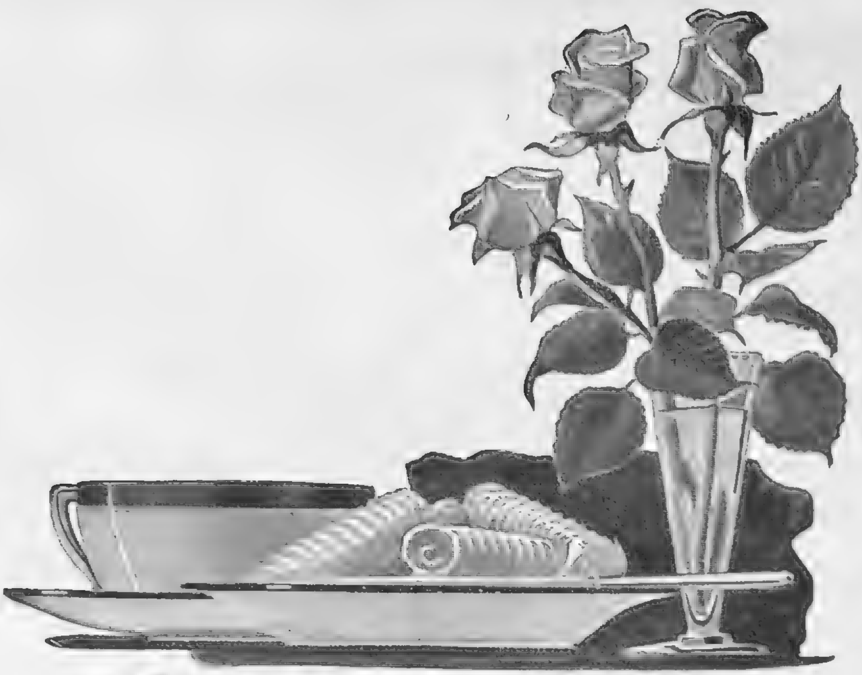
If Le Touquet is grateful to the Prince of Wales, it is also profoundly grateful to the Rothschild and the railway interests that have materially contributed to its prosperity.

Gold—and casinos. These two seem to attract the pleasure-seeking Briton more than anything else; and the French are not at all pleased with the *impot* of some 45 per cent. on Casino earnings. There is a law that forbids gambling within 100 kilometres of Paris. "Not," as my expert insists, "that the French gamble—they save. But the English, they gamble on anything." Which is another solemn thought.

IT is not only in France that a shrewd combination of business and society achieves a "resort"—look at Gleneagles, that northern outpost of Pleasure Parade—the direct result of the initiative of one Donald Matheson, the general manager of the now merged Caledonian Railway. He made championship golf courses from a grouse moor—started his ambitious project in 1914, and completed it in 1919. The golf came first, here; and it was not till '22 that there arose the famous hotel in its present glory and it was another railway man, Arthur Towle, of the London Midland and Scottish, who opened it in 1924, exactly ten years after the first railway man had conceived the initial idea.

It has, however, been left to Italy to create the most modern of all resorts six and a half thousand feet above the sea in steel and cement—Sestrieres; with its circular hotels and its hand-picked shops, a synthetic resort planned to cater for the tastes of the moderns—of to-morrow. There, too, is the inevitable golf course, this time of 149 acres and a stretch of nearly 3½ miles. Built, all of it, for the generation that takes its pleasures gladly and—grandly.

There is a story behind Brioni on the south-western Istrian Peninsula, with its 1,500 acres; and although it is but 5 miles by 2½, the island has 25 miles of indented coastline. Behind (*Continued on page 142*)



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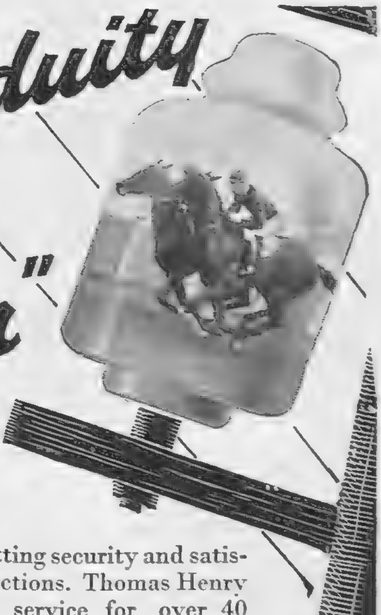

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the development of Brioni we have the steel magnate Kupelweiser in 1893 and then the malaria specialist, Doktor Koch, who planted the island with pines and cypresses and firs. The place was made into a miniature paradise; the son and heir of Kupelweiser imported Polo (and Colonel E. D. Miller with it, for a time) into Italy. This place, some 37 hours from London, offers an entire absence both of large and small "buzzers"—automobiles and mosquitoes; and the fore-thinking of the two Kupelweisers appears to be amply justified.

BUT, beyond "night life"—and luxury hotels, bathing and games and gambling, food and drink—is there anything that contributes to the year by year up-surging in the Season of a more serious Pleasure Parade?

We in England are prepared to enjoy ourselves in the Grand Manner this season: all pleasures are not of the palate, nor are all sensations merely synthetic and all music canned! In fact, in Britain we have enthusiasts to whom Pleasure Parade is largely Opera; other enthusiasts who are creating a second Salzburg at Glynebourne and innumerable persons to whom the naive delights of pageants appeal.

Now, as an integral part not only of the London but of the European opera season, is Covent Garden—saved in 1933 over a dinner table by Geoffrey Toye, Sir Philip Hill and Sir Thomas Beecham.

Behind the scenes at Covent Garden at this moment the tremendous orderly turmoil is in progress; the machinery of opera is complicated and cumbersome and costly; every small detail of its working, every inch of every new creation must be tested and tried before the curtain goes up to the strains of the opening of *Lohengrin*.

There is increasing provision for serious tastes: meet Glynbourne's harassed business manager at Glyndebourne, where Mr. John Christie has built the most perfect small theatre of its kind in the world, and where the Musical Festival of last year and this is making for the place an atmosphere and a reputation of a smaller Salzburg . . there is in fact a crescendo of activity involving everybody from farriers to caterers, all over the face of England, as the tastes of the Jubilee public for bread-and-circuses is indulged! The Aldershot Tattoo with its *half a million* or so spectators; the International Horse Show, and the first Pageant ever to be held within the grim precincts of the Tower with over 2,500 performers . . the Naval and Military Tournament with its £20,000 display *and its £25,000 profits*, these orgies of sights and sounds succeed one another against a sustained background of restaurant and cabaret; of hotels in and out of England striving for more and ever newer novelties . and (since it all boils down to this!) *of people with ideas and the personality to carry them through, at an ever increasing premium.* These are the arbiters of Pleasure Parade whether they are giants like Toye with a faith in opera and the "works," without which faith is dead! Or whether they are some inspired central European who realises that the female figure in perfection is the best box-office draw ever invented!

END

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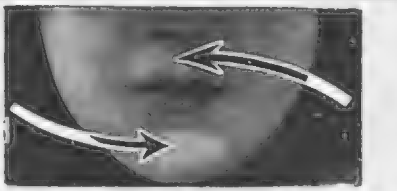

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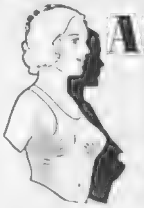

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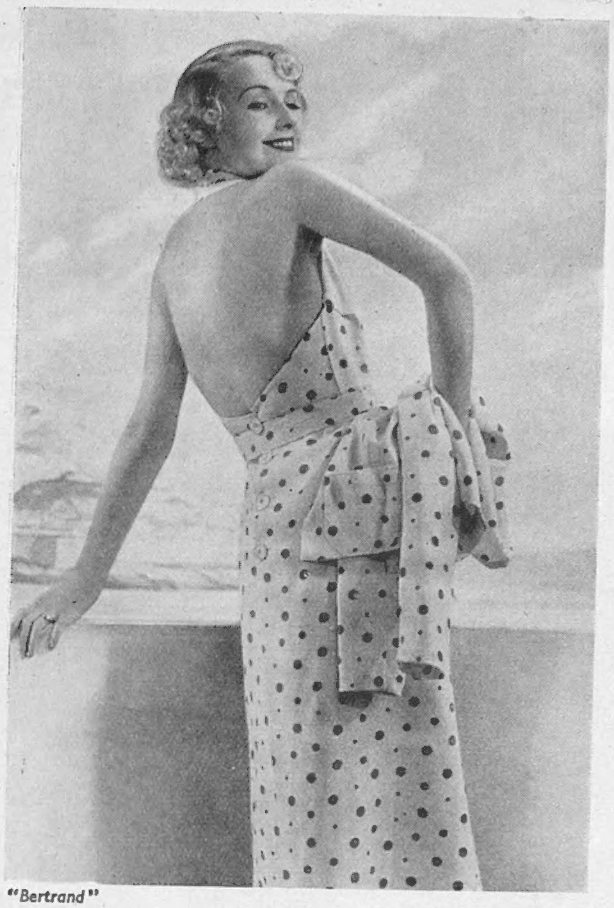

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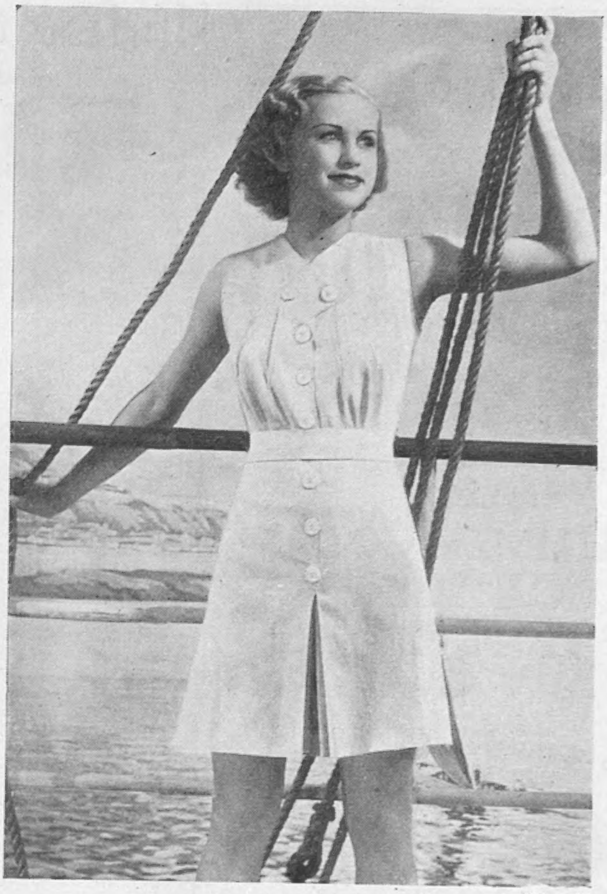

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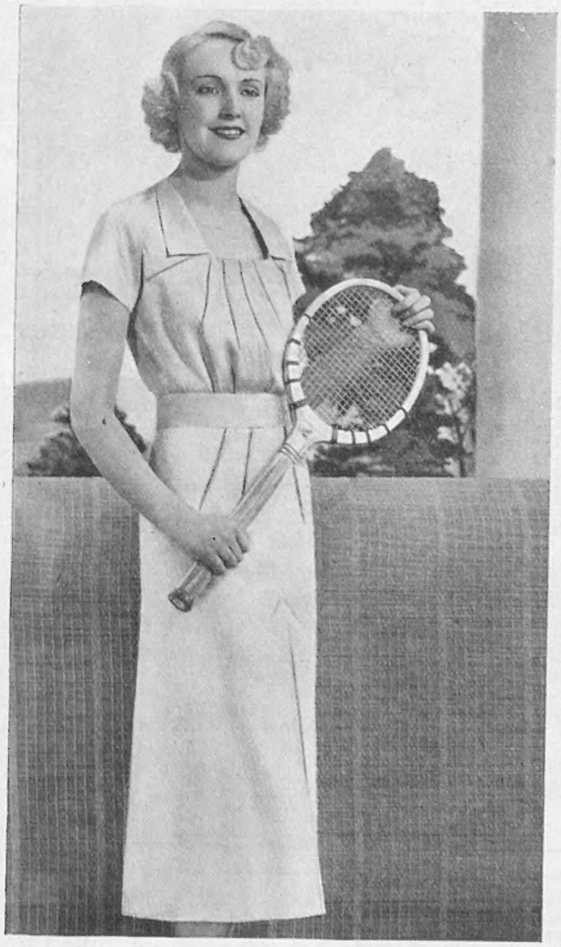

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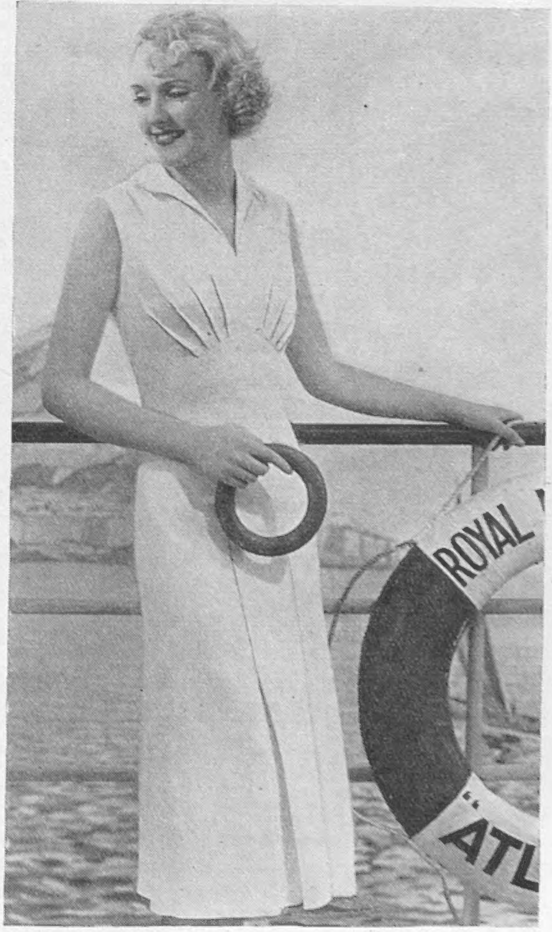

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES
"Britannia & Eve"

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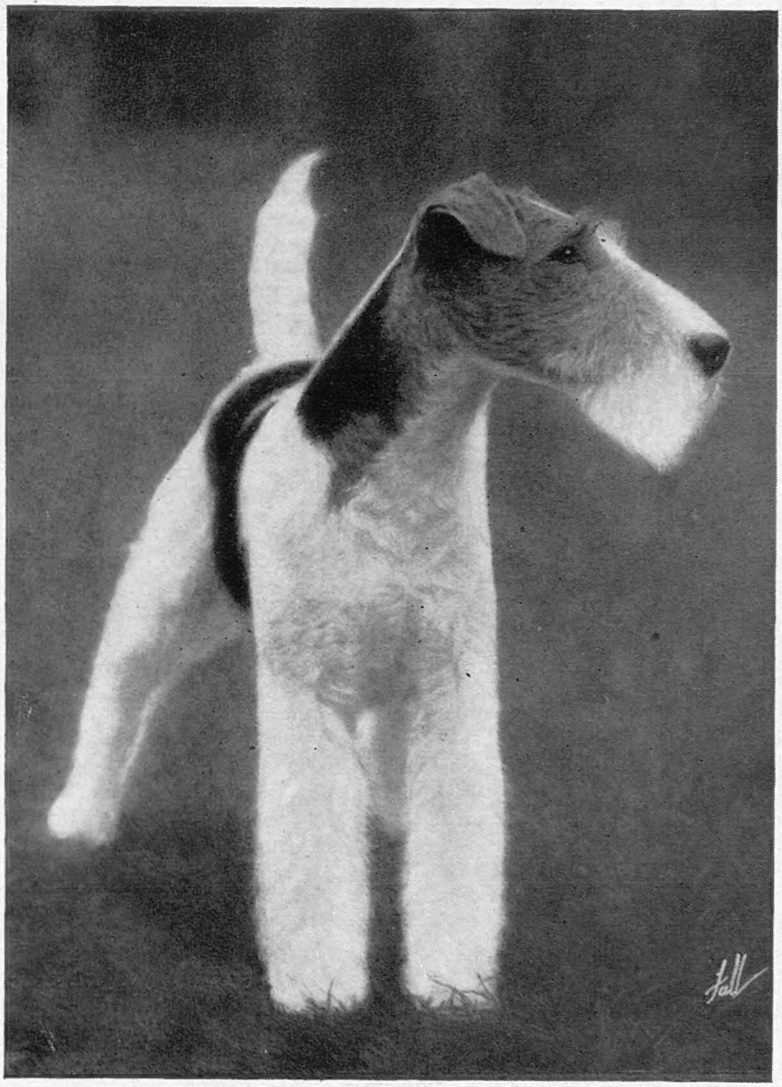

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The following plates have been included with past issues: The King's Clumber Spaniel, "Sandringham Spark," (May 3 issue), Cocker Spaniel (May 10), Sealyham Terrier (May 17), English Setter (May 24). These will be followed by Bull Terrier, Smooth-Haired Fox Terrier, Airedale and West Highland Terrier.

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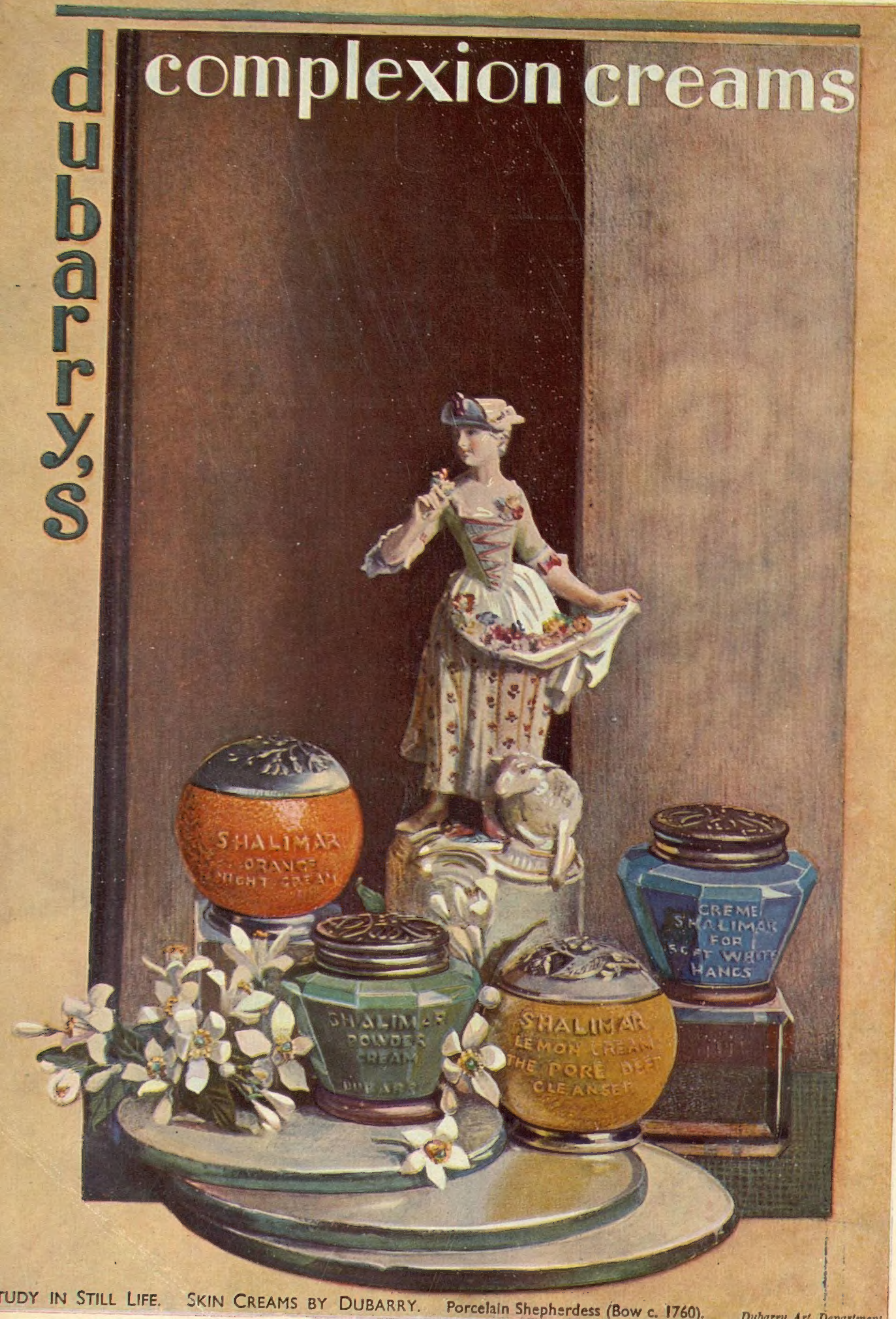
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SHALIMAR ORANGE NIGHT CREAM
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CREME SHALIMAR FOR SOFT WHITE HANDS

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